

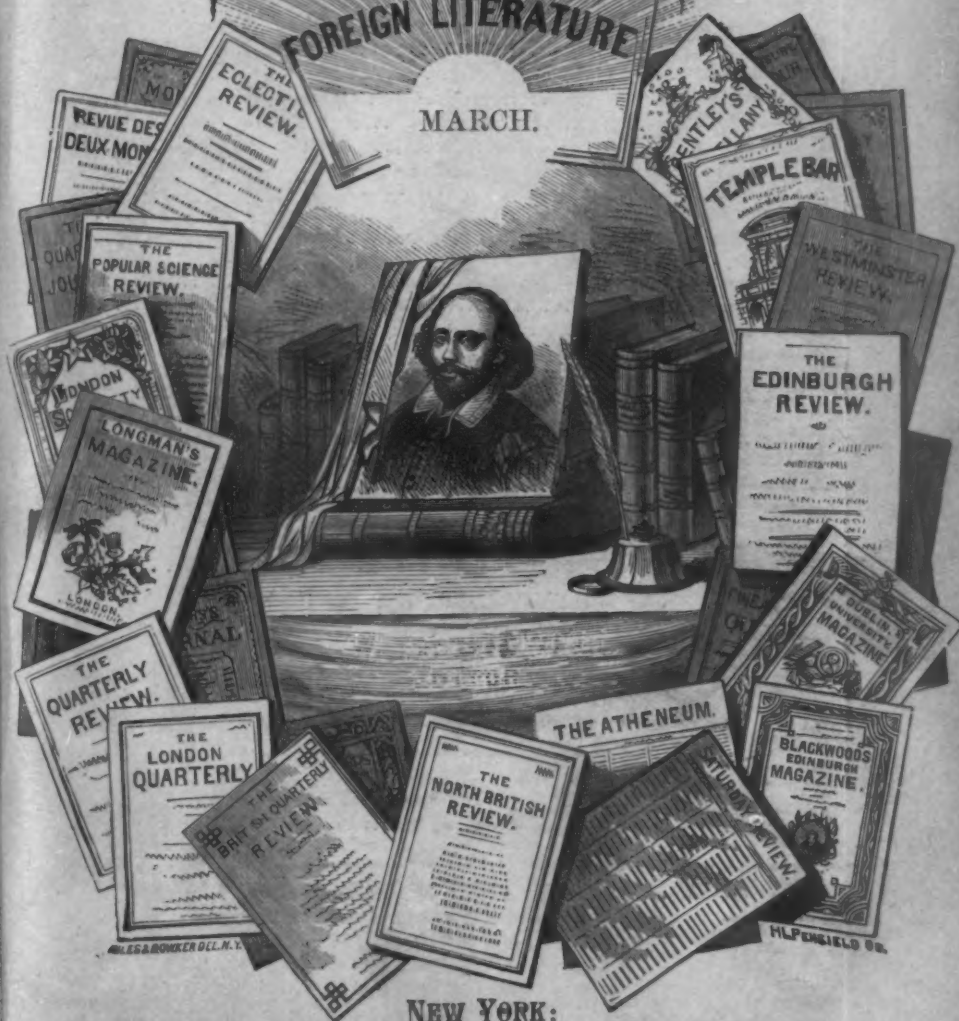
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MARCH.



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## CONTENTS OF THE MARCH NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. A COMPARISON OF ELIZABETHAN WITH VICTORIAN POETRY. By J. A. SYMONDS.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 289
II. A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS WORK. By W. T. KNIGHT.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ... 301
III. THE GROWTH AND DECAY OF CLASS DISTINCTIONS. <i>Westminster Review</i> .....	310
IV. THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK FOR 1889.....	<i>National Review</i> ..... 317
V. THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALISM. By H. H. JOHNSTON.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 321
VI. IN DREAMS. By E. LEE-HAMILTON.....	<i>Academy</i> ..... 327
VII. THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF OPTIMISM. By W. H. MALLOCK.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 328
VIII. LOVE'S UNITY. By ALFRED AUSTIN.....	<i>Athenaeum</i> ..... 345
IX. TRIVIAL INCIDENTS.....	<i>Spectator</i> ..... 346
X. THE GROCER'S WAR.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ..... 348
XI. DE MORTUIS.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> ..... 354
XII. A PHILANTHROPIST. A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ..... 357
XIII. LAURENCE OLIPHANT. By LADY GRANT DUFF.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ..... 369
XIV. SOME TERRIBLE EYES. By F. G. WALTERS.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ..... 376
XV. SONNET. FROM THE DUTCH OF P. C. HOOFT. (TRANSLATED BY COLLARD J. STOCK.).....	380
XVI. THE BISMARCK DYNASTY.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ..... 389
XVII. THE TRADE OF AUTHOR.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ..... 395
XVIII. AMERICAN AND ENGLISH GIRLS. By J. ACTON LOMAX.....	<i>National Review</i> ..... 405
XIX. THE EFFECT OF MILITARY TRAINING ON CHARACTER.....	<i>Spectator</i> ..... 410
XX. THE FEMALE FRIENDS OF BALZAC. By J. W. SHERER.....	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ..... 412
XXI. LITERARY NOTICES.....	419
XXII. FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.....	424
XXIII. MISCELLANY.....	427
Senator Stanford—Interesting Lodgers—Men Similar to those of the Stone Age now Living in Central Brazil—Shooting Stars—Laughter—The Centenarian Season—Silent Men.	

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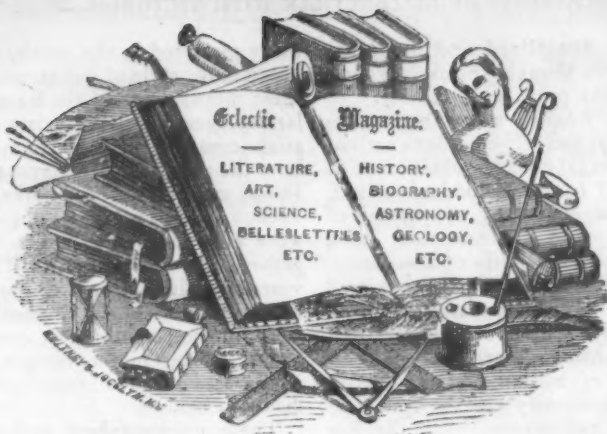
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

A COMPARISON OF ELIZABETHAN WITH VICTORIAN POETRY.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

## I.

ENGLISH literature, under the Tudors and the first king of the house of Stuart, owed much of its unexampled richness to a felicitous combination of circumstances. Feudalism had received a mortal wound in the Wars of the Roses, and was dying. The people came to knowledge of itself, and acquired solidity during the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. Englishmen were brought into the comity of European nations through Wolsey's audacious diplomacy. They began to feel their force as an important factor, which had henceforth to be reckoned with in peace or war. Grave perils attended the formation of Great Britain into a separate and self-sustaining integer of Europe; nor was it until the Protectorate that these islands made their full

weight recognized. None of the perils, however, which shook England during the period of consolidation, sufficed to disturb the equilibrium of government and social order. On the other hand, they stimulated patriotism, and braced the nation with a sense of its own dignity. Our final rupture with Rome, after the trials of Queen Mary's reign were over, satisfied the opinion of a large majority. Our collision with Spain, in the crisis marked by the Armada, took a turn which filled the population with reverent and religious enthusiasm. These two decisive passages in English history promoted the pride of the race, and inspired it with serious ardor. Instead of weakening the Crown or the Church, they had the effect of rendering both necessary to the nation. Then, when Scotland was united to England and Ireland, at the accession

of James, a disciplined and nobly expansive people thought themselves for a moment on the pinnacle of felicity.

While the English were thus becoming a powerful and self-conscious nation, those intellectual changes which divided the mediæval from the modern period, and which we know by the names of Renaissance and Reformation, took place. It is a peculiarity of this transition time in our islands, that what used to be called "the new learning," with its new theories of education, its new way of regarding nature, and its new conceptions of human life, was introduced simultaneously with the Reformation. Italy had accomplished the Revival of Learning; Germany had revolted against Catholicism. France had felt both movements unequally and partially, amid the confusion of civil wars and the clash of contending-sects. Italy, after the Tridentine Council, was relapsing into reactionary dulness. Germany was dismembered by strifes and schisms. France underwent the throes of a passionate struggle, which subordinated the intellectual aspects of both Renaissance and Reformation to political interest. England alone, meanwhile, enjoyed the privilege of receiving that twofold influx of the modern spirit without an overwhelming strain upon her vital forces. The Marian persecution was severe enough to test the bias of the people, and to remind them of the serious points at issue, without rending society to its foundations. Humanism reached our shores when its first enthusiasms—enthusiasms which seemed in Italy to have brought again the gods and vices of the pagan past—had tempered their delirium. We have only to compare men like More, Ascham, Colet, Buchanan, Camden, Cheke, the pioneers of our Renaissance, with Filelfo, Poggio, Poliziano, Pontano, in order to perceive how far more sober and healthy was the tone of the new learning in Great Britain than in Italy.

In this connection it is worthy of notice that humanism, before it moulded the mind of the English, had already permeated Italian and French literature. Classical erudition had been adapted to the needs of modern thought. Antique authors had been collected, printed, annotated, and translated. They were

fairly mastered in the south, and assimilated to the style of the vernacular. By these means much of the learning popularized by our poets, essayists, and dramatists came to us at second-hand, and bore the stamp of contemporary genius. In like manner, the best works of Italian, French, Spanish, and German literature were introduced into Great Britain together with the classics. The age favored translation, and English readers, before the close of the sixteenth century, were in possession of a cosmopolitan library in their mother tongue, including choice specimens of ancient and modern masterpieces.

These circumstances sufficiently account for the richness and variety of Elizabethan literature. They also help to explain two points which must strike every student of that literature—its native freshness, and its marked unity of style.

Elizabethan literature was fresh and native, because it was the utterance of a youthful race, aroused to vigorous self-consciousness under conditions which did not depress or exhaust its energies. The English opened frank eyes upon the discovery of the world and man, which had been effected by the Renaissance. They were not wearied with collecting, collating, correcting, transmitting to the press. All the hard work of assimilating the humanities had been done for them. They had only to survey and to enjoy, to feel and to express, to lay themselves open to delightful influences, to con the noble lessons of the past, to thrill beneath the beauty and the awe of an authentic revelation. Criticism had not laid its cold, dry finger on the blossoms of the fancy. The new learning was still young enough to be a thing of wonder and entrancing joy. To absorb it sufficed. Like the blood made in the veins of a growing man by strong meat and sound wine, it coursed to the brain and created a fine frenzy. That was a period of bright ideas, stimulating creative faculty, animating the people with hope and expectation, undimmed, untarnished by the corrosion of the analytic reason. "Nobly wild, not mad," the adolescent giants of that age, Marlowe and Raleigh, Spenser and Shakespeare, broke into spontaneous numbers, charged with the



wisdom and the passion of the ages fused in a divine clairvoyance.

Elizabethan literature has a marked unity of style. We notice a strong generic similarity in those poets which veils their specific differences. This is perhaps the first and most salient point of contrast between Elizabethan and Victorian literature. It makes a cautious critic pause. After the lapse of two centuries, he asks himself, will Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Campbell, William Morris, Rogers, Swinburne, Clough, Rossetti, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, and the rest of them, seem singing to one dominant tune, in spite of their so obvious differences? Will our posterity discern in them the note in common which we find in Sidney, Herrick, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Marlowe, Jonson, Barnfield, Dekker, Marston, Chapman, Raleigh, Drayton, Drummond, Webster, and the rest of those great predecessors? The question has to be asked; but the answer is not easily given. We can neither reject ourselves into the past, nor project ourselves into the future, with certainty sufficient to decide whether what looks like similarity in the Elizabethan poets, and what looks like diversity in the Victorian poets, are illusions of the present.

Yet something can be attempted in explanation of the apparent puzzle. The circumstances of the Elizabethan age favored unity of style. The language, to begin with, had recently been remade under the influence of new ideals and new educational systems. Far more than lapse of years and wastes of desolating warfare separated sixteenth-century English from the speech of Chaucer. The spirit itself, which shapes language to the use of mind, had changed through the action of quickening conceptions and powerfully excited energies. And to this change in the spirit the race was eagerly responsive. In a certain way all writers felt the Bible, Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Germany; all strove to be in tune with the new learning. At the same time, criticism was hardly in its cradle; you find a trace of it in Jonson, Bacon, Selden, Camden; but it does not touch the general. The people were anything but analytical, and

poetry issued from the very people's heart, as melody from the strings of the violoncello. The spontaneity which we have already noted as a main mark of Elizabethan utterance, led thus to unity of style. The way in which classical masterpieces were then studied, conducted to the same result. Those perennial sources of style were enjoyed in their entirety, absorbed, assimilated, reproduced with freedom. They were not closely scrutinized, examined with the microscope, studied with the view of emphasizing this or that peculiarity a single critic found in them. And the same holds good about contemporary foreign literatures. Everything which these literatures contained was grist for the English mill: not models to be copied, but stuff to be used.

Now compare the intellectual conditions of the Victorian age. Take language first. Instead of having no literary past, except Chaucer, Skelton, the English Bible, and Sir Thomas Mallory behind our backs, we have the long self-conscious period between Dryden and Byron, during which our mother tongue was carefully elaborated upon a definite system. Victorian poetry has to reckon with Elizabethan poetry and the poetry of Queen Anne—for English people call their epochs by the names of queens. This constitutes at the outset a great difference, making for diversity in style. A writer has more models to choose from, more openings for the exercise of his personal predilections. And the mental attitude has altered also. We are highly conscious of our aims, profoundly analytical. All study of literature has become critical and comparative. The scientific spirit makes itself powerfully felt in the domain of art. It is impossible for people of the present to be as fresh and native as the Elizabethans were. Such a mighty stream, *novies Styx interfusa*, in the shape of accumulated erudition, grave national experiences, spirit-quelling doubts, insurgent philosophies, and all too aching pressing facts and fears, divides the men of this time from the men of that. It is enough now to have indicated these points. The argument will return to some of them in detail. For the moment we may safely assert that a prominent note of Elizabethan as distin-

guished from Victorian literature is unity of tone, due to the felicitous circumstances of the nation in that earlier period.

## II.

What then is the characteristic of Elizabethan poetry? I think the answer to this question lies in the words—freedom, adolescence, spontaneity; mainly freedom. The writers of that age were free from the bondage to great names, Virgil or Cicero or Seneca. They owed no allegiance to great languages, like the Latin; to famous canons of taste, like the Aristotelian unities; to scholastic authority and academical prescription. They were politically and socially free, adoring the majesty of England in the person of their sovereign, and flattering a national ideal when they burned poetic incense to Elizabeth. That strain of servility which jars upon our finer sense in the romantic epics of Ariosto and Tasso, is wholly absent from *The Faery Queen*. They were notably free in all that appertains to religion. Where but in England could a playwright have used words at once so just and so bold as these of Dekker?

"The best of men

That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer—

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:  
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

A delicate taste can hardly be offended by this reference to Christ, and yet we feel that it could not have been made except in an age of exceptional liberty. Their freedom was the freedom of young strength, untrammelled energies, with El Dorado in the western main, and boundless regions for the mind to traverse. This makes their touch on truth and good and beauty so right, so natural, so unerring. They have the justice of perception, the clarity of vision, the cleanliness of feeling which belong to generous and healthy manhood in its earliest prime. The consequence of this freedom was that each man in that age wrote what he thought best, wrote out of himself, and sang spontaneously. He had no fear of academies, of censorship, of critical coteries, of ecclesiastical censure, before his eyes. How different in this respect was the liberty of Shakespeare from the servitude of Tasso. At

the same time, as we have already seen, this spontaneity was controlled by a strong sense of national unity. The English were possessed with an ideal, which tuned their impassioned utterances to one key-note. The spirit of the people was patriotic, highly moralized, intensely human, animated by a robust belief in reality; martial, yet jealous of domestic peace; assiduous in toil, yet quick to overleap material obstacles and revel in the dreams of the imagination; manly but delicate; injured to hardship, but not quelled as yet by disappointment and the disillusion of experience. In a word, Elizabethan poetry is the utterance of "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks . . . like an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam."

Freedom being thus the dominant note of Elizabethan poetry, it follows that the genius of the race will return to it with love and admiration at epochs marked by the resurgent spirit of liberty. This is why the literature of the Victorian age has been so powerfully influenced by that of Elizabeth. The French Revolution shook Europe to the centre, and opened illimitable vistas at the commencement of the century. In 1815 England, after her long struggle with Napoleon, stood crowned with naval and military laurels, in possession of a hardly-earned peace. It is not to be wondered that critics like Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, editors like Gifford, historians like Collier, should have ransacked the forgotten treasures of the Shakespearian drama at this moment. Poetry aimed at Elizabethan phraseology and used Elizabethan metres. Byron adapted the Spenserian and octave stanzas to his purposes of satire and description; Keats and Shelley treated the heroic couplet with Elizabethan laxity of structure and variety of cadence; Wordsworth and Coleridge revived the Elizabethan rhythms of blank verse. The sonnet was cultivated, and lyrical measures assumed bewildering forms of richness. At the same time, a revolt began against those canons of taste which have prevailed in the last century. Wordsworth denounced conventional

poetic diction; it savored of literary treason to profess a particular partiality for Pope; fancy was preferred to sense, exuberance of imagery to chastened style, audacity of invention to logic and correctness.

This return to Elizabethanism has marked the whole course of Victorian poetry. But times are changed, and we ourselves are changed in them. The men of this century have never recaptured "the first fine careless rapture" of the sixteenth century. What were dreams then have become sober expectations. Instead of El Dorado we have conquered California, the gold-fields of Australia, the diamond mines of South Africa. Between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries North America was won and lost; East India was gained by heroism and adventure worthy of a Drake and Raleigh; and now the crown of that vast empire on the forehead of our Queen weighs heavy with the sense of serious responsibilities. The English race is no longer adolescent; we cannot model our national genius like a beautiful young hero rejoicing in his naked strength and scattering armies by his shout: the sculptor who did so would forget the years which have ploughed wrinkles on that hero's forehead, the steam engines which are his chariot, the ironclad navies which waft him over ocean, the electricity which plays like lightning in his eyes. Victorian poets cannot be spontaneous in the same sense as our ancestors were. Like Iago, they are nothing if not critical. Science has imposed on them her burden of analysis, and though science reveals horizons far beyond the dreams of Bacon, it fills the soul with something well-nigh kin to hopelessness. Man shrinks before the Universe. We have lived through so much; we have seen so many futile philosophies rise like mushrooms and perish; we have tried so many political experiments, and listened to so many demagogues of various complexions, that a world-fatigue has penetrated deep into our spirit. The masterpiece of the century is Goethe's *Faust*, and its hero suffers from the *welt-schmerz*. A simple faith in God and the Bible yields to critical inquiry, comparative theology, doubts and difficulties of all kinds. Religious liberty in this age consists more

in the right to disbelieve as we think best than to believe according to our conscience. Pessimism, already strong in Byron, has grown and gathered strength with introspection until we find it lurking in nearly all the sincerest utterances of the present. We are oppressed with social problems which admit of no solution, due to the vast increase of our population, to the industrial changes which have turned England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, to the unequal distribution of wealth, the development of huge, hideous towns, the seething multitudes of vicious and miserable paupers which they harbor. We watch the gathering of revolutionary storm-clouds, hear the grumbling of thunder in the distance, and can only sit meanwhile in darkness—so gigantic and unmanageable are the forces now in labor for some mighty birth of time. Who can be optimistic under these conditions? "Merry England" sounds like a mockery now. Instead of merry England the Victorian poet has awful, earnest, grimly menacing London to sing in. These things were not felt so much at the beginning of the century; they are bringing it to a close in sadness and strong searchings of soul.

### III.

Elizabethan genius found its main expression in the drama. No epic worthy of the name was produced in the sixteenth century, for Spenser's *Faery Queen* has not the right to be so styled. But every great national epoch which attains to utterance through art has a specific clairvoyance, and England in the age we call Elizabethan was clairvoyant for the drama; that is to say, men wrought with an unerring instinct in this field, and the lesser talents were lifted into the sphere of the greater when they entered it. After the drama, and closely associated with it, came those songs for music in which the English of the sixteenth century excelled. The lyric rapture, that which has been called the lyric cry, penetrates all verbal music of that period. We find it modulating blank verse and controlling the rhythms of the couplet and the stanza. The best subsidiary work of the age consisted of translations,

adaptations, and free handlings of antique themes in narrative verse. Chapman's *Homer*, Fairfax's *Tasso*, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece*, rank among the masterpieces of Elizabethan poetry. But drama and song, when all accounts are settled, remain the crowning glories of that literature.

The Victorian age can boast no national drama. Poetical plays have indeed been produced which do credit to the talents of their authors.\* Yet the century has not expressed its real stuff, nor shown its actual clairvoyance in that line. We cannot point to a Victorian drama as we do to an Elizabethan drama, and challenge the world to match it. This is due perhaps in part to those incalculable changes which have substituted the novel for the drama. The public of the present time is a public of readers rather than of hearers, and the muster-roll of brilliant novelists, from Scott and Jane Austen, through Thackeray and Dickens, down to George Eliot and George Meredith, can be written off against the playwrights of the sixteenth century. Poetry, surveyed from a sufficient altitude, claims these imaginative makers, though they used the vehicle of prose. Even less than the sixteenth has the nineteenth produced an epic, and for similar reasons. Tennyson chose the right name for his Arthurian string of studies when he called them *Idylls of the King*. To claim for them epical coherence was only a brilliant afterthought. It is not given to any race under the conditions of conscious culture to create a genuine epic. That rare flower of art puts forth its bloom in the first dawn of national existence. If we except the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* how few real epics does the human race possess! The German *Nibelungen Lied* is a late *rifacimento* of Scandinavian sagas. Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, our nearest approach to a true epic, is the digest of a score of previous romances. The *Song of Roland* is an epical lyric. We call the *Æneid* an epic because it throbs with the sense of

Rome. *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. We call the *Divine Comedy* an epic because it embalms the spirit of the Middle Ages at their close; we call *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* epics because they carry such a weight of meaning and are so monumentally constructed. But the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and Milton's *Paradise* are not epics in the proper sense of the word; they are the products of reflection and individual genius, not the self-expression of a nation in its youth. And just as the novel has absorbed our forces for the drama, so has it satisfied our thirst for epical narration. In that hybrid form where poetry assumes the garb of prose, both drama and epic for the modern world lie embedded.

What, then, are the specific channels of Victorian utterance in verse? To define them is difficult, because they are so subtly varied and so inextricably interwoven. Yet I think they may be superficially described as the idyll and the lyric. Under the idyll I should class all narrative and descriptive poetry, of which this age has been extraordinarily prolific; sometimes assuming the form of minstrelsy, as in the lays of Scott; sometimes approaching to the classic style, as in the Hellenics of Landor; sometimes rivalling the novelette, as in the work of Tennyson; sometimes aiming at psychological analysis, as in the portraits drawn by Robert Browning; sometimes confining art to bare history, as in Crabbe; sometimes indulging flights of pure artistic fancy, as in Keats's *Endymion* and *Lamia*. Under its many metamorphoses the narrative and descriptive poetry of our century bears the stamp of the idyll, because it is fragmentary and because it results in a picture. Here it inclines to the drama, here it borrows tone from the epic; in one place it is lyrical, in another it is didactic; fancy has presided over the birth of this piece, reflection has attended the production of that. But in each case the artist has seen his subject within narrow compass, treated that as a complete whole, and given to the world a poem in the narrative and descriptive style, reminding us of the epic in its general form, of the drama or the lyric in its particular treatment. Those who have read the technical lessons

\* Darley, Landor, Beddoes, Horne, Procter, Shelley, Browning, Taylor, Swinburne, and possibly Tennyson, demand commemoration in a footnote.



which the idylls of Theocritus convey, will understand why I classify this exuberant jungle of Victorian poetry under the common title of idyll.

No literature and no age has been more fertile of lyric poetry than English literature in the age of Victoria. The fact is apparent. I should superfluously burden my readers if I were to prove the point by reference to Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Clough, Swinburne, Arnold, Tennyson, and I do not know how many of less illustrious but splendid names, in detail. The causes are not far to seek. Without a comprehensive vehicle like the epic, which belongs to the first period of national life, or the drama, which belongs to its secondary period, our poets of a later day have had to sing from their inner selves, subjectively, introspectively, obeying impulses from nature and the world, which touched them not as they were Englishmen, but as they were this man or that woman. They had no main current of literature wherein to plunge themselves, and cry: "Ma naufragar m'è dolce in questo mar." \* They could not forego what made them individuals; tyrannous circumstances of thought and experience rendered their sense of personality too acute. When they sang, they sang with their particular voice; and the lyric is the natural channel for such song. But what a complex thing is this Victorian lyric! It includes Wordsworth's sonnets and Rossetti's ballads, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" and Keats's odes, Clough's "Easter Day" and Tennyson's "Maud," Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise" and Browning's "Dramatis Personæ," Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night" and Mary Robinson's "Handful of Honeysuckles," Andrew Lang's Ballades and Sharp's "Weird of Michael Scot," Dobson's dealings with the eighteenth century and Noel's "Child's Garland," Barnes's Dorsetshire Poems and Buchanan's London Lyrics, the songs from Empedocles on Etna and Ebenezer Jones's "Pagan's Drinking Chant," Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" and Mrs. Browning's "Pan is Dead," Newman's hymns and Gosse's

Chant Royal. The kaleidoscope presented by this lyric is so inexhaustible that any man with the fragment of a memory might pair off scores of poems by admired authors, and yet not fall upon the same parallels as those which I have made.

The genius of our century, debarred from epic, debarred from drama, falls back upon idyllic and lyrical expression. In the idyll it satisfies its objective craving after art. In the lyric it pours forth personality. It would be wrong, however, to limit the wealth of our poetry to these two branches. Such poems as Wordsworth's "Excursion," Byron's "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," Clough's "Amours de Voyage," are not to be classified in either species. They are partly autobiographical, and in part the influence of the tale makes itself distinctly felt in them. Nor again can we omit the translations, of which so many have been made; some of them real masterpieces and additions to our literature. Cary's Dante, Rossetti's versions from the early Tuscan lyrists, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, are eminent examples. But the list might be largely extended. Then again Morris's "Song of Sigurd," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," E. Arnold's "Light of Asia," deserve a place apart, as epical rehandlings of memorable themes.

#### IV.

In all this Victorian poetry we find the limitations of our epoch, together with its eminent qualities. Criticism and contemplation have penetrated literature with a deeper and more pervasive thoughtfulness. Our poets have lost spontaneity and joyful utterance. But they have acquired a keener sense of the problems which perplex humanity. The author of "In Memoriam" struck a false note when he exclaimed—

"I sing but as the linnet sings."

Nothing can be more unlike a linnet's song than the metaphysical numbers of that justly valued threnody. Clough came closer to the truth when he hinted at the poet's problem in this age as thus:—

\* "To drown in this great tide is sweet for me."

"To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
Unskilled to sunder and too weak to cleave,  
And with much toil attain to half-believe."

The most characteristic work of the century has a double object, artistic and philosophical. Poetry is used to express some theory of life. In Byron the world-philosophy is cynical or pessimistic. Shelley interweaves his pantheism with visions of human perfectibility. Wordsworth proclaims an esoteric cult of nature. Swinburne at one time rails against the tyrant gods, at another preaches the gospel of republican revolt. Matthew Arnold embodies a system of ethical and æsthetical criticism in his verse. Clough expresses the changes which the Christian faith has undergone and the perplexities of conduct. Thomson indulges the blackest pessimism, a pessimism more dolorous than Leopardi's. Browning is animated by a robust optimism, turning fearless somersaults upon the brink of the abyss. Mrs. Browning condenses speculations upon social and political problems. Roden Noel, too little appreciated to be rightly understood, attempts a world-embracing metaphysic of mysticism. Even those poets who do not yield so marked a residuum of philosophy are touched to sadness and gravity by the intellectual atmosphere in which they work. Virgil's great line—

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt"—

might be chosen as a motto for the *corpus poetarum* of our epoch. In reading what the age has produced, certain phrases linger in our memory—

"Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

"The still, sad music of humanity."

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair."

"Seek, seeker, in thyself, submit to find  
In the stones bread and life in the blank mind."

These haunt us like leading-phrases, the master notes of the whole music.

Starting with enthusiasm at the commencement of the century, our poets have gradually lost such glow of hope as inspired them with spontaneous numbers in its earlier decades. The wide

survey of elder and contemporary literatures submitted to their gaze has rendered them more assimilative, reproductive, imitative, reminiscent than spontaneous. When Matthew Arnold defined poetry in general to be a "criticism of life," he uttered a curious and pregnant paradox. It would be hardly a paradox to assert that Victorian poetry is in large measure the criticism of all existing literatures. More and more we have dedicated our powers to the study of technicalities, to the cultivation of the graces, to the elaboration of ornament, and to the acclimatization upon English soil of flowers borrowed from alien gardens of the Muses. We have forgotten what George Sand said to Flaubert about style: "Tu la considères comme un but, elle n'est qu'un effet." The result is a polychromatic abundance of what may be called cultured poetry, which does not reach the heart of the people, and does not express its spirit. That is due no doubt in part to the fact that there is less of aspiration than of meditation to deal with now, less of an actual joy in eventful living than a serious reflection upon the meanings and the purposes of life. Yet this poetry is true to the spirit of a critical and cultured age; and when the time comes to gather up the jewels of Victorian literature, it will be discovered how faithfully the poets have uttered the thoughts of the educated minority.

A comprehensive survey of our poetry is rendered difficult by the fact that no one type, like the drama of the sixteenth century, has controlled its movement. We cannot regard it as a totality composed of many parts, progressing through several stages of development. In this respect, again, it obeys the intellectual conditions of the century. Its inner unity will eventually be found, not in the powerful projection of a nation's soul, but in the careful analysis and subtle delineation of thoughts and feelings which agitated society during one of the most highly self-conscious and speculative periods which the world has passed through. The genius of the age is scientific, not artistic. In such an age poetry must perforce be auxiliary to science, showing how individual minds have been touched to fine issues of

rhythmic utterance by the revolutions in thought which history, philosophy and criticism are effecting.

# V.

Passing from these general reflections to points of comparison in detail, we must remember that Victorian poetry started with a return to Elizabethan, and that this motive impulse has never wholly been lost sight of. The two periods may be fitly compared in that which both possess in common, a copious and splendid lyric. Our means of studying Elizabethan lyric poetry have been largely increased in the past years by the labors of Mr. Thomas Oliphant, Professor Arber, Mr. W. J. Linton, and Mr. A. H. Bullen. To the last-named of these gentlemen we owe three volumes of lyrics culled from Elizabethan song-books, which are a perfect mine of hitherto neglected treasures.\* Taken in connection with the songs from the dramatists and the collected lyrics of men like Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Herrick, these books furnish us with a tolerably complete body of poems in this species.

What strikes us in the whole of this great mass of lyric poetry, is its perfect adaptation to music, its limpidity and directness of utterance. Like Shelley's skylark, the poet has been—

"Pouring his full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Each composition is meant to be sung, and can be sung, because the poet's soul was singing when he made it. They are not all of one kind or of equal simplicity. The lyrics from the song-books, for example, have not the intensity of some songs introduced into the dramas of that period, "in which," as Mr. Pater once observed while speaking of the verses sung by Mariana's page in *Measure for Measure*, "the kindling power and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music." They are rarely so high-strung and weighty with meaning as Webster's dirges, or as Ford's

and Shirley's solemn descants on the transitoriness of earthly love and glory. Nor, again, do we often welcome in them that fulness of romantic color which makes the lyrics of Beaumont and Fletcher so resplendent. This is perhaps because their melodies are not the outgrowth of dramatic situations, but have their life and being in the aerial element of musical sound. For the purposes of singing they are exactly adequate, being substantial enough to sustain and animate the notes, and yet so slight as not to overburden these with too much meditation and emotion. We feel that they have arisen from the natural marrying of musical words to musical phrases in the minds which made them. They are the right verbal counterpart to vocal and instrumental melody, never perplexing and surcharging the tones which need language for a vehicle with complexities of fancy, involutions of ideas, or the disturbing tyranny of vehement passions. And this right quality of song, the presence of which indicates widespread familiarity with musical requirements in England of the sixteenth century, may be likewise found in the more deliberate lyrics of dramatic or literary poets—in Jonson's and Shakespeare's stanzas, in the lofty odes of Spenser and the jewelled workmanship of Herrick.

We discover but little of this quality in the lyrics of the Victorian age. It is noticeable that those poets upon whom we are apt to set the least store now, as Byron, Scott, Hood, Campbell, Moore, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hemans, possessed it in greater perfection than their more illustrious contemporaries.

I once asked an eminent musician, the late Madame Goldschmidt, why Shelley's lyrics were ill-adapted to music. She made me read aloud to her the "Song of Pan" and those lovely lines "To the Night," "Swiftly walk o'er the western wave, Spirit of Night!" Then she pointed out how the verbal melody seemed intended to be self-sufficing in these lyrics, how full of complicated thoughts and changeful images the verse is, how packed with consonants the words are, how the tone of emotion alters, and how no one melodic phrase could be found to fit the dædal woof of the poetic emotion.

\* They are published by Mr. J. C. Nimmo, the last of them called *Love Poems from the Song-books of the Seventeenth Century*, being privately printed.

"Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,  
Star inwrought!  
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
Kiss her until she be wearied out—"

"How different that is," said Madame Goldschmidt, "from the *largo* of your Milton—

"Let the bright Seraphim in burning row,  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow!"

"How different it is from Heine's simplicity—

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges  
Herz liebchen trag' ich dich fort."

"I can sing *them*," and she did sing them then and there, much to my delight; "and I can sing Dryden, but I could not sing your Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats; no, and not much of your Tennyson either. Tennyson has sought out all the solid, sharp words, and put them together; music cannot come between." This was long ago, and it gave me many things to think over, until I could comprehend to what extent the best lyrics of the Victorian age are not made to be sung.

Madame Goldschmidt's remarks were only partially true perhaps. There is no reason, if we possessed a Schubert, why Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" should not be set to music; and Handel could surely have written alternate choruses and solos for a considerable part of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." Yet the fact remains that Victorian lyrics are not so singable as Elizabethan lyrics; and the reason is that they are far more complex, not in their verbal structure merely, but in the thoughts, images, emotions which have prompted them. The words carry too many, too various, too contemplative suggestions. Nothing can be lyrically more lovely than—

"Charmed magic casements, opening on the  
foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Or than—

"Fair are others: none beholds thee;  
But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid splendor;  
And all feel, yet see thee never,  
As I feel now, lost forever!"

Or than—

"Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

For old, unhappy, far off things,  
And battles long ago;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again."

But Wordsworth in the last of these examples is meditative, reflective, questioning; his stanza will not suit the directness of musical melody. But the finest phrases in the specimens from Keats and Shelley, "charmed magic casements," "perilous seas," "that liquid splendor," perplex and impede the movement of song.

It is not precisely in poignancy or depth or gravity of thought that the Victorian differ from the Elizabethan lyrists. What can be more poignant than—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not."

What can be deeper than—

"Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping;  
Their life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror."

What can be graver than—

"The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

For pure poignancy, profundity, and weight, Elizabethan lyrics will compare not unfavorably with Victorian. The difference does not consist in the ore worked by the lyrists, but in their way of handling it. In this later age a poet allows himself far wider scope of treatment when he writes a song. He does not think of the music of voice or viol, but of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of the soul. The result is a wealthier and fuller symphony, reaching the imaginative sense not upon the path of musical sound, but appealing to the mental ear and also to that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." The Victorian lyric, superior in its range, suggestiveness, variety and richness, inferior in its spontaneity and birdlike intonation, corresponds to the highly-strung and panharmonic instrument of the poet's spirit which produced



it, and to the manifold sympathies of the reader's mind for which it was intended. It is iridescent with the intermingled hues of fancy, contemplation, gnomic wisdom, personal passion, discursive rhetoric, idyllic picture-painting. Modes of complicated expression, involving serried reasoning, audacious metaphors, elliptical imagery, and rapid modulations from one key of feeling to another, which a playwright like Shakespeare employed only in his dramatic dialogue, find themselves at home in the lyrical poetry of our age.

## VI.

For another point of comparison, let us take some of those "lyrical inter-breathings" in Elizabethan dramatic dialogue, which are surcharged with sweetness, and contrast these with the sweetness of Victorian verse. I might select Shakespeare's lines upon the flowers scattered by Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*. But I prefer to choose my examples from less illustrious sources. Here, then, is the sweetness of Fletcher:—

"I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young  
and blessed,  
Fair as the spring, and as his blossoms  
tender;  
But I, a nipping north-wind, my head hung  
With hails and frosty icicles: are the souls  
so too,  
When they depart hence—lame, and old, and  
loveless?  
Ah, no! 'tis ever youth there: age and death  
Follow our flesh no more; and that forced  
opinion,  
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not."

Here is the sweetness of Ford:—

"For he is like to something I remember,  
A great while since, a long, long time ago."

Here is the sweetness of Dekker:—

"No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,  
And force the wakeful moon to lose her  
eyes,  
By my late watching, but to wait on you.  
When at your prayers you kneel before the  
altar,  
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in  
heaven,  
So blest I hold me in your company."

Here is the sweetness of Massinger:—

"This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,  
When my first fire knew no adulterate in-  
cense,  
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,  
In all the bravery my friends could show me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,  
In the best language my true tongue could  
tell me,  
And in the broken sighs my sick heart lent  
me,  
I sued and served."

The sweetness of these passages, none of which are singular or such as may not easily be matched with scores of equal passages from the same and other playwrights, is like the sweetness of honey distilling from the honeycomb. It falls unsought and unpremeditated with the perfume of wilding flowers. Nay more, like honey from the jaws of Samson's lion, we feel it to be *ex forti dulcedo*, the sweetness of strength.

When we turn to the sweetness of Victorian poetry, we rarely find exactly the same quality. In Keats it is overloaded; in Coleridge it is sultry; in William Morris it is cloying; in Swinburne it is inebriating; in Shelley it is volatilized; in Wordsworth it is somewhat thin and arid; in Tennyson it is sumptuous; in Rossetti it is powerfully perfumed. We have exchanged the hedgerow flowers for heavy-headed double roses, and instead of honey we are not unfrequently reminded—pardon the expression—of jam. Poets, who by happy accident or deliberate enthusiasm have at some moment come nearest to the Elizabethan simplicity and liquidity of utterance, catch this honeyed sweetness best. We feel that Browning caught it when he wrote:—

"A footfall there  
Suffices to upturn to the warm air  
Half-germinating spices; mere decay  
Produces richer life, and day by day  
New pollen on the lily petal grows,  
And still more labyrinthine buds the rose."

Tennyson produced something different when he wrote that musical idyll—  
"Come down, O maid, from yonder  
mountain height," which closes upon two incomparable lines of linked melody long drawn out:—

"The moan of doves from immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Here, as in the former instance of lyric verse, it would be unreasonable to contend that Elizabethan poets surpassed the Victorian. On the contrary, the latter know more distinctly what they are about, and sustain the sweetness of their style at a more equal level. They

are capable of a more perfectly even flow of sugared verse. What we have to notice is that the quality has altered, and that the change is due to the more involved, more concentrated intellectual conditions of the later age. Poets are no longer contented with impulsive expression. And as I said before, they cannot "recapture the first fine careless rapture" of their adolescent masters in the art of song. The wayward breezes and the breath of wild flowers in that earlier sweetness escape them.

#### VII.

The freedom and spontaneity of the Elizabethan age had attendant drawbacks. Owing to the absence of reflection and self-criticism, poets fell into the vices of extravagance and exaggeration, bombast and euphuism. In their use of language, the indulgence of their fancy, the expression of sentiment and the choice of imagery, they sought after emphasis, and displayed but little feeling for the virtue of reserve. All the playwrights, without even the exception of Shakespeare, are tainted with these blemishes. Jonson, who was an excellent critic when he dictated mature opinions in prose, showed a lack of taste and selection in his dramas. There is a carelessness, a want of balance, a defect of judgment in the choice of materials and their management, a slovenliness of execution, throughout the work of that period. Superfluities of every kind abound, and at the same time we are distressed by singular baldness in details. What can be poorer, for example, than Jonson's translations from Virgil and Catullus, more clumsy and superfluous than his translations from Sallust and Tacitus? Poets seem to have been satisfied with saying "This will do," instead of laboring till the thing was as it had to be. They tossed their beauties like foam upon the tide of tumultuous and energetic inspiration. Yet even in this carelessness and unconsidered fecundity, we recognize some of the noblest qualities of the Elizabethan genius. There is nothing small or mean or compassed in that art. Its vices are the vices of the prodigal, not of the miser; of the genial spendthrift, whose imprudence lies nearer to generosity than to wanton waste. We pardon many faults

for the abounding vigor which marks these poets; for their wealth of suggestive ideas, their true sympathy with nature, their insight into the workings of the human heart, their profuse stream of fresh and healthy feeling.

When the Elizabethan spirit declined in England it was the business of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to impose limits on all this "unchartered freedom" of the intellect. Then the good and bad effects of critical canons and academical authority came to light. We had our Dryden and our Pope, our Goldsmith and Swift, our Addison and Steele, our Fielding and Johnson. But we had also a deplorable lack of real poetry in comparison with the foison of Elizabethan harvests. If not miserly, the English genius, so far as fancy and imagination are concerned, became thrifty. It erred by caution rather than by carelessness. It doled its treasures out like one who has a well-filled purse indeed, but who is not hopeful of turning all he touches into gold like Midas.

At the beginning of the Victorian age one sign of the return to Elizabethanism was the license which poets allowed themselves in matters pertaining to their art. Keats, in *Endymion*, Shelley, in *The Revolt of Islam*, Byron, in nearly every portion of his work, displayed Elizabethan faults of emphasis, unpruned luxuriance, defective balance. It was impossible, however, for the nineteenth century to be as euphuistic or as chaotic as the sixteenth. Taste, trained by critical education, and moulded by the writers of Queen Anne's reign, might rebel against rules, but could not help regarding them. In spite of these restraints, however, poets who almost exactly reproduced the Elizabethans in their blemishes and virtues, like Wells and Beddoes, poets who caricatured them with a pathetic touch of difference, like Sydney Dobell and Alexander Smith, appeared about the middle of the century. And then Browning loomed on the horizon, surely the brawniest neo-Elizabethan Titan whom our age has seen, and whom it has latterly chosen to adore. As years advanced, mere haphazard fluency grew to be less and less admired; and while keeping still within the sphere of romantic as opposed to classical art, the English poets aimed

at chastened diction, correct form, polished versification. Tennyson, who represents the height of the Victorian period, brought poetic style again to the Miltonic or Virgilian point of finish. In him a just conception of the work as a whole, a consciousness of his aims and how to attain them, together with a high standard of verbal execution, are combined with richness of fancy and sensuous magnificence worthy of an Elizabethan poet in all his glory.

When, therefore, we compare the two epochs upon this point of taste and style, we are able to award the palm of excellence to the latter. Having lost much, we have gained at least what is implied in artistic self-control, without relapsing into the rigidity of the last century.

#### VIII.

The freedom, of which I have said so much, as forming the main note of Elizabethan poetry, accounts for the boldness with which men of letters treated moral topics, and for their clear-sighted outlook over a vast sphere of ethical casuistry. Not to the spirit of that age, but to the genius of our nation, I ascribe the manly instinct which guided these pioneers of exploration and experience through many a hazardous passage. The touch of the Elizabethan poets in such matters was almost uniformly right. They may show themselves gross, plain-spoken, voluptuous. We should not tolerate Jonson's *Crispinus*, or Shakespeare's *Mercutio*, or Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* at the present day. But they were not prurient or wilfully provocative. It is impossible to imagine an Elizabethan Zola, or an Elizabethan Paul Bourget—writers, that is to say, who deliberately attempt to interest those who read their works in moral garbage. Of garbage there is enough in that literature, and more than enough; but only in the same sense as there were open drains and kennels in the streets of London, by the brink of which high-tempered gentlemen walked, and duels were fought, while dreams of love warmed young imaginations, and wise debates on statecraft or the destinies of empires were held by graybeards. Of such kind is the rivulet of filth in Elizabethan

poetry, coursing, as the sewer then coursed, along the paths of men, dividing human habitations.

We have forced the sewage, which is inseparable from humanity, to run underneath our streets and houses. We have prohibited the entrance of unsavory topics into our literature. If Marston were born again among us we should stop our noses, and bid the fellow stand aloof. Even Thomas Carlyle has been christened by even Mr. Swinburne, Coprostomos, or some such Byzantine title, indicating intolerable coarseness.\* This shows how resolute we are to root out physical noisomeness, and with what sincerity we prefer typhoid poison to the plague accompanied by evil odors. It does not prove that we are spiritually cleaner than our ancestors. The right deduction is that the race has preserved its wholesomeness under conditions altered by a change of manners. Neither then nor now, in the age of Elizabeth or in the age of Victoria, has the English race devoted its deliberate attention to nastiness.

In breadth of view, variety of subject, our Victorian poets rival the Elizabethan. Life has been touched again at all points and under every aspect with equal boldness and with almost equal manliness. But since the drama has ceased to be the leading form of literature, the treatment of moral topics has of necessity become more analytical and reflective. If space allowed, this opinion might be supported by a comparison of the two epochs with regard to philosophic poetry. In sententious maxims, apophthegms on human fate, pithy saws, and proverbial hints for conduct, Elizabethan literature abounds. But we do not here meet with poems steeped in a pervading tone of thought—thought issuing from the writer's self, shaping his judgments, controlling his sensations, modelling his language, forcing the reader to sojourn for a season in the brain-wrought palace of his mood. For instance, Shakespeare uttered the surest word of imaginative doubt, of that scepticism which makes man question his own substantiality, when Prospero exclaimed—

\* I am not sure of the epithet, and have none of Swinburne's diatribes against Carlyle to refer to.

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

Marston in one phrase expressed man's desire to escape from self, that impossible desire which underlies all reaction against the facts of personal existence:—

"Can man by no means creep out of himself,  
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?"

Webster reiterated a dark conviction of man's impotence in lines like these—

"We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck  
and banded  
Which way pleases them."

Yet neither these nor any other Elizabethan poets elaborated their far-reaching views on life into schemes of versified philosophy. We do not find among them a Shelley or a Thomson. Pungent as the gnomic sentences of that age may be, they have relief and background in a large sane sympathy with man's variety of vital functions. The rapier of penetrative scrutiny is plunged and replunged into the deepest and most sensitive recesses of our being. But the thinker speedily withdraws his weapon, and suffers imagination to play with equal curiosity upon the stuff of action, passion, diurnal interests, the woof of sentient self-satisfied existence. Regarding human nature as a complex whole, those poets seized on its generic aspects and touched each aspect with brief incisive precision. Our poets are apt to concentrate their mind upon one aspect, and to sublimate this into an all-engrossing element, which gives a certain sustained color to their work. Less rich in gnomic wisdom, they are more potent in the communication of settled moods—more "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." It follows that while the Elizabethans had nothing of what Goethe called "lazaretto poetry," we have much. The affectations of our age do not run toward verbal euphuism, but toward sickliness of sentiment and a simulated discontent with the world around us. A man of Mr. Mallock's calibre would not have set society in the sixteenth century at work upon the problem, "Is life worth living?" Schopenhauer and Hartmann could hardly have existed then, and they assuredly would

not have found disciples. But in an age which produces essayists and philosophers of this sort, poetry cannot fail to be introspective and tinged with morbidity. Fortunately, though this is so, few verses have been written by Englishmen during the nineteenth century of which their authors need repent upon the death-bed.

#### IX.

The Elizabethan poets, far more truly than their Italian predecessors, if we except Dante, and more truly than any of their contemporaries in other countries, loved external nature for its own sake. There is hardly any aspect of the visible world, from the flowers of the field to the storm-clouds of the zenith, from the stars in their courses to the moonlight sleeping on a bank, from the embossed foam covering the sea-verge to the topless Apennines, which was not seized with fine objective sensibility and illustrated with apt imagery by Shakespeare and his comrades. Yet, keenly appreciative of nature as these poets were, nature remained a background to humanity in all their pictures. Her wonders were treated as adjuncts to man, who moved across the earth and viewed its miracles upon his passage. Therefore, although imaginatively and sympathetically handled, these things were lightly and casually sketched.

The case is different with the literature of this century, for reasons which can be stated. In the first place our poets have mostly been men leading a solitary life, in close connection with nature, withdrawn from the busy hum of populous cities. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rossetti; it is clear, by only mentioning the leading poets of our age, that this is the fact; and to enlarge the list would be to prove the point superfluously. Unlike the writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne's reign, Victorian poets have not breathed the atmosphere of society, the town, the coffee-house. Even if they lived in London, the town, the coffee-house, society had ceased to exist for them. Unlike the writers of Elizabeth's and James's reigns, they have not had the theatre, with its paramount interest in human action and passion, its vast and varied



audience, to concentrate their gaze on man. And while circumstance divided them in this way from what Pope called "the proper study of mankind," the special forms of poetry they cultivated—idyllic and contemplative verse, lyric in its extended sense, descriptive and reflective—led them perforce to nature as a source of inspiration. They worked, moreover, through a period in which the sister art of painting devoted herself continually more and more to the delineation of the outer world in landscape. And this brings us to the decisive difference, the deep and underlying reason why external nature has exercised so powerful and penetrative an influence over contemporary poetry. What we call science, that main energy of the age, which has sapped old systems of thought, and is creating a new basis for religion, forces man to regard himself as part and parcel of the universe. He is no longer merely *in* it, moving through it, viewing it and turning it round, as Sir Thomas Browne delightfully said, for his recreation. He knows himself to be, in a deep and serious sense, *of* it, obedient to the elements, owing allegiance to the sun.

Even the poets of the beginning of the century, who resented the impact of science most—even Keats, who cried—

"Do not all charms fly  
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?"

bowed to the dominant spirit of the nineteenth century. Keats, "the Elizabethan born out of due time," as he has been called, kept himself indeed unspotted from the contagion of science. Yet his passion for nature, moving though it did on lines traced by Spenser, has a far greater intensity, a far more fiery self-abandonment to the intoxication of earth, than would have been possible in the sixteenth century. Professor Conington used to formulate Keats's craving after nature in a somewhat ribald epigram: "Would thou wert a lollipop, then I could suck thee." The modern spirit took this form of sensuous imaginative subjectivity in Keats. In Byron it became a kind of lust, burning but disembodied, an escapement of the defrauded and disillusioned soul into communings with forces blindly felt to be in better and more natural tune with him than men were.

Shelley's metaphysical mind was touched by nature to utterances of rapt philosophy, which may some day form the sacred songs of universal religion. *Prometheus Unbound* and the peroration of *Adonais* enclose in liquid numbers that sense of spirituality permeating the material world upon which our future hopes are founded. Wordsworth, working apart from his contemporaries, expressed man's affinity to nature and man's dependence on the cosmic order with greater reserve. Still, it is difficult to go farther in nature-worship than Wordsworth did in those sublimely pathetic lines written at Tintern Abbey; and nothing indicates the difference between the Victorian and the Elizabethan touch on the world better than his blank verse fragment describing a pedestrian journey through the Simplan Pass.

In the course of the nineteenth century it might seem as though this passion for nature—the passion of Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—had declined. To assume this would, however, be a great mistake. What has steadily declined is the Elizabethan strain, the way of looking upon nature from outside. The modern strain, the way of looking upon nature as congenial to man, has strengthened, but with fear and rending of the heart, and doubt. The time is not yet ripe for poetry to resume the results of science with imaginative grasp. What has been called the cosmic enthusiasm is too undefined as yet, too unmanageable, too pregnant with anxious and agitating surmise, to find free utterance in emotional literature. In our days science is more vitally poetical than art; it opens wider horizons and excites the spirit more than verse can do. Where are the fictions of the fancy compared with the vistas revealed by astronomers, biologists, physicists, geologists? Yet signs are not wanting—I see them in some of the shorter poems of Lord Tennyson, I see them in the great neglected work of Roden Noel, I see them in the fugitive attempts of many lesser men than these—which justify a sober critic in predicting that our century's enthusiasm for nature is but the prelude to a more majestic poetry, combining truth with faith and fact with imagination, than the world has ever known.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## A PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND HIS WORK.

BY W. T. KNIGHT.

"THE bitter regret caused by the disappearance of him who has just left us is softened by the consoling thought that he has accomplished his task, and at the same time has smoothed for us the path that we have to traverse. Fortified by this thought let each of us resume our labor and continue our work, inspired by the example that he has given us, remembering that he who is no more was just, devoted, hardworking up to the last hour, and that to be worthy of him it suffices to exert all our efforts to try to imitate him."

Such were the words lately spoken over the open grave of one whom we have styled a Practical Philanthropist, and of whose life and labors we propose to give a brief account.

Jean Baptist André Godin was born at Esquéhéries in the Department of l'Aisne, France, on January 26th, 1817. He was the son of a locksmith, and lived with his father until it became necessary for him to earn his own living, with a view to which he was presently apprenticed to the higher branches of the metal-trade. Life in a little country village was naturally uneventful, but M. Godin has himself left records by which we see that the youth amid his humble associations and arduous employments was imbued with the loftiest aspirations and ambitions.

In due course he made the usual tour through the workshops of France, and was, as he tells us, much struck by the want of social harmony which prevailed, by the manifest injustice and inequalities of the wage-system, and by many other practical difficulties which throw themselves in the path of most thinkers.

In spite of the exhaustive hours of labor which usually fell to his lot—often from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.—he found time to examine all the popular theories of social development, but could never obtain thorough satisfaction till he investigated those of Saint-Simon and Fourier. He remained an ardent disciple of Fourier to the last, although matured experience led him to modify to a very great extent many of the prin-

ciples imbibed in early youth from that writer.

In 1837 he returned to his father's house, where he worked until 1840, when he married and set up an establishment of his own. On commencing a new industry, namely the manufacture of stoves from iron castings instead of from sheet iron, he removed to Guise, where he established a small factory. This was in 1846, and we find him then in a position to give employment to about thirty workmen. Having previously examined the great social questions from the worker's standpoint, he was now able to consider them from the point of view of the capitalist.

By continued inventions and incessant care he greatly developed his business, and devoted a large proportion of his profits to the amelioration of the condition of his workmen. This he attempted by gradual improvements, such as lessening the hours of labor, and encouraging the establishment of a provident society against cases of sickness, to which he subscribed nearly as much as the whole of the workmen combined, while he left the management under their own control. He divided his men into sections, and paid them on different days, thereby abolishing the system of fortnightly orgies which formerly took place on pay-days.

His liberal good sense, love of fairness, and true human sympathy, however, told him that the natural feeling of antagonism between labor and capital cannot be abolished by temporary concessions, but by making the sons of toil see that their employers are actuated in all things by the sentiment of justice. His ideal was that of Louis Blanc: "Work according to ability, compensation according to need." The ideal is doubtless a grand one, but Godin recognized that the imperfection of human nature is such that it can never reach that ideal, since so inviting a field for laziness is opened by the latter clause. He firmly believed, however, in the Saint-Simonian theory, "Every one should live by his labor," and acted up

to the Saint-Simonian formula, "To each one according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its productions." Communism, as he imagined it, was Socialism matured, not Socialism run mad.

Matters continued to prosper with Godin until the revolution of 1848, and the accession to power of Louis Napoleon. Godin escaped the tribulation which then overtook the Socialistic thinkers of France, but many of his fellow-laborers were forced to fly the country. Some of them established a colony in Texas, to which he subscribed a third of his whole capital. The scheme collapsed, and Godin lost his money; but, instead of being disheartened and discouraged, he set himself to work harder than ever to make up for his loss. New inventions and improvements resulted from his efforts; he took out no less than fourteen new patents, increased his factory at Guise, and established a branch at Laeken, near Brussels.

The great dream of his life was to combine an Industrial Partnership with an Associated Home, and after years of patient study and thought he developed and perfected a scheme by which he was able to solve completely the problems which had baffled the aspirations of all the social thinkers before his day.

He did not consider that there was anything benevolent about industrial partnerships; as Mr. Holyoake afterward observed, they were to him nothing but better business arrangements. After the employer had valued his whole capital and plant, and set aside a certain percentage of profit as their just recompense, the remainder was to be equitably distributed among all, according to their abilities and performances. In ordinary business arrangements the tie between employer and employed is made binding or otherwise only by slavish or selfish considerations, such as the fear of losing a situation, or the hope of obtaining a better one. Industrial partnership which, as Jevons remarks, is only a form of payment by results, appeals directly to the strongest motive for human action, self-interest; besides strengthening and confirming that good will which must exist between employer and employed, if their mutual relation is to be anything more than a sordid

bargain on both sides. Lord Derby in a speech made at Liverpool in 1869, said: "It is a natural and not unreasonable wish for every man to form that he should have some interest in and some control over the work on which he is employed. It is human nature, I think, that a man should like to feel that he is a gainer by any extra industry that he may put forth, and that he should like to have some sense of proprietorship in the shop, or mill, or whatever it may be, in which he passes his days." Godin thought all this and more, and acted accordingly. He was at first prevented by law from making the concern a real association such as he desired, but was obliged to remain at the head of the business; hence arose his great anxiety as to what would be the result at his death. He knew that human institutions are liable to so many contingencies, and he also knew by bitter experience that a man's foes are often those of his own household: he was therefore exceedingly careful in all his arrangements, and made his plans so well that his spirit permeates the whole establishment, and there is every reason to believe that his institution will remain as a permanent monument to his name. Zeal is rewarded and the lack of it punished, so that each member of the partnership is kept continually alive to the fact that his duty and interest are one.

The laws promulgated by the founder open with a declaration of principles, of which the fundamental one is: "It is the essential duty of society and of every individual so to regulate their conduct as to produce the greatest possible benefits to humanity, and to make this the constant object of all their thoughts, words and actions."

The part of his scheme which lay nearest to his heart was the Associated Home, to which he gave the names of Familistère and Social Palace, both of which it fully deserves. He held that intellectual and moral life is bound up with material life, and that life is imperfect and incomplete unless man possesses all that is necessary for the wants of the body, as only then can he exist in the fulness of his faculties and being. Many millions of our fellow-creatures have never known what it is to sleep in decently ventilated or appointed rooms,

to eat properly cooked food, to enjoy cheerful, social intercourse, and we cannot wonder that the miserable character of their physical life causes the deterioration of their moral nature. Just as isolated savage hordes have become united by the drawing together of social relations and the sentiment of national sympathy, so he proposed joining together segregated dwellings into one vast association. The Social Palace was to be not only a better shelter for the workman than the isolated home; it was also to be an instrument for his well-being, his individual dignity and progress. Not an improved tenement house, not a group of small workmen's houses, not a show place to blazon forth the benevolence of the founder; but a real, true, united home, where sociality could be obtained without the loss of privacy.

In 1859, when the foundation of the east wing of the building was laid, the scheme was an experiment, and the capital available was only sufficient to carry out a portion of the plan; but year by year additions were made, until in 1879 the whole structure, capable of accommodating about eighteen hundred persons, and so arranged that it can be easily enlarged, was completed at a total cost of something like sixty thousand pounds.

The Familistère, with the foundries, workshops, and all the accompanying buildings, occupies a space of about fifteen acres on both sides of the Oise. The dwelling-houses, three in number, are in the form of hollow parallelograms, in the midst of each of which is a large, glass-roofed court. Each building consists of four stories, and they are all connected on each story. Under the whole structure are cellars, subdivided so as to be used as storehouses, and passages for the purpose of ventilation. All the division walls, which are built at distances of ten *mètres* apart, run from roof to foundation, as a protection in case of fire. The entrance doors, which turn easily on pivots in the middle and close with springs, are put up in the winter and removed in the summer. The stairs are semi-circular, so that the children may ascend easily on the broad portions, while adults can take the inside or narrow parts. On

each story, round the central courts, are galleries, protected by balustrades so close that children cannot put their heads through, and so high as to prohibit climbing over.

In choosing a home the first consideration with a laboring man is that of price, so the rooms are arranged in such a manner that a single man or a family may hire one, two, or any number, according to means, merely paying for the number of square feet occupied. Two rooms and a closet occupying a little more than two hundred square feet may be had at prices varying from about 6s. 7d. to 8s. 7d. a month. To show that the plan was not meant as benevolence, M. Godin himself occupied apartments in the Familistère, as do all the heads of departments.

There are ten different entrances to the building, so that as much privacy in coming and going can be obtained as in a town, far more than in a village. The halls are lighted all night, presenting the appearance of well-lit streets. There are schools and a nursery, baths and wash-houses, a theatre, a library, groves and gardens, shops for all sorts of commodities, choral societies, bands, and provision for all kinds of rational enjoyment and improvement both physical and mental. The public portions of the buildings are kept scrupulously neat and clean; tenants of apartments please themselves as to the order in which they are kept, but it is significant to note that after removing to the Familistère families nearly always buy a stock of new furniture. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. The central halls are kept constantly supplied with fresh air, and in hot weather the courts are watered. Huge reservoirs on the top of the building feed fountains on each landing, and the supply of water is so ample that its consumption averages five gallons a head daily. The dust-holes are emptied daily and the closets cleaned three times a day. Invalids and children are allowed the gratuitous use of hot and cold baths.

The whole structure represents Fourier's phalanx in most respects, but differs from it in two important particulars: (1) The power of the head, which Godin could not help; (2) The absence of agriculture, which he greatly re-



gretted. The industries are iron, copper, sugar, and chicory factories.

Next to his belief in the dignity of labor, the strongest feeling in Godin's mind was probably his love of children. The provisions made for their comfort and training are perfect. His loving care for them commenced at their birth. There is at the Familistère a nursery where the little ones are attended to by carefully selected nurses who do their duty so well that visitors declare there is absolutely no crying! The good health and consequent vitality produced by the careful regard for their welfare are such that the little ones seem constantly happy and contented. They are taught to wait without crying when awake till their turn comes for attention; to eat in their turn; to stand up and walk about in a little gallery; to obey the nurses; to go to sleep without crying. Rocking is completely abolished, and their comfort is greatly enhanced by beds of dried bran, which are renewed as occasion demands. At about two years of age they are removed to the first Mother's School or *Pouponnat*. There they are taught cleanliness, to sing and march, to sing the alphabet and numbers up to one hundred, to draw on slates, and to play in the gardens without damaging the flowers or shrubs. The next stage is the second Mother's School or *Bambinat*, where simple object lessons are given, the suggestions for which are taken mostly from the systems of Froebel and Madame Pape-Carpentier. At the age of six they are generally ready for the Primary Schools, of which there are three, and where they are educated until they reach the age of thirteen. Afterward those who are considered likely to reap benefit therefrom are put into the Supplementary School, or Upper Course.

That the education provided is considerably above the average of that usually received by the children of workmen will appear from the following statement. In 1886, one hundred and thirty-one candidates from the Canton of Guise were publicly examined for the "Certificate of Study," of whom twenty-one were from the Familistère. The total number of certificates gained was one hundred and five, twenty of which fell to the Familistère candidates. Thus

out of a population of about twenty thousand the whole of the canton received one hundred and five certificates, while the Familistère with one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight inhabitants obtained twenty. The percentage is more than double, and it must be recollected that this only shows the result of the education in the Primary Schools.

In summer the children receive practical instruction in gardening and botany, and at all times are allowed free access to portions of the gardens. Education is free but compulsory, and parents whose children are kept from school are fined for each day of non-attendance. The children are early taught the use of the franchise; they elect by vote from among themselves a council whose duty it is to maintain order out of school. Two festivals are held yearly at the Familistère, that of Labor in May, that of Childhood in September. At the former, rewards are given for special industry and improvement; at the latter, prizes for progress are awarded, and specimens of the children's work exhibited. Thus among seniors and juniors emulation is kept constantly at work with most beneficial results.

At the end of their school-life boys are apprenticed gratuitously, and paid for all work done. Orphans are adopted, and maintained free as long as necessary. The numbers of the school in 1885 were five hundred and fifty-five.

The Association was not properly registered until 1880, although shares had been previously put to the credit of workers. Before the legal constitution of the Association the whole construction might have collapsed in the event of Godin's death. Now his heirs receive half the income secured to the capital held by him when he died, all the rest of the profits go to raise the position of the workmen. The statutes of the Association consist of (1) A statement of principles. (2) Laws regulating mutual relations and interests. (3) Special Rules relating to mutual assurances. (4) Internal Regulations; the whole forming, in Godin's words, "a true code of labor."

The total amount of capital put into the Association was 184,000*l.*, bearing interest at five per cent. per annum.

The share of profit accruing to the members is not payable in cash; it goes toward paying out the founder, and placing the workers, year by year, more and more in his place. He anticipated that in less than twenty years the whole of the works and buildings would be the property of the workmen, and it will presently be seen that he was below the mark in his estimate of the probable benefits to them. His own salary as Administrator-General was originally twelve per cent. of the net profits, but he stated his intention of accepting less, as men capable of assuming posts of responsibility came to the front. He kept his word, and in the last year of his life his salary was four per cent. of the profits.

In order to encourage industry, thrift, and zeal, a system of promotions to worthy members was established. After three years' membership a man, if resident in the Familistère, is eligible to become a Sociétaire with extra privileges. After five years' service, and an accumulation of 20*l.* capital, he may be an Associé with the right to receive double bonus. If he prove a man of exceptional capacity, he has a chance of becoming one of the Committee of Management, to whom is reserved an extra bonus of from nine to twelve per cent. on the net profit. A comparison of the number of profit-sharers in 1882 and 1887 will show the working of this admirable arrangement.

	1882.	1887.
Full Members (Associés) . . . .	3	93
2d Class (Sociétaires) . . . .	0	209
3d " (Participants) . . . .	571	491
4th " (Intéressés) . . . .	153	234

It would be tedious to trace the financial progress up to the present time; but a few extracts from the last Balance Sheet of the Association (September, 1887) will give a fair notion of the results attained.

The accumulated Assurance Fund amounts to 34,275*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, and during the year 5,475*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* was spent in pensions to aged, assistance to sick, temporary assistance to families, and education. From these figures Godin concludes that "it would be much more easy for our governors (if only they were so disposed) to efface misery in France,

than it has been for me to efface it from your ranks."

The gross proceeds during the year were :

	£	s.	d.
Sales at Guise and Laeken . . . .	148,657	3	5
Rent of Familistère . . . . .	4,094	4	3
Sales in Stores . . . . .	18,136	11	8
	£170,887	19	4

The net profit was 31,230*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, from which the following deductions had to be made :

	£	s.	d.
Depreciations . . . . .	10,120	4	9
Education . . . . .	1,181	16	3
Wages of Capital . . . . .	9,200	0	0
Cost of Direction at Laeken . . . .	167	4	10
Profits among purchases at Stores . .	829	14	7
	£21,499	0	5

The net divisible balance was therefore 9,731*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, of which M. Godin took four per cent., one per cent. was paid for the maintenance of scholars in State Schools, two per cent. as rewards for useful inventions, and the whole of the remainder distributed among the members as accumulation of share-capital. The total amount repaid to M. Godin by accumulation of shares has been 110,140*l.* 1*s.* 7*d.*, more than five-ninths of the whole share-capital.

No wonder that Godin felt proud of his work. In 1886 a writer in the "Spectator" having said that Godin had not touched the fringe of the social problem, he replied, in a letter to the "London Courier:" "I believe that when a chief of industry has by association bestowed on a working population of about two thousand persons ease, well-being, and relative comfort; when by this association he has extended the benefits of mutuality, care and assistance during sickness, and pensions for old age to all the workers who are auxiliaries of the establishment; when he has suppressed misery around himself; I believe that he has taken a great step toward the solution of the social problem, by furnishing an example which it is sufficient to imitate and generalize."

The organization of Industrial Interests in the Association is chiefly vested in the Committee of Management, or Administrative Council, which is chosen by universal suffrage. This Council meets twice a week; once for consulta-

tions on business connected with the Industrial Partnership, and questions relating to the work in the factories; and once to discuss any points which may call for attention in the Associated Home, such as food supply. Sub-committees are appointed to oversee the various departments, and the stores are under the control of an officer called the Econome. All the shops deal wholesale through him, and each presents to him its separate account of receipts and expenditure, which is carefully checked and balanced every week. Various societies, each having its own committee and rules, and each quite independent of the Administrative Council, have charge of different parts of the social economy such as education, sanitation, music, and the clubs and library.

There is a Council of Criticism elected by the members, whose duty is to discover and prevent breaches of discipline and order. On the commission of the first offence, a notice signed by this Council is either sent to the offender's lodging, or posted publicly without the culprit's name. On the second offence the offender is mulcted in a fine which goes to the general fund, and the notice, now bearing his name, is posted for a time varying with the gravity of the crime. In the event of a third offence, the Council have power to inflict further punishment, or even to dismiss the offender from the Association. This power never needs to be exerted, as the shame of public exposure is a sufficient deterrent: since the opening of the Familistère there has not been a single police case!

Mr. E. O. Greening, who visited Guise in 1884, gives details showing that up to that time each man had on an average gained 100% by five years of work, besides having received his regular wages all the time. He also submits examples of cases in which those who had received rewards for exceptional services, or who had been elected as members of the Administrative Council, had saved far greater sums.

It needs no second glance to see that the workers in M. Godin's factories enjoy what to most mechanics would seem a paradise on earth. By the careful provision for orphans, invalids, and the aged, all anxiety for the future is re-

moved, and that cruel pinching which goes by the name of prudential foresight is rendered unnecessary. Instead of being spread over a space of two or three square miles, their habitations are so placed that an immense gain is made both in time and convenience: they can live, work, visit each other, attend to domestic affairs, do their shopping, and perform all the ordinary avocations of life in all weathers without going from under cover. Since their shops retail the goods at such a price as barely to pay expenses, there is as much facility for the poor as for the rich to lay out their money to good advantage. Their children are well educated without cost, never neglected, always well dressed and neat. Everything in connection with the establishment tends to give honor and dignity to work, and to emancipate the worker.

Arduous as were M. Godin's daily labors, and incessant as were his cares for the welfare of those around him, he found time to interest himself in national politics, and was elected a Member of the General Council of his Department. He was Mayor of Guise during the Franco-Prussian War, and in 1871 was elected Deputy to the National Assembly. He wrote several books on social questions, and in 1878 established a journal, "*Le Devoir*," which he conducted till his death.

Having seen the desires of his heart fulfilled at Guise, he had just made up his mind to introduce the same blessings elsewhere, and had announced his intention to found a Familistère at Laeken, when illness seized him, and he expired quite unexpectedly, January 16th, 1888. On the 22d, the whole population of the Social Palace, about eighteen hundred persons, bathed in tears, followed to the tomb the body of their benefactor and friend.

The Articles of Association gave him the power to name his successor, but he had not done so, preferring to leave everything to the good sense of those whom he had elevated: it is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that these almost unanimously elected his widow, who is now Administrator-General of the Association.

"The seed of the ideas so profusely scattered from his rich intelligence has

not been lost, but has already fructified in men's hearts and consciences." So says "Le Devoir" in announcing the death and funeral of this truly great man, and that it may be so, all who

have studied his work will unite in hopefully breathing.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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#### THE GROWTH AND DECAY OF CLASS DISTINCTIONS.

THE passionate belief in equality, always cherished by the truest hearts, far from ever having been warranted by the facts of life, has remained a dream to which the very nature of things seemed destined to deny fulfilment. And though time may yet prove the dream to have been prophetic, we must admit that there is little in the present social outlook to justify the hope. Yet upon this hope, and the energy with which men work to realize it, depends the fate of class distinctions, for it is only as real equality grows that social barriers can possibly disappear. Unequally favoring conditions of life will always produce unequally favored classes, the distinction between whom can never become a distinction without a difference, but must continue as a great gulf fixed which not all the generous souls in the world will suffice to bridge; and it is by helping or hindering equality of circumstances that we determine the fusion or differentiation of classes.

Inequality is indeed the mainspring of evolution. Natural selection decrees that the race shall be to the swift and the battle to the strong; that the weak shall be swept from the course as soon as their breath gives out. More than half of life's runners are handicapped from the start and doomed to fall short of the goal. So clearly has science proclaimed this truth, that sentiment can no longer ignore it. Inequality, moreover, is found to be not the result of a lapse from an angelic stock, but of the slow ascent from a less illustrious ancestry, to be removed, if removed at all, not by miraculous aid, but by the gradual working of natural law. The new saying may be a hard one, but this advantage it has over the old, that, whereas formerly all might be hoped but nothing assured, now, upon the basis of consistent law, we know what may be hoped

from what has been assured. Thus if, from a survey of the past history of the world, we perceive in evolution a tendency to cast down the mighty from their seats and to exalt them of low degree, we may trust to the future for a continuance in the same lines, and for an evil present may draw consolation from a worse past.

To trace the growth of existing class distinctions, we will begin at that point in our genealogical tree where animal development results in man. At this stage, the acts of each organism have become too numerous to leave any longer, by frequency of repetition, that impression on the brain which the young inherit as instinct. The infant mind is more and more a *tabula rasa* to be filled up by experience under the supervision of parental care; and the growth of family life which this prolongation of childhood fosters, teaching, as it does, the social lessons of mutual help and concession, gives rise to widening political organizations. When the individual began to recognize that a certain curtailment of liberty, voluntarily submitted to on his part, was more than made good by the increased scope which the similar concessions of others gave to his personality, the first faint gleam of enlightenment fell athwart the motive-power of self-interest, and the foundations of that morality were laid whose code was slowly to grow from "Thou shalt not kill," to "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That the dawn was very gradual, we who watch the tardy step of modern progress cannot doubt. The mercy of the strong to the weak was probably at first no more than just enough to incline the balance in favor of social over solitary life. The greater blessedness of giving than of receiving must have been even more obscure then than now; yet, all the same, the golden rule was laid down in rudi-



ment, and the wholesome fear of repayment in the coin tendered helped doubtless to keep up the standard of the currency.

Possession of land and its produce is the primary source of wealth. Monopoly of land would be monopoly of life, for, without land, life is impossible; but such monopoly on a large scale was of course never entire, and transformed itself in all cases into the establishment, by those who owned it, of a right to the surplus agricultural proceeds of the labor of others. The landowner could not fail to see his advantage in exchanging for the service and skill of those weaker than himself the ground, of whose produce he could, single-handed, have enjoyed but a small fraction. We have, then, natural inequality resulting in the unequal distribution of land, and this unequal distribution, persisted in, perpetuating and intensifying the original divergence.

In Europe during the Middle Ages the strong disposed of their surplus by means of the feudal system. The king was nominal lord of the entire land; this he bartered wholesale with his nobles for their military support, then the *sine quâ non* of royalty; the nobles in their turn retailed it in lessening quantities through the thanes and churls to the serfs, who, absorbing it all in the absolute necessities of life, brought the dealings to a close. On this basis the various European nations continued the effort after stability which the Romans had attempted on too large a scale, and in which they had therefore failed. Unity, to be real, must be a growth from within outward, and cannot be prematurely imposed, and though for centuries still all roads led to Rome, it was to the Rome of the Vatican and not of the Capitol.

Confining our attention to England, and starting with the Norman Conquest, we find the victorious foreigners monopolists of the land, and maintaining on it the conquered Saxons under well-nigh unendurable conditions. Yet in vain do the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the liberty of any people. Those who sow must in the end reap, and slowly through the Middle Ages the gulf between lord and serf is filled by freed-

man and churl. A century or two and the artisans who have plied their crafts in fear and trembling under the gloomy frown of the baronial keep walk at large within their own town walls and, with plethoric purses, buy the favor of kings. Those who, with bent backs, have borne the burden and heat of the day for less than the scriptural penny, and have choked over the bitter bread of dependence, now look out across their fields with satisfied smile, for the golden grain there ripening will, they know, not only pay their rent, but leave a surplus large enough for ease and honor to themselves and to their children. The attempt made by the aristocracy after the Black Death of 1348 to push back the rising classes to the menial posts left vacant by the plague only speeded the upward tide, and in the speech of John Ball, one of the leaders of revolt, we have a curious anticipation of the democratic rhetoric of to-day. "Good people," he cried, "things will never go well in England as long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oat-cake and straw and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields; and yet it is of us and our toil that these men hold their state." The feeling is strong, the antithesis forcible, and the facts patent beyond dispute.

The feudal system, which had long shown signs of decay, was, under Tudor rule, replaced by social conditions more like our own. Monarchy revived its old pretensions indeed, but the nation would none of them, and the doctrine of divine right perished finally in the Revolution of 1688. In his *Treatises on Government*, John Locke preached its funeral sermon, and never again has the ghost even risen to trouble us.

The decree of civilization, also, that bread alone shall not suffice for man, but that his own ingenuity shall provide him with increasing comforts and means of progress, by giving to the possessors of skill a monopoly second only to that of land, has contributed largely toward equalization. When, instead of exporting its raw material and importing manufactured goods, England reversed the process, skill and mercantile enterprise started on their neck-or-nothing race with land monopoly. Land began to yield less and less exclusively what the nation required for life, and when importation of food itself at last commenced, land's halcyon days were numbered. The shears are already at the locks of the aristocratic Samson, and the British Philistine has no cause to love him. His hair will have to grow again in some nobler form of strength ere the might return to his arm. By a revival of the old power founded on the old basis of selfishness, high-handed disregard of crying social wrongs, blind folly of the eviction and coercion type, the great may indeed be revenged on those who torment their ease. They may stretch their hands to the pillars and cause the house to fall, but they themselves will be the first to perish in the ruins.

To the middle class, meanwhile, a gigantic impulse has been given by the invention of machinery and the modern banking system, and commercial capitalists are now outstripping aristocratic landowners in magnitude of surplus wealth. The capitalist has replaced the feudal lord, and, in lessening amounts and growing hardness of conditions, his surplus descends through the middle class until it reaches the lower, where we find indeed the veritable Atlas, bearing the whole world on his back. Time and again, goaded to madness, has this poor Atlas, by the futile struggles of anarchy and rebellion, tried to cast off his burden; but they that were against him have always been more than they that were for him, and his latter state has seemed worse than his first. It is not by shifting but by sharing the load that we can ever hope to make it tolerable. And toward a perception of this truth Society seems at last to be tending. The working-man begins to see for him-

self that there is no short cut to salvation, but that through abstinence and energy lies the only path to a better lot. With the mass of rhetorical rubbish conveyed to him by the Press are mixed from time to time sound grains of economic sense and of that honest speculative thought which, "kindled by the fire of living thought," has always been the great consumer of sophistry. Want of capital is the working-man's jailer. The savings of his most strenuous thrift will never enable him, he knows, to carry on production on a scale large enough to cope with the middle-class capitalist. But in co-operation he has found the first letters for an "open sesame" to well-being. The system of the proportional division of profits between capitalist and laborer, introduced in the first instance by a few capitalists themselves in order to enlist on their side the self-interest of the employed, will probably, in time, be adopted by all; and when applied, as there is little doubt it will ultimately be, to land affairs, so that landlord and tenant share profits in proportion to what each contributes, the heaven will be fairly at work in the social dough. Some form of Communism may afford the final solution of social problems, but it is through the amelioration of the private-property system that Society must meanwhile advance.

Nor is co-operation the only power at work for equality: political representation is lending its hand. One of the first directions of wealth is toward legislative prominence. In politics, as in other things, *Gelt regiert die Welt*. Timocracy, more or less disguised, is the constitution of every land. Of the *Great Leviathan* of Hobbes, "called the Commonwealth or State, which is but an artificial man, though of greater stature and strength than the natural man, for whose protection and defence it was intended," all seen at first is the royal head. Soon a nobility, gathering round, forms the shoulders; the middle class next thrusts itself up as the trunk, and only when the working-man is at last represented—not misrepresented—in Parliament, as well as—dare we say it?—that small and insignificant portion of humanity sometimes heard of as women, does the State finish its growth and

stand erect, *mens sana in corpore sano*. And the State once visible as one body, it will become a clear fact of physiology that injury or benefit to one part must in the end affect the whole; and if any limb shows signs of disease or threatens the health of the organism, be it even a House of Lords, it may be wise surgery to get rid of it. As the nation recognizes a common interest the folly must grow plain of starving one end to stuff the other.

Another help to equalization is man's changed outlook on Nature—his desire for proof of the premises from which he draws his conclusions. Aristotle seems sure of his ground, though he has certainly not taken possession of it by right of argument, when he asks, "For what purpose barbarians were created except to be slaves, or wild beasts except to be hunted?" Or tells us that, "To suffice the wants of the community there must be instruments, but as instruments will not work at the word of command, so there is absolute need of living instruments. The poor man has only his ox, but Nature has provided slaves—that is, men who are naturally not their own property." All this is really very considerate of Nature, but it is doubtful whether the barbarians and wild beasts, the slaves and the oxen, will thank her. When, without regret, he says that, "The State consists of freemen at leisure, and only through slave labor is that leisure to be obtained," either entire leisure must then have been something better than our aristocracy have proved it to be now, or slaves must have seemed to him less than human. Both suppositions may be right. Leisure was really employed among the Greeks in seeking after a fair though imperfect ideal, and when we learn from our sage that "women and slaves are only so far natural beings as to understand reason without possessing it," his contempt for the masses is explained. Only one may, perhaps, be allowed to ask in passing, whether, if this was the popular style of reason, women and slaves were not as well without it?

Turning from Greece to Rome, our wrath is kindled anew when we find a writer advising that "slaves should be incited to quarrel among themselves lest they should conspire against their mas-

ter," and considering it to be "cheaper to work them to death than to let them grow old and useless;" and to ascribe such a sentiment to Cato seems well-nigh absurd.

Our age may have fallen off in some things, but it has certainly grown in sympathy and science. And, after all, it is from this sympathy that equalization gets its strongest impulse. The divergence between the very lowest and the very highest forms of life may—indeed must—continue to increase, since, while the bottom remains stationary, the top advances; but within the moral kingdom, of which man is the founder, the tendency to diverge becomes neutralized by that altruism which impels men, just as they are high, to draw the low up to them; and an important factor of altruism is imagination, forcing, as it does, one to realize the lot of another, and thus share his suffering. Who knows but that some day this faculty may have attained such inconvenient development as to make it impossible for us, draw the blinds and curtains as we will, to sit down to dinner while one hungry wretch remains unfed!

The times, then, seem to be for equality and the consequent decrease of class distinctions. It remains for us to examine these distinctions as they exist, and to guard or get rid of them according as they speed or oppose civilization.

Taking civilization to mean the development of man, the process by which his chief end is attained, and allowing his chief end to be happiness, we venture to define happiness as "the full satisfaction of the instinct of self-preservation." This may raise a cry from any who regard self-preservation as identical with selfishness: identical they once were, but, fortunately for us, that was very long ago; with ascending life they have differed more and more until, from working together, they have grown to "clenched antagonisms." As long as self meant an *amœba*, all that self-preservation implied was the securing of a modicum of heat and moisture; but now that self is a man—a man of Aryan race, a man of the nineteenth century, a man of a nation like ours—so multiplied are its necessities, that those of the higher sort, classed in a category by themselves, are spoken of as the soul;

and so valid has this distinction appeared that, though by human experience still unproved, it has led to the assignment to this spiritual part of man of a separate world and existence after death. It is, moreover, this division which explains such a paradox as—"he that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

In the preservation of this higher self, the self with which future evolution will be specially concerned, two of the largest factors have been labor and love: labor, the school in which each faculty is developed; and love, which, by prompting to the self-sacrifice of the individual, has elevated the race. Sacrifice to the family, the state, humanity, these have been the stepping-stones of progress, and all who disdain to use them must expect to slip and fall. Again, as the earth can only supply a certain amount of life, the best quality obtainable at the least expense should be the end proposed, and Wordsworth's ideal of "plain living and high thinking" be accepted as the true one. Whatever diet, for instance—be it vegetable, meat, or a combination of the two—results in the best quality of life with the least tax on the resources of the earth is the *régime* of the future; and any food, such as alcoholic drinks, which diverts the produce of the land into a worse than useless channel, needs no Sir Wilfrid Lawson to prophesy its doom.

Whatever social arrangement, therefore, most fosters love, labor, and economy, is clearly in the right lines of evolution, and may trust to the future for its establishment. How does our present system of class division stand the test? One sees at a glance that the aristocracy, whatever their merits, sin through idleness and extravagance, by inspiring in the middle classes the false ambition of material wealth, and by dwarfing the environment of the poor through taking up more than their share of the world's room and produce. Once upon a time, indeed, our aristocracy labored. It is not by slothful ease that possessions won by the sword are guarded, and the armor donned for attack was often slept in for defence. Though feudalism had its dark side of oppression, it had its bright one of

valor; though the knight inflicted more human wrongs than he redressed, he knew it not, and glowed throughout the havoc with the fire of a lofty aim. And when the trade of war grew slack, and the land settled down in spite of them, they bore, not unworthily, a growing share of governmental duties. In the face of the royal frown, they dared to speak up for liberty. It is only now, thrown out of work by the decrease of war and the encroachment of the middle classes on the legislative province, and tempted by their wealth to the fatal post of sinecurists, that their real deterioration has begun, and that their "big, manly voice, turned again to a childish treble, pipes and whistles in its sound." By idleness, self-seeking, and extravagance, they have run counter to the three great forces of civilization—love, labor and economy—and cannot escape defeat. Punishment has already commenced in the form of spiritual atrophy and consequent materialization. One form of this atrophy is that inability to receive new ideas of which Matthew Arnold accuses them, and which Parliamentary reports certainly do little to disprove. Those who toil not, neither spin, may be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but it is a glory as fatal to the higher life as was the poisoned robe of Deïra to Hercules. Human nature grows by what it feeds upon, and if the material side be overfed it will expand at the expense of the spiritual. And their picture of barbaric display is baneful from its very brilliance, spoiling the national eye for the true coloring of a sober and industrious life. One talent they still possess, but this their pride of caste would bury in a napkin. The stately homes of England are the strongholds of civility, and have garnered for us traditions of good manners, "the fruit of loyal natures and of noble minds," which a busy world might have kicked aside to rot. But *le défaut de la qualité* is what they teach their pupils. Ease in the presence of upstarts becomes contemptuous, dignity stiffens to disdain, impassivity replaces self-control, and this quite naturally, for nothing so sets the teeth on edge as discordant social tone, and the first impulse is to avoid it. Yet, by refusing the sacrifice, the aristocracy but give to Time one



more excuse for issuing the fatal order : "Cut them down, why cumber they the ground?" Howells, in one of his novels, says : "It is certain that our manners and customs go for more in life than our qualities. The price that we pay for civilization is the fine but impassable differentiation of these. Perhaps we pay too much, but it will not be possible to persuade those who have the balance in their favor that this is so." This may be true, but if they are not persuaded the difference may soon not be for but against them. Manners and qualities cannot long be divorced. Manners may indeed be stolen from the wearers who have moulded them, and be worn as a mask for a time ; but the features of the thief must in the end show through and impart their own depraved impression.

But while deploring the enormous surplus wealth of this class as baneful to themselves and others, all that is really refined and elevating in their environment we would retain, and this could not be done were their wealth reduced below a certain point. The "three acres and a cow" system might keep the nation alive, but hardly in such life as would be worth living. We have got to a stage when a primitive environment would mean retrogression. Tennysons and Brownings are not the product of three acres, nor Darwins of one cow ; but we doubt whether our country would have produced one great mind the less had Lord Clanricarde's 50,000 Irish acres been decimated three times over, or had it been the custom to ostracize, as dangerous to the State, every merchant who became a millionaire. In inveighing against idleness, moreover, we did not condemn leisure, nor deny that to not a few of those who are fortunate enough to possess it, it means the highest and most generous work.

That leisure is not only helpful but necessary to development we learn on turning to the middle class. The vulgarity associated with this class results far less than Matthew Arnold supposes from the gulf between it and the aristocracy. The want of fusion certainly accounts for much, and it is natural that, shut off from the lessons of breeding, and seeking to mimic only the material display of their aristocratic model, Brit-

ish Philistines miss the redeeming atmosphere of refinement and achieve that caricature which we call vulgarity ; but the cause lies deeper in the false ideals fostered by their habits of life. It is not in labor that they fail ; they are a working class, true to the traditions of a laborious past ; in the monotony and excess of labor lurks the vulgarizing leaven. Often only one set of faculties is used, and that seldom the highest. Their education confines itself too much to *Butter brod Wissenschaften*—bread-and-butter knowledge—which, although in accordance with the Latin proverb, *Primo vivere, deinde philosophari*, it should be enough to insure easy self-support, ought not to engross time to the exclusion of culture. True labor is other than they interpret it, and ought particularly to concern itself with the doing, knowing, and understanding of art, science, and philosophy. When these are neglected, the view becomes so narrowed that objects lose perspective, and money, the means of life, is mistaken for happiness, the end. The only remedy for this seems to be, as Mr. Goschen lately pointed out in his Aberdeen rectorial address, in a longer and more liberal education ; and if such education gives men a distaste for the daily nine hours of an office stool, so much the better. They may win less wealth, but what they have will yield fruit more abundantly.

Narrowing work by teaching patience may be good as a tonic, but it is not fit for the whole food of life. Of all callings, perhaps, those are the worst which exact constant attention and little thought. Dog-in-the-manger-like, unable to employ the mind themselves, they let nothing else do it. The cobbler may poetize about his shoe, and the hind court the Muses at his plough, but the "entries" of the clerk admit of no such rivalry, and keep a dozen faculties on the premises to do the work of one. Some middle-class occupations, on the other hand, though they leave even a smaller margin of leisure, cultivate from their nature a set of faculties which are an end in themselves. The conditions which result in our broad-browed scientists and professional men cannot be very unhealthy, but even here the sons of commercial sires are narrowing suc-

cess to mean money, and, through lack of time, are neglecting the culture needful for development. Every calling seems to sin in engrossing too much of the day. All work and no play makes the middle-class Jack a very dull boy; with mahogany sideboards his desire is satisfied, and in the wine-cellar his wishes cease; he may have gained the whole world, but has he not lost his own soul?

And the play, when there is any, is apt to be as material as the work which it follows. In the case of young men, the physical energy left is largely devoted to the ball-room, and this is an excellent safety-valve. But when the bloom of enchantment has faded, and tender speeches become a tale considerably more than twice told, and time bears the once enthusiastic dancer to the doorway and the supper-room, would it not have been well to cultivate some little taste or faculty which might have mitigated the dreariness of the "settling down," now resorted to as a *pis-aller*—some resource to lighten the sentence of lifelong *ennui*, if not for himself, at least for his companion in misfortune, and to stave off the evil days which are sure to come, when, as a gouty Conservative, he shall say: "I have no pleasure in them."

To the third and lowest class we now turn, perhaps, with idyllic prepossessions, for the humble joys of the poor man are much dwelt upon—by the rich. But the harsh reality at once asserts itself. The overwork which we found as an evil in the middle class descends through the masses on an intensifying scale until we reach a level at which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, and indeed almost ceases to be human. The word of fate to the working-man is too often

" Dans le sueur de ton front  
Tu gagneras ta pauvre vie,  
Après long travail et usage  
Voilà la mort qui te convie."

Where the conditions are those of brute life, war for the bare necessities, a brute organism results. When hunger comes in at the door more than love flies out at the window. As erst, from Pandora's box, blessing after blessing of the gods takes wing, until the lid is shut at last, not on hope, but on despair. Whoever

knows the slums knows the hang-dog dejection, the asinine folly, the wolfish famine that haunt them. The area of depression grows as we survey it. Each day brings its complement of new lives, born surely to a temptation greater than ever was Job's to "curse God and die." The fault is their own, as every one knows, or as every one says. If population will continually outrun the means of subsistence, the pinch must come somewhere. But not until there is some degree of equality will people see for themselves where over-population begins. With the enormous surplus of the rich before their eyes the poor will be hard to convince but that there is enough and to spare for all, could it only be reached.

If we admit then that the inequality of environment which determines class distinctions does not result in the best of all possible worlds—is hurtful to the rich, hideous for the poor, and hampering to the development of the mass of men who, in order to attain to the material goal of the rich, take upon them of their own free will that yoke of excessive labor which is the curse of the poor—our desire must surely be to help on the work of equalization by all legitimate means. We cannot ignore class distinctions as long as they are real. Social barter of thought and affection is difficult for people with different rates of exchange. Not equality, but inequality is monotonous. We have only to ask whose society charms us most, to acknowledge that similarity of environment, of education, and of interest is what lends variety to intercourse. Unlike traditions have taught unlike tongues, and the social instinct will always attract us to those who best understand what we say.

Equality of environment does not, of course, mean sameness, but that all shall be in conditions equally favorable to growth. The greater the scope for development, the greater the differentiation. Given two Cabinet Ministers and two colliers, and the chances are that the former will differ from one another more than the latter. A George Eliot and a Charlotte Brontë are more unlike than their respective housemaids. The flora of lands where sun and soil are kind is more varied than in regions of

rock and snow. Each class finds the other a weariness, because of the centrifugal tendency of each toward a local centre. The printing-press and the steam-engine have done much to widen these; education improved and diffused will do more; and true and generous feeling will do most of all, by urging us to strive after gentleness, justice, love, and sympathy, and the many touches of Nature that make the whole world kin, and show each to the other inclosed in one vast circle by the bounding line of a common destiny. When the stream of life has shrunk to the shallows of routine, such distinctions may affect its course, but when, with some noble purpose, it is flowing deep and strong, are they not borne away? When sorrow tears from life the mask of daily custom, and we behold ourselves all alike sad

seekers after light among the shadows, does not soul cling to soul irrespective of the garb of circumstance? Sympathy, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. Where the difference is in our favor, it is better to ignore than to accentuate it. Nothing worth having is lost in the sharing. Some manners there are which evil communications cannot corrupt. These we ought to try for and teach. And always it should be our task to preserve what is best in civilization until every one can reach it; to aim earnestly at true ideals of life, and, by means of example, pulpit, school, and college, sow them broadcast through the land; and when others use copper to give of our silver until the pure gold of perfection passes current everywhere.—*Westminster Review*.

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THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK FOR 1889.

If by the flight of birds, or the entrails of kine, it were possible to divine whether the Year 1889—a Centenary of ominous association—will witness the outbreak of the Great War to which the European Powers and the imagination of mankind have long been looking forward with dread and fascination, we should all turn augurs. But the old methods of divination are out of date; and we consult, instead, the oracular discourses of Emperors and Statesmen, and the ambiguous and often contradictory telegrams of the daily papers. At the end of the scrutiny, all we feel is a vague terror of something appalling that is coming nearer, nearer, and that apparently cannot be diverted from its course. All round the horizon, there are intermittent flashes, and ever and anon a murmur of unfinished thunder. When will the gathering storm roll up and occupy the sky, and burst in torrents of blood over our heads? Will it be this year? or the next? or when?

No man knows. Or, if there be one man who knows, he perforce keeps his own counsel. People have acquired the habit of regarding Prince Bismarck not only as a man of colossal will and almost infinite resource, but as the Arbiter of the European Situation. He himself

nourishes no such illusion. The day was, perhaps, when he might have been correctly described in those terms; but it has passed away. There is something stronger even than Prince Bismarck; and that is Time, which persons with classic habits of speech would perhaps call Fate. That mighty factor once worked on his side. During the last few years, and during the last twelve-month especially, it has worked against him. Men may yet say of Prince Bismarck, as was said of the once confident and exultant but finally overwhelmed *Cædipus*, "Call no man happy till he dies." If any one wants to write a pertinent political homily, he might take for his text the embarrassments of Prince Bismarck. He himself well knows that he has waited too long. Shall he wait still longer? A more perplexing question was never propounded for the decision of a great Statesman.

For the most striking and important phenomenon in the European Situation is the revival of military strength and military confidence in the French people. Persons accustomed to live from hand to mouth in the formation of their political judgments—and it is difficult for the readers of daily telegrams to live in any other fashion—have fixed their

attention so closely and so continuously on what is called, by a somewhat exclusive use of language, the internal condition of France, and are regaled so regularly with "scenes in the Chamber," and the unseemly conflict of French Parties, that they forget there is a France which works, thinks, projects, grows rich, and grows strong. Yet, if any one, leaving his daily papers behind him, will only cross the Channel in an observant and dispassionate frame of mind, and look round at what is going on, and has for some time been going on, in France, he will be lost in admiration at the capacity of that country for recovering, in an amazingly brief space of time, from disasters that would have crushed the heart out of almost any other people, and would assuredly have disabled them for great external enterprises for half a century. Seventeen years ago, German soldiers still stood on French soil; for the Indemnity of Five Millions had not yet been fully paid. At the present moment France has an army vastly larger and stronger than that with which she rashly began the War of 1870, an army better disciplined, better armed and equipped, and animated by a far truer military spirit. If anybody thinks this language exaggerated, let him go to Berlin and inquire, or let him ask of the German Military *attaché* in Paris. Most Englishmen are in the habit of talking of France as if it were crushed beneath a load of debt and taxation; and, no doubt, the Republic has lavished money, in every direction, with unparalleled prodigality. But debt and taxation are relative, like most other things; and France is amply rich enough, after having paid the German Indemnity, and after expending almost incalculable sums on providing itself with an Army and Navy, both of the first class, to spend as much again in the pursuit of its desires.

But how, it will be said, about the political and party divisions of the French people? How as to the contingency of civil strife? How about General Boulanger and the instability of the Republic? We are so accustomed, in England, to prophesy evil things for our neighbors, and the French people have so repeatedly justified the gloomiest predictions, that it is not

wonderful most of us should lay stress on these impending dangers, should greatly exaggerate them, and should end by losing sight of everything that tends to avert or diminish their advent. It remains to be seen whether the Republic will or will not be overthrown. But, if it be, the main motive for its overthrow will be the national desire that France should be more united, more homogeneous, in other words more strong; and, in all probability, its overthrow would produce that result, as Prince Bismarck well knows.

On either supposition, France must now be regarded as once more a Great Military Power. What is more, the French people know it, and with this knowledge has come a revived sense of dignity and confidence. On more than one occasion during the last twelve years, Prince Bismarck has acted as though he wanted to taunt, goad, or lure France into war with Germany. All his expedients and provocations were in vain, for France was not ready, even for self-defence. If he wants war with France now, he can have his way when he likes. The era of arrogance on one side, and of humility on the other is over.

Our sympathies with Italy, as indeed with Germany, are of the warmest. But our anxiety for Italy is not slight. Earthenware vessels that are perpetually going to the well with metal ones are employed in a dangerous operation; and that is Italy's normal employment. The sacrifices made by the Italians in order that their country may seem to be a Great Power, and that they may really possess a large army and a powerful navy, must excite the admiration of all who honor patriotism. But the Italian Army and the Italian Navy would fare badly in a struggle with the French Army and the French Navy; and their destruction, or even their discomfiture, would dispose of Italy's pretension to be a Great European Power.

But, in any conflict that might occur between France and Italy, Italy would not be alone. But would France be alone? Unquestionably not. If War were to break out during the present year, between France on one side and Germany and Italy on the other, Russia would not remain quiescent. Widely



as France and Russia may be divided by political ideas and systems of government, they are united by the strongest of all ties,

The study of revenge, immortal hate.

That bond over-rides, or at the critical moment would over-ride, all conflicting notions concerning Divine Autocracy and the Principles of the French Revolution. The embarrassment of Prince Bismarck cannot be fully appreciated, unless we ponder as deeply on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of Russia as on the diplomatic attitude and the military activity of France. Unresting, unceasing, Russia, like France, is preparing for a supreme struggle for mastery and domination in Europe; and, when the hour strikes for the struggle actively to begin, France and Russia will join hands and do their utmost to strangle Germany in their embrace.

Let it not be supposed we write this wishing it to be. On the contrary, we should regard such an issue as unspeakably deplorable; injurious to Europe, detrimental to civilization, most perplexing and perilous to England. But we would fain draw people's attention to facts they persist in ignoring, and compel them to look a contingency in the face, which they can scarce be got to glance at. It is in human nature not only to worship success, but to believe in the successful. Eighteen years ago, Germany succeeded supremely; and, ever since, Englishmen have regarded Germany as invincible. One year previously, did not most of them think precisely the same of France?

But if France would have an ally in Russia, and Russia an ally in France, would Germany have no allies? Assuredly she would; and who they would be is well known. Austria and Italy would be at Germany's side. Of Italy we have already spoken, but only in part, and Italy is an ally not to be despised. But it has lately been pointed out to the Italian War Office by the German Head-Quarters Staff, what we should have thought any intelligent civilian who has travelled in Italy might have discerned for himself, that the condition of the Italian Railways is such

as to render prompt or even slow concentration of troops at a given point impossible. Accordingly, Italy, poor, over taxed, sorely burdened Italy, is going to spend Three Millions in making the railways in the northern part of the Peninsula really available for rapid mobilization and concentration, as those words are understood in modern military parlance. We know of no circumstance more instructive or ominous than this. It was reported in small type in a *Reuter* telegram; but is of immeasurably more consequence than all the displayed telegrams from all the "Special Correspondents," during the last three months.

In Austria, Germany possesses an Ally of ancient renown, steadfast traditions, and proud military temper. Like the Italians, the Austrians have generally been worsted in fair fight; but no amount of defeats have availed to deprive the Austrian army of its dignity and its credit. Efforts great and continuous have been made by the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, during the past eighteen months, to render its military forces equal to the demands of a prompt and vigorous campaign; and there can be no question that everything has now been prepared for the calls of a great war. How long can Austria bear the burden and the strain of this costly preparedness? The question bears directly on the European Outlook for the Year. If Time be running against Germany, and in favor of France and Russia, it is running likewise against Austria, Germany's ally. Moreover, Austria cannot hope to see its troublesome little neighbors grow less troublesome with the lapse of time. The precarious position of affairs in Serbia, the condition of prolonged uncertainty in Bulgaria, the indecision of the Roumanians, the aspirations of the Hellenic Kingdom, the seething unrest in Macedonia, and the sickness almost unto death of Turkey; these dangerous circumstances are not likely to undergo any change for the better, as far as Austria is concerned.

Thus while two members of the Triple League of Peace, Germany and Austria, have different but equally cogent reasons for not postponing a struggle which they well know cannot be indefinitely ad-

journed, the third member, Italy, is doing its utmost to be prepared for the early outbreak of war. On their side, if they conduct their affairs with ordinary ability—and in Prince Bismarck we have a guarantee that they will be conducted with extraordinary ability—Turkey, Bulgaria, and Roumania would be found actively co-operating; and Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, if disposed to take part with Russia, could be paralyzed or crushed.

Thus, as matters stand at present, the preponderance of fighting force would seem to be on the side of the Triple Alliance; and since it is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow, that France and Russia will some day or other strive to settle their account with Germany and Austria-Hungary, the temptation to Prince Bismarck to have the account settled at an early date would seem to be overpowering. The only inducements we can think of to make him favor a little more delay, are the wish of the German War Office to have a better rifle, and the necessity of giving Italy sufficient time to improve its railway communications. But these motives scarcely seem to counterbalance the consciousness that Russia too stands in need of more time in order to complete that slow and continuous mobilization of which we spoke, and that France, already extraordinarily strong in a military sense, grows stronger in that sense every week that passes. Moreover, unless all that we have said on that subject be erroneous, Prince Bismarck must abandon the hope of seeing France reduced to impotence by civil war; since any internal political change that takes place will make France not weaker, but stronger still.

Such is the situation on the European Continent. England, happily, is severed from it by the "bastions of the brine." But what part, if any, will England play in the event of the outbreak of a War such as we, in common with all men, are contemplating? If Peace has been preserved so long, the fact is due in no small measure to the resolutely pacific policy of this country; and never has its policy been more resolutely pacific than under the guidance of Lord Salisbury. When the diplomatic history of

the last few years comes to be written, few things recorded by it will be more interesting than the ingenious, indefatigable, but-futile efforts of Prince Bismarck to compel or cajole England into assuming an attitude of active opposition to Russia in the East of Europe, and into pledging itself to become a fourth member of the League of Peace. Against these solicitations and pitfalls, the great Statesman who at present, happily, presides over our affairs has shown himself patiently but pertinaciously impregnable, while not surrendering one tittle of the traditional claim and hereditary duty of England to withstand certain well-known pretensions of the Court of Saint Petersburg, and to manifest cordial sympathy with the aspiration of young and growing communities for enlarged freedom and increased civilization. Almost equally interesting will be the disclosure of the endeavors, equally persistent and equally vain, made by Prince Bismarck to divert the ambition of Russia wholly from Europe to Central Asia. Whether it would have been wise, had it been possible, to enter into an explicit Alliance with Germany, Austria, and Italy, whereby, thanks to the assistance promised by us to them in Europe, we should have obtained an engagement from them to co-operate with us in the event of our being assailed by Russia in Asia, is an interesting but a disputable matter. But our Constitution practically precludes the Government from signing any such agreement.

But the nature and force of things is more valuable, more cogent, and more valid than any written Treaty; and no man who understands the situation can doubt on which side the sympathies and the sword of England would perforce be, in the event of Russia seeking to make good its claims in the Balkan Peninsula, or of France attempting to expunge Italy from the list of Mediterranean Powers. The strengthening of our own Navy is a circumstance not to be lost sight of by those who wish to complete for themselves the survey we have attempted to make.

To predict the advent of War this year would be gratuitous folly. Not to contemplate it as a possibility, and a not unlikely possibility, would be equally

fatuous. What an unspeakable comfort it is, in such anxious circumstances, to know that our affairs are in the hands, not of cosmopolitan sentimentalists, but

of Statesmen who are, at one and the same time, practical men and patriots.  
—*National Review*.

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### THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALISM.\*

BY H. H. JOHNSTON.

To the dim, confused "conscience" of earliest man the murder of his fellow-man was no more a shock than the attacking and devouring of a wounded wolf would be to his hungry fellow-wolves. No doubt, long before man was quite determined as a species or a genus, there existed among his progenitors the same vaguely defined "tribal" idea which is so marked in the baboons, and which to a certain extent influences the condition of most species of apes and monkeys. The advantages and duties of combination must have been even more evident and understood by him—by his very *raison d'être*—than they are by the intelligent African baboons who in their little tribal communities protect and assist one another, though they may attack and kill strangers from other alien families or tribes. Early man, compelled for purposes of self defence and effectual attack to subordinate individual rivalry to a combination of his brothers and sisters and cousins against the attacks of wild beasts or of hostile fellow-men, or to carry out a successful raid on a coveted feeding-ground, or to pursue and do to death some elephant or wild bull, would soon acquire the conviction that it was inexpedient—and consequently wrong—to gratuitously murder a fellow tribesman, unless under overpowering individual provocation—such as the attempt on the part of an uncle to share a hoard of oysters, or the too marked attentions of a cousin to one's courted bride. Consequently a social condition would be reached similar to that of most existing savage races, wherein there is normally peace and security among the members of a tribe, but where no obligations to humanity in general, to extra tribal man-

kind, are recognized. It therefore follows that in this stage of morality it is not wrong to kill a fellow human if he does not belong to your community. Nay, more, it is meritorious; for pristine man and the existing savage was and is penetrated by a vague understanding of this terrible struggle for existence in which we are involved, and so far from framing such a proverb as "The more, the merrier," he would find satisfaction in killing a stranger by the feeling that it meant one more rival out of the way—one more competitor for food and space and the right to reproduce got rid of. Once you have killed your man, reasons the modern savage, and no doubt reflected primeval humanity, once the initial crime, if crime, is committed, why neglect such good food, why not eat your slain enemy? These low human types would be as little influenced by sentimental considerations at first as a hungry lion or a half-starved hyæna. Man's flesh, to them, would be as other flesh; perhaps, however, more nourishing, tender, and savory. Beginning accidentally as occasional cannibals, without the deliberate correlation of the killing and eating, these savages would soon become so enamored of this food-supply—a meat so easily obtained as contrasted with the wearisome and precarious chase of wild animals—that they would eventually deliberately hunt and kill their fellow-men who were strangers to their tribe or community, for the sole purpose of feasting on their flesh. And there is no question that to their thinking, man's meat must be supremely delicious, or else why do so many African tribes undertake regular cannibalistic raids when their country is bountifully provided by Nature with easily-obtained food, such as edible roots, berries, nuts, all manner of game in the forests and fish in the rivers? Captain Coquilhat, an official

\* A portion of this article has been omitted.  
—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

of the Congo Free State, who resided for one or two years among the Bangala of the Upper Congo, and effected such wonders in gaining their friendship and confidence, and in winning them over to military service under the Free State Government, gives in his recent book graphic descriptions of the frequent warlike expeditions undertaken by one section of the Bangala against other kindred and adjoining tribes, seemingly for the sole object of obtaining human flesh to eat. And yet, as he points out, their country is well provided with a variety of vegetable food and domestic animals, such as fowls, dogs, goats, and sheep, to say nothing of an incredible abundance of fish in their land of lakes and rivers. The same observation holds good about the Monbuttu on the Upper Welle, of whom we have had such vivid descriptions from Dr. Schweinfurth and Emin Pasha. In this pleasant land of gentle-mannered, sunny-tempered people, where the loveliness of surrounding nature seems to impart a joyance to the native life and a keen appreciation of beauty, which provokes a decided æsthetic development of decorative art; in this country of stately forests, where the vivid scarlet of a parrot's tail-feathers, or the blue-green and purple harmony of the plantain-eater's plumage, or the cream-white flower-bracts of a *mussanda*, and the graceful poise of a swaying oil-palm, appear to excite a keen sense of pleasure in the native mind—in this land of beauty and abundance, cannibalism is as established, practical, and ordinary a custom as our eating beef, mutton, and pork in England. In Monbuttuland droves of slaves and captives are herded and fatted like cattle against killing-day. So is it to a great extent among the Manyema people, whose occasional relapses into anthropophagy, even while serving as porters in explorers' caravans on the Upper Congo, have excited somewhat exaggerated horror among the Europeans who reported the news. I say "exaggerated," because the Europeans in question dated their reports from the Bangala district, almost in sight of cannibal repasts which took place from time to time without exciting much comment. This phase of cannibalism is, in fact, one of sheer *gourmandise*, and is chiefly confined to

the savages of Africa, whose lands are well supplied with food, and it scarcely applies to the more sombre eating of man's flesh which takes place in Polynesia and Australia, and arises rather from deficient food or meat-supply, or from religious motives, than from a depraved liking for this particular kind of flesh. Acts of cannibalism, it would appear, often occur among the Australian savages which are prompted by principles of economy and thrift, and are in no way inspired by sentimental considerations nor by a spirit of boastful savagery, such as that which occasionally incites the Chinese, or the North American Indians, or the Arabized East Africans, to devour the hearts or livers of their slain enemies. That very interesting compilation, *The Races of Australia*, edited by Mr. E. M. Curr, gives us a vivid impression of the severely practical, the brutally materialistic nature of the native Australian. In the hard life he has to lead—or *had* to lead, in the days when his tribal laws and regulations were framed—in a semi-desert, poor, unproductive country (as Nature made it), he has been obliged to turn to account every source of food supply which is naturally provided, for he is too brutish to have practised agriculture, and having never risen above the hunter stage—the lowest of all human conditions, the most purely animal—he has scarcely attempted to exercise that deliberate interference with the natural conditions of his environment which elsewhere has so vastly modified human surroundings, and has enabled the superior races of mankind to supplement with art what is lacking in nature. The dearth of food with which the Australian is always threatened urges him not to repudiate any form of flesh which may come in his way, and consequently the bodies of those who may be accidentally killed would, in most cases, be devoured by their hungry friends or fellow-tribesmen. It is naively remarked in the work I have referred to—*The Races of Australia*—that "if a fat man fell from a tree and broke his neck, he would certainly be eaten." So also, among certain tribes, who in addition to taking the most stringent measures to limit the privilege of procreation to a few males in the community, allow the fathers and



mothers to kill off such of their children as seem unfit or unnecessary. The bodies of the children so killed are eaten by the father or male relatives. The mother does not abstain from sentiment, but because she is not allowed by the men to share such toothsome viands; for, strange to say, both in Africa and Australia women are often precluded from eating human flesh because their selfish, overbearing mates think it too good to be lavished on the weaker sex.

The native races of Australia are so low in the scale, so brute-like in their unreclaimed condition, that it is hardly more reasonable to blame them for their utilitarian cannibalism than it would be to animadvert severely on the immorality of monkeys or the ferocity of wolves. But the African—a vigorous race of men, more rational, more susceptible to improvement, and remarkable for the facility with which he can assimilate the civilization that is thrust on him—deserves rigorous punishment when he persists in eating the flesh of his own species notwithstanding the bountiful supplies of other food his continent supplies. I never so thoroughly appreciated the “unnecessary” character of this African anthropophagy as during an exploration of the Upper Cross River\* in the early part of the present year. My canoe had been stopped, and I had been “captured” and carried on shore by a noisy, boisterous band of natives. They meant me no harm, but objected to my visiting the tribe beyond them, with whom they were at war. Their country bore a singularly prosperous appearance, with its tidy plantations of yams, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, *collocasia arums*, manioc, Indian corn, and bananas; and the large herds of sleek cattle and the numerous sheep, goats, fowls, and Muscovy ducks. So abundant was food, and so exceptional were these Africans in their hospitality, that in the course of two days they had filled my canoes with twelve hundred yams,† a number of corn-cobs,

fowls, ducks, sheep, and goats, until I had to cry, “Hold! enough,” because the canoes were dangerously overloaded. Moreover, they presented a large bullock to my Krubos. Any one who knows Africa and the natural stinginess of the Negro will realize how abundant must have been the local food-supply to account for such easy generosity as this! Yet in this land of plenty the people craved for human flesh, to obtain which they were constantly fighting with their neighbors. But a little while before my arrival a successful “bag” of captives had been made, a feast had taken place, and, as a relic of the abundance, there was a smoke-dried human leg hanging from the rafters in the chief’s hut where I sat and parleyed, which swayed to and fro over the smoking brands on the clay hearth. Lower down the Cross River, in the district of Enyofa (part of the Ibo country), about the most cold-blooded cannibalism is reported to exist which I have ever heard of. Youths are purchased at the interior slave-markets, and are dealt with as we deal with the young sheep and oxen which we turn into wethers and bullocks—are deliberately unsexed so that they may fatten quicker, and are then fed upon yams and nourishing food till they are ready for the feast. Horrible and incredible as this statement may appear, it is one that I make on good authority; and this phase of cannibalism has also, I believe, come under the notice of certain traders and missionaries of Old Calabar who have visited the district I speak of.

There is little doubt that the abrupt cessation of the exportation of slaves, which was brought about on the west coast of Africa by British intervention, temporarily increased the prevalence of cannibalism in the Oil Rivers and Niger delta.\* Having no longer a profitable market for their war-captives and criminals, the natives have found it more convenient to consume them than to let them eat the bread of idleness and cumber the ground; for the domestic slaves in these parts seemingly will *not* work for their living; they oppose to all

\* The Cross River is an important stream which rises in the plateau south of the River Benue, and enters the Gulf of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa.

† These yams are so large that one and a half forms a sufficient daily ration even for a hungry Kruboy.

\* This much must be said in palliation of the Mohammedan slave-raiders, that they often break up communities of inveterate cannibals, and that once Mohammedanized the negro regards cannibalism with horror.

threats and coercion a dogged resistance of stubborn idleness that nothing can overcome. Slave labor in Africa is a broken reed to rely on. We want the vigorous, cheerful work of free, willing men, like Krubos and Zanzibatis.

For the cannibalism of the epicure, of the kind I have just described, no shadow of an excuse can be found in our view of morality. Indeed, all forms of cannibalism wherein the victim is killed to be eaten are inadmissible in a state of civilization based on our code of laws, and sharing our conception of right and wrong, from the fact that they involve a preliminary crime. Human life, in the dominant form of civilization, and in the most advanced public opinion of the present day, is becoming increasingly sacred and precious—so much so that we can hardly realize that it is not a hundred years since our cruel ancestors hanged men and women for small robberies, forgeries, and uttering false coin, and it is with difficulty, and only by the necessity of self-preservation that we can sanction the destruction of our enemies in warfare or the execution of a murderer—one who has rightly forfeited his life by depriving another of the inestimable privilege of living. But in Africa, many parts of Asia, in Polynesia and Australia, much less importance is attached to the value of human life, and the murder of a stranger, an outsider to the tribe, is rather a matter for glorification. I blame these cannibals less for the eating of the flesh of their own species, which from their point of view is utilizing good food, than for the initial and unpardonable crime of murder. In my own case I know I should bitterly resent being killed, but once dead it would not only be a matter of indifference to me, but it would be a source of actual satisfaction to know that my earthly tenement had found sepulture in the bodily systems of my fellow-humans—that my component atoms, or a good proportion of them, had re-entered on active work in society, so to speak, with such a pleasant abruptness, instead of being doomed to absorption by a mixed myriad of lower forms of life. How much more agreeable the prospect of having one's mortal remains consumed by a restless, enterprising hyæna or a soaring vulture (the beautiful *Parsi* no-

tion) than to languish in the inactive forms of cemetery flowers and evergreen shrubs! It is this consideration which leads me to mention a beautiful and sentimental form of cannibalism now almost extinct, but which prevailed originally in parts of Asia, America, and Africa, where, as anciently among the Issedones of Central Asia (*teste* Herodotus) and the Tibetans some six centuries ago, the bodies of those who died were reverently reduced to an edible paste and consumed by their relatives and friends. This practice may not be consonant with our ideas and scruples, but no one can refuse to admit its exquisite pathos and susceptibility for poetic treatment. The loving absorb all that is mortal of the loved one, and the latter in dying has the happy assurance that his or her dissolving molecules will not be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but will acquire new being in the old haunts and amid the attendant circumstances of their former activity. This conception must have proved strangely attractive to the metempsychotic mind of savage and semi-civilized man; but in some countries, and under ruder conditions of life, it lost much of its poetry and assumed a more brutal and practical form. "If," argued pristine and savage humanity, somewhat put to it to find sufficient subsistence, "If it is right and proper and economical to consume the bodies of the deceased, why wait till they die naturally? Why not forestall the inevitable, put them painlessly out of their misery, and reabsorb them into the bosom of the family?" So it resulted in a curious phase of social economy, which prevails and prevailed in parts of Africa, Australia, and Polynesia (more especially in districts where food was scarce), where no old people were seen by the inquiring traveller, who learnt that as soon as they arrived at decrepitude they were painlessly killed and found a ready tomb in the maws of the young and middle-aged members of the tribe.\* As the weakly children were also consumed by their parents, the community must have seemed always in a state of vigor, with a society forever in the prime of life.

\* *Vide* Monteiro's *Angola and the River Congo*, *The Races of Australia*, and most writers on the Pacific islands and New Guinea.

Although they are never accused of superadding cannibalism to "senicide," still the ancient Sardi of Sardinia regarded it as a sacred and solemn duty for the young to kill their old relations when they were verging on dotage; and several classical authors give us a graphic and in some instances a pathetic description of the old mother knowing that her time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparations for her burial, and when all was ready, the grave dug, the funeral feast prepared, summoning her friends and relatives, and exhorting her weeping son to be of good courage, to strike hard and surely with the sacrificial club, and not to wince because the deed was painful to his filial feelings. Despite the tribal instinct which among many of the more highly developed birds and mammals prompts a spirit of *camaraderie* and mutual help among the fellow-members of each community, and which intensifies the beautiful unselfish love of parents toward their offspring, we see but little respect or sympathy shown toward the aged and effete, who are either killed and eaten, or cast out of the tribe and left to starve. In very early human society there was probably no deliberate, organized slaying and consuming of the older, weaker members of the community, but such deeds were sporadic, so to speak, and what the French would call "regrettable incidents." Brutish Protanthropos, perhaps, has been ranging the wintry woods all day in vain quest of game, and returns to the tribal cave, vaguely cross, in a dull, unreasoning way, and keenly hungry. By the smouldering fire lies a still uncracked marrow-bone remaining from the last repast, and this he is about to greedily seize, perhaps, when to his anger and disappointment it is snatched from his extended hand by an old, lean aunt. An angry dispute takes place, for the aunt will not forego her hold on the bone, and much-provoked and hungry Protanthropos yields to brute rage and cracks her skull with a stone axe or fells her with a firebrand. Then follows an indistinct remorse, and a dull consciousness that he has done wrong. There is a clamor of shrieking female relatives and a growling protest among the men; but after a while the outcry ceases, and

Protanthropos recovers his spirits. It is agreed that the deed is irregular—a sin against the community; but there, it is done, and the aunt lies dead. "What shall we do with her body?" asks some one. "Eat it," boldly suggests her hungry nephew, and without much more ado the slain aunt is hastily broiled and her bones are amicably picked in the family circle. This is a fatal precedent. When next the horde is hungry a quarrel is fixed on an old uncle, and he is killed and consumed; then grandfather and grandmother severally meet with "accidents," and are likewise absorbed, until at length it passes into a rule that all the elders of the tribe, when they become toothless or tiresome, when they lose their cunning in the chase or are slow at kindling fires and preparing food, shall be slain and eaten by their relatives.

Cruel as this practice is, and opposed as it may be to the principles which guide our social morality, it is interesting from a philosophical point of view to reflect on the effect it would have on the dispositions of the older members of our civilized communities. If, like certain tribes in West and Southwest Africa, or in Australia, it was our custom to immolate and reduce to a kind of sublime Liebig's extract all the aged folk who showed unmistakable signs of failing powers, how preternaturally quickened would become the faculties of our elderly relatives! How they would wax in amiability as they waned in strength! What pathetic anxiety they would display to make clear to their critical kinsfolk how spry and active, how cheerful, willing, and attentive they remained, despite the failing sight, the whitening hair, the stiffened gait! In humble circles Mrs. Gummidge would cease all reference to the "Old 'un," and though her gayety might be a little forced, still her unceasing industry and unvarying amiability would long stave off her inevitable doom. And when we ourselves, as our years increased and middle-age lay behind us, felt the first warnings of approaching decrepitude, should we not hasten to repair the breaches of time, to foster and retain as long as possible our vigorous juvenility of mind and body? Should we not tend to become Liberal rather than Conservative in our

old age, and so increase in sweetness of disposition and broad-minded charity toward all men that when the inevitable day came when our failing powers could hold out no longer, and a doctor's certificate compelled our reluctant relatives to do their duty, it would be with a feeling of sincere regret that they put an end to our individual existence and ingested the essential extract of our mortal remains? Perhaps in a more advanced intellectual state than that we are in at present, we might view such a fate, such a culmination to our life and labors with resignation, caring less for individual than collective existence, and, with a rare unselfishness that at present we can only dimly appreciate, sinking our personal interests in the advancement of communal welfare. In a condition of thought like this a conscientious person who felt himself effete would offer himself up for reabsorption by those around him who had not spent their energies. Thus the pension-list would be greatly reduced and the community kept at a certain level of vigor. But I confess, being myself still unregenerate, still selfishly attached to all that I call my own, my *ego*, incomplete and unsatisfactory though it be, I am thankful to think that our moral code is based on different lines to those which guide sections of African and Australian society, and which with little doubt were religiously followed by the communities of earliest man. I find comfort in looking forward to an old age of rest and leisure and undisturbed tranquillity: a quiet fading away into an unconscious senility which shall lessen the terror of dissolution, even though in my lingering I cumber the ground and serve no useful purpose.

With a growing belief in a soul, in a vital principle animating the body which can be disconnected from the visible substance, the practice of cannibalism is diversely affected. On the one hand, the increased sanctity of man's body brought about by the conception of its spiritual tenant has tended to abolish anthropophagy as an unpardonable insult to the body, which the soul would remember and revenge; on the other hand, it has incited several varieties of sacred, symbolic cannibalism, which are based on a belief in the immortality of man. One view taken is a curiously

negative one—it is thought that by eating a man you consume his soul *utterly*, and so finish him now and hereafter, and that, therefore, such a consummation is the most awful revenge you can inflict on your enemy. So when, three or four years ago, there was a tribal conflict at Brass, in the Niger delta, some of the attacked, who were nominal Christians, ate portions of the bodies of those whom they had slain, thinking thus to deprive them of the boon of future existence.\* This, no doubt, was also the motive that prompted the recent cannibal outbreak at Okrika, when the Okrikans devoured over a hundred of their enemies belonging to the adjoining Ogoni tribe. Thus, where the cannibalism takes the form of sacrifices offered to gods, it was believed—as recently in Fiji and anciently in Mexico—that if the priests ate the visible human body, the gods, by analogy, consumed the intangible soul. Indeed, many systems of human sacrifice in different parts of the world have been based on anthropophagic principles, though no actual eating of the victim's flesh may have taken place, because gentler manners and intellectual refinement have etherealized the idea. Thus it has often occurred in the past history of Europe and Asia, and in modern Africa, that whereas theoretically a human being is sacrificed to the ogre-god or goddess, the victim is really represented by an animal—a camel, horse, ox, sheep, goat, or fowl—a descending scale that typifies a waning faith in the efficacy of the sacrifice. During some recent work in West Africa a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading districts which he desired to remain unknown. Finding verbal dissuasion unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried, as a last and somewhat despairing resort, to place

\* When this incident was first brought to our notice many unjust animadversions were made on the work of missionaries in those regions because some of these native Christians turned cannibals. It was not borne in mind that "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh;" that you cannot turn wolves into sheep-dogs in one generation; and that whereas these so-called Christians ate those whom they had killed in self-defence, they would, before they came under missionary influence, have attacked and killed for the purpose of eating.



supernatural obstacles in my way; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently I was frequently surprised and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality posted at different points of my journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowl-fetich had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journeys as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju;" a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white boy (Albino Negro), spitted on a stake to bar the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of wold and stream to intervene; but a white fowl! *O tempora! O mores!*

In its mystic character cannibalism forms a part, either actually or theoretically, of the initiative ceremonies or sacred rites of African freemasonry and secret societies. The partaking of human flesh, generally prepared in a kind of paste mixed with condiments and kept in a quaintly-carved wooden box, and eaten with round spoons of human bone, constitutes a bond of union between the confederates, and is also employed as a pledge of friendship between

suspicious strangers or whilom enemies, or accompanies the making of a solemn declaration or the taking of the oath. But although these gruesome rites still linger in the holes and corners of unexplored savagery, they are fast disappearing or softening into a metaphorical celebration.

The eating of man's flesh, which was, no doubt, once more or less prevalent among all savage races, from motives of hunger or Malthusian principles, and which existed as an emblematic rite in religions of the past and low-grade beliefs of the present day, is now confined in its endemic form to limited areas in Western-Central Africa, uncolonized Australia, parts of Polynesia, New Guinea, Sumatra, and possibly the heart of the Malay peninsula and Formosa, and also to the Tierra del Fuegians and a few wild Indian tribes in Bolivia, the Amazons Valley, and the back of Venezuela, in South America.

Before many years are past, however, cannibalism will cease to exist anywhere, extirpated unhesitatingly by our disgusted civilization. Whether it will ever be revived is fortunately a question rather to be considered a thousand years hence than now, when and if the population of the earth shall have so increased at its present ratio that the statesmen of the period may find themselves confronted by the problem of organizing state-aided emigration to the other planets of the solar system, or sanctioning a certain limited consumption of the effete and unfit by the young and vigorous members of the commonwealth.--*Fortnightly Review*.

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### IN DREAMS.

BY E. LEE-HAMILTON.

THINK not I lie upon this couch of pain  
Eternally, and motionless as clay—  
Summer and winter, night as well as day—  
Appealing to the heartless years in vain:

For now and then the Dreams unchain  
My stiffened limbs, and lift the links that weigh  
As iron never weighed, and let me stray  
Free as the wind that ripples through the grain.

Then can I walk once more, yes, run and leap ;  
 Tread Autumn's rustling leaves or Spring's young grass ;  
 Or stand and pant upon some bracing steep ;  
 Or, rod in hand, across the wet stones pass  
 Some summer brook ; or on the firm skate sweep  
 In ceaseless circles Winter's fields of glass.

—Academy.

#### THE SCIENTIFIC BASES OF OPTIMISM.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

IN many ways public attention in England has lately been called afresh to the great and universal question of what our modern science, if fatal to miraculous Christianity, will itself put, or allow to be put, in place of it. Only a few months since, in the pages of this Review, a new manifesto was issued by one of our best-known Positivists, which purported to describe the exact religious position taken up by the infant Church of Humanity. Mr. John Morley has republished in ten volumes what is, under one of its aspects, neither more nor less than an anti-Christian creed, embedded in a series of criticisms. Other eminent writers equally anti-Christian have been again exhibiting their opinions to the gaze of the pitiable millions, who still sit hugging the broken fetters of theology. Indeed, we may say that during the past two years, each of the principal sects into which the Protestantism of science has split itself has appealed to us afresh, through the mouth of some qualified minister ; while the hold which such questions have on the public mind, whenever they are put in a way which the public can comprehend, has been curiously illustrated by the eagerness of even frivolous people, in devouring a recent novel, which on ordinary grounds would be unreadable, and whose sole interest consisted in its treatment of Christianity.

Stimulated by the example of our scientific instructors, I propose to follow, as faithfully as I am able, in their footsteps. There are certain canons of criticism and there is a certain sceptical temper, which they have applied to Christianity, and which they say has destroyed it. The same canons and temper I now propose to apply to the princi-

pal doctrine which they offer to the world as a substitute.

Of course it will be said that thinkers who call themselves scientific offer us doctrines of widely different kinds. No doubt this is true. Among men of science as doctrinaires, there are as many sects as there are among theological Protestants ; nor was it without meaning, as I shall show by-and-by, that I spoke of their creeds collectively, under the name of Scientific Protestantism. But though, like theological Protestants, they differ among themselves, and even quarrel among themselves, like theological Protestants also, they have fundamental points of agreement ; and it is solely with these last that I now propose to concern myself. Let us take first a hasty glance at their differences ; and it will be presently plain enough what the points of agreement are.

Putting aside, then, all minor questions, Scientific Protestantism may be said, with substantial accuracy, to be composed at the present moment of five principal sects, which differ from one another mainly in the following ways. One of them, while denying, as they all do, both miracles and a future life, believes in a personal God, not unlike the Father of the Gospels. Indeed, it adopts most of what the Gospels say of Him. It accepts their statements ; it only denies their authority. There is a second sect which retains a God also, but a God, as it fancies, of a much sublimer kind. He is far above any relationship so definite as that of a father ; indeed, we gather that he would think even personality vulgar. If we ask what he is, we receive a double answer. He is a metaphysical necessity ; he is also an object of sentiment ; and he is appre-

hended alternately in a vague sigh and a syllogism. He is, in fact, a God of the very kind that Faust described so finely when engaged in seducing Margaret. Neither of these two sects is greatly admired by a third, which regards the God of the first as a mutilated relic of Christianity, and the God of the second as an idle, maundering fancy. It has, however, an object of adoration of its own, which it declares, like St. Paul, as the reality ignorantly worshipped by the others. Its declaration, however, unlike St. Paul's, is necessarily of extreme brevity, for this Unknown God is nothing else than the Unknowable. It is the philosopher's *substance* of the universe underlying phenomena; and it raises our lives somehow by making us feel our ignorance of it. These three sects we may call Unitarians, Deists, and Pantheists. There is a fourth which considers them all three ridiculous; but the third, with its Unknowable, the most ridiculous of all. This fourth sect has also its God, which is best described by saying that it differs from the Unknowable in being known in one particular way. It is revealed in a general tendency, discoverable in human affairs, which, taking one thousand years with another, is alleged on the whole to make for righteousness or for progress. The individual man is not made in God's image; but the fortunes or the misfortunes of a sufficient number of men are something still better—they are the manifestations of God himself. Lastly, we have a fifth sect, nearest akin to the fourth, but differing from it and from all the others in one important particular. It rids itself of any idea of God altogether, as a complete superfluity. An object of adoration, like all the others, it has; and, like the fourth, it finds this object in the tendencies of human history. But why, it asks, should we call them the manifestations of God? Why wander off to anything so completely beside the point? They are not the manifestations of God. It is obvious what they are; they are the manifestations of Humanity. We have here, under our noses, in a visible and tangible form, the true object of all these sublime emotions, those hours of comforting contemplation, which men have been offering in vain to the acceptance

of all the infinities in rotation. The object which we have scoured the universe and ransacked our fancies to find, has all the while been actually in contact with ourselves, and we ourselves have been actually integral parts of it.

Here, then, classified with sufficient accuracy, are the principal forms of religion, which those who reject Christianity are now offering the world, in the name of science, as substitutes. Now the great fact which I wish to point out is this: however much the four first differ from one another and from the last, yet the main tenets of the last form an integral part of all. The worshippers of Humanity base their worship of it on certain beliefs as to evolution and progress, which give to human events some collective and coherent meaning. Every one of the other sects, let it worship what it will, bases its worship on precisely the same foundation. The Scientific Theists, denying both a future life and a revelation, and yet maintaining that God has moral relations with man, and that a man's personal pleasure is the least thing a man lives for, can explain such a doctrine only by affirming a social progress which enlarges the purposes of the individual and exhibits the purpose of God. The religion of the Unknowable is obviously but the religion of Humanity, with the Unknowable placed under it, like the body of a violoncello, in the hope of producing a deeper moral vibration; and of every form of scientific theism we may say the same with equal even if not with such obvious truth. I do not suppose that anybody will dispute this, otherwise I should dwell on it longer, so as to place it beyond a doubt. I will take it then for admitted that in all scientific religions, in all our modern religions that deny a future life and a revelation, the religion of Humanity is an essential, is indeed the main ingredient. Let us now consider with a little more exactness what, as a series of propositions, this religion of Humanity is.

Every religious doctrine has some idea at the bottom of it far simpler than the propositions in which alone it can be stated logically. Let us see what is the idea at the bottom of the religious doctrine of Humanity. It appeals to us most forcibly perhaps under its negative

aspect. Under that aspect we may seize it completely, thus. Let us take Shakespeare's lines—

"Life is a tale,  
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing."

Let us realize fully all that these lines mean. The idea in question is a protest against that meaning.

In this form, however, there is nothing scientific about it. It is merely the protest of an individual based on his own emotions, and any other individual may with equal force contradict it. To make it scientific it must be transferred to a different basis—from the subjective experience of the individual to the objective history of the race. The value to each man of his own personal lot depends entirely on what each man thinks it is. No one else can observe it; therefore no one else can dispute about it. But the lot of the race at large is open to the observation of all. It is obvious to all that this lot is always changing, and the nature of these changes, whether they have any meaning in them or none, is not a matter of opinion, but of facts and inductions from facts. The religious doctrine of Humanity asserts that they have a meaning. It asserts that they follow a certain rational order, and that whether or no they are related to the purposes of any God, they have a constant and a definite relation to ourselves. It asserts that, taken as a whole, they have been, are, and will be, always working together—though it may be very slowly—to improve the kind of happiness possible for the human being, and to increase the numbers by whom such happiness will be enjoyed.

Here, put in its logical and categorical form, is the primary doctrine common to all our scientific religions. The instant, however, it is thus expressed, another proposition, through a process of logical chemistry, adheres to it and becomes part of its structure. This proposition relates not to the tendencies of the race, but to the constitution of the average individual character. It asserts, and very truly, that a natural element in that character is sympathy; but it asserts more than this. It asserts that sympathy, even as it exists now, is a feeling far stronger and wider than has

usually been supposed; that it is capable, even now, when once the idea of progress has been apprehended, of making the fortunes of the race a part of the fortunes of the individual, and inspiring the individual to work for the progress in which he shares; and it asserts that, strong as sympathy is now, it will acquire, as time goes on, a strength incalculably greater.

These two propositions united may be summed up thus. The Human Race as a whole is a progressive and improving organism; and the conscience, on the part of the individual that such is the case, will be the principal cause of its continued progress in the future, and will make the individual a devoted and happy partaker of it.

Here is the religion of Humanity reduced to its simplest elements. I have called it the religion of Humanity because the name is now familiar, and may help to show the reader what it is I am talking about. But having used it thus far, I shall now beg leave to change it, and instead of the religion of Humanity I shall speak of the creed of Optimism. For my present purpose it is a great deal clearer. A religion is a creed touched with emotion; a creed is nothing but a dry series of propositions. My present purpose is simply to examine two dry propositions, and I will put all questions of emotion as far as possible into the background. I am aware that the word Optimism is sometimes used with a meaning which many devotees of the religion of Humanity would repudiate. George Eliot, for instance, declared she was not an Optimist. Things were not for the best, she said; but they were always tending to get better. She accordingly said that she would sooner describe herself as a Meliorist. Nobody again lays greater or more solemn weight on the doctrine of progress than does Mr. John Morley; and yet nobody would more bitterly ridicule the doctrines of Dr. Pangloss. But in spite of the sober and even sombre view which such thinkers take of the human lot, they still believe that it holds some distinct and august meaning, that the tides of affairs, however troubled, do not eddy aimlessly, and do not flow toward the darkness, but keep due on toward the light, however distant. They believe, in short,



that the human lot has something in it, which makes it, in the eyes of all who can see clearly, a thing to be acquiesced in not merely with resignation, but devoutness. The soberest adherents of the religion of Humanity admit as much as this; and no violence is done to the meaning, or even to the associations of the word, if all who admit thus much, from the most to the least sanguine, are classed together under the common name of Optimists.

And now having seen what Optimism is, let us before going farther, make ourselves quite clear as to what results on life its exponents claim for it. They do not claim for it, as has been sometimes claimed for Christianity, that it is the foundation of the moral code. Our modern Optimists, without a single exception, hold the foundations of the moral code to be social. According to their theory, all its cardinal precepts have been the results not of belief, but of experience, and simply represent the conditions essential to social union. Belief, in certain important ways, may modify them; but it neither created them nor can substantially change them. Christianity, for instance, has put chastity on a pedestal, but it was not Christianity that made adultery a crime, nor would the completest atheism enable us to construct a society which could live and thrive without some sexual discipline. This is the view taken by modern science, and we may all accept it, as far as it goes, for true. Since then the propositions which compose the creed of Optimism are not propositions from which the moral code is deduced, what moral result is supposed to spring from an assent to them? The result is supposed to be this—not any new assent to the reasonableness of that code, but a new heart in obeying it. In other words, the end of moral conduct being the welfare of society, our assent to the creed of Optimism makes that welfare incalculably nearer and dearer to us than it would be otherwise, and converts a mere avoidance of such overt acts as would injure it into a willing, a constant, an eager effort to promote it. This is what Optimism, when assented to, and acting on the emotions, claims to do for conduct; and indeed it is no slight thing. It is a thing that makes

all the difference between the life of a race of brutes, and the life of a race with something which we have hitherto called divine in it. For those who deny any other life but the present, what Optimism announces is practically the re-creation of the soul, and our redemption from the death of an existence merely selfish and animal. Optimism announces this, and of all scientific creeds it alone pretends to do so; and if its propositions are true, there are plausible grounds for arguing that a genuine religion of the kind described will result from it.

And now we come to the question which I propose to ask—*Are its propositions true?* Or are we certain that they are true? And if we are certain, on what kinds of evidence do we base our certainty? We have already got them into condition to be submitted to this inquiry. We have stripped them, so to speak, for the operation. There they stand, two naked propositions, whose sole claim to our acceptance is that they are scientific truths, that they are genuine inductions from carefully observed facts, that they have been reached legitimately by the daylight of reason, that prejudice and emotion have had nothing to do with the matter; that they stand, in short, on precisely the same footing as any accepted generalization of physics or physiology. One of them, as we have seen, is a proposition relating to the changes of human history; the other is a proposition relating to the sympathetic capacity of the individual.

I propose to show that the first is not as yet a legitimate generalization at all; that the facts of the case as at present known, not only are insufficient, but point in two opposite ways, that the certainty with which the proposition is held by our scientific instructors is demonstrably due to some source quite other than scientific evidence, and finally, that even if, in any sense, the proposition should be found true, the truth would be found inadequate to the expectations based on it.

This is what I propose to show with regard to the proposition asserting progress. With regard to the proposition that deals with human sympathy, I propose to show that it is less scientific still

that while here and there an isolated fact, imperfectly apprehended, may suggest it, the great mass of facts absolutely and hopelessly contradict it, and furthermore, that even granting its truth, its truth would cut both ways, and annihilate the conclusions it supported.

This last proposition we will consider first. Let us repeat it in set terms. It asserts that the sympathetic feelings of the average man are sufficiently strong and comprehensive to make the alleged progress of the human race a source of appreciable and constant satisfaction to himself. And the satisfaction in question is no mere pensive sentiment, no occasional sunbeam gilding an hour of idleness; but it is a feeling so robust and strong that it cannot only hold its own among our ordinary joys and sorrows, but actually impart its own color to both. It will also, as progress continues, increase in strength and in importance.

Now in considering if this is true, let us grant all that can be granted; let us grant, for argument's sake, that progress is an acknowledged reality—that human history, if regarded in a way sufficiently comprehensive, shows us, written across it in gigantic characters, some record of general and still continuing improvement. Are our characters such that the knowledge of this fact will really cause us any flow of spirits sufficiently vivid to take rank among our personal joys, and to buoy us up in personal despondency and sorrow? Or again, are they such that this general improvement of the race will be an object nearer our hearts than our own private prosperity, and will really incite us to sacrifice our strength and our pleasures to its promotion? To these questions there are two answers, which I shall give separately.

The first answer is, that from one point of view they are simply questions of degree. For instance, supposing it were suddenly made known to all of us, that some extraordinary amelioration in the human lot would, owing to certain causes, accomplish itself during the next ten days, the whole race would probably experience a sense of overmastering joy, through which ordinary sorrows and annoyances would hardly make themselves felt. Or again, should it be known that this glorious piece of progress were con-

tingent on every one making some specified effort, we may safely say that for the time very few men would be idle. And again, should it be known that by indulgence in personal passion the results of this progress would be grievously and visibly diminished, for ten days, doubtless, self-restraint would be general. But in proportion as we suppose the rate of the progress to be slower, and the importance to the result of each separate act to be less, our satisfaction in the one and our anxiety about the other would dwindle, till the former would be perceptible only in the hush of all other emotions; and the latter, as affecting action, would cease to be perceptible at all.

To convince ourselves that such is the law which this feeling would follow, we have only to look at the commonest experiences of life; for the sympathy with general progress of which we are alleged to be capable, is not supposed to have anything miraculous about it, but to be simply a particular application of a faculty in daily exercise. Now an ordinary man is delighted if some great good fortune happens to some other who is very near and dear to him—if his son or his daughter or his brother, for instance, marries well and happily; but if the same good fortune happens to some unknown connection, his delight is at best of a very lukewarm kind; while if he hears of a happy marriage in Germany, it is nonsense to pretend that he is really delighted at all. Again, if he reads in the *Times* of an accident to a train in America, he says it is shocking, and goes on with his breakfast; but if a telegram comes to inform him that his son was among the passengers, he at once is in torture till he learns if his son is safe. So too with regard to conduct, the consequences to be expected from any given act will influence his choice or his avoidance of it in proportion to their nearness or their remoteness, to their certainty or their uncertainty, to the clearness with which he is able to grasp them, and also to their objective magnitude relative to the amount of effort required from himself in doing the act or in abstaining from it. This is evident in cases where the consequences are consequences to the doer. A reward to be given in ten years time stimulates no one as much

as a reward to be given to-morrow ; nor does a fit of the gout hovering dimly in the future keep the hand from the bottle like a twinge already threatening. Again, if the ill-consequences of an act otherwise pleasant have in them the smallest uncertainty, a numerous class is always ready to risk them ; and as the uncertainty becomes greater, this class increases. All intemperance, all gambling, all extravagance, all sports such as cricket and hunting, and the very possibility of a soldier's life as a profession, depend on this fact. Few men would enlist if they knew that they would be shot in a twelvemonth ; few men would go hunting if they knew they would come home on a stretcher. And what is true of men's acts regarded as affecting themselves, is equally true of them regarded as affecting others. Sympathy follows the same laws as selfishness. Supposing a young man knew that if he did a certain action his mother would instantly hear of it and die of grief in consequence, he would be a young man of very exceptional badness if this knowledge were not a violent check on him. But suppose the act were only one of a series, making his general conduct only a little worse, and suppose that the chance of his mother's hearing of it were slight, and that it would, if she did hear of it, cost her only one extra sigh, the check so strong in the first case would in this be extremely feeble. Here again is a point more important still. In the case of any act, regarded as affecting others, which involves effort or sacrifice, the motive to perform it depends for its strength or weakness on the proportion between the amount of the sacrifice and the amount of good to be achieved by it. A man may be willing to die to save his wife's honor, but he will hardly be willing to do so to save her new ball-dress, even though she herself thinks the latter of most value. A man would deny himself one truffle to keep a hundred men from starving, but he would not himself starve to give a hundred men one truffle. The effort is immense on one side, the result infinitesimal on the other, and sympathy does nothing to alter the unequal balance. Lastly, results to others, as apprehended by sympathy, even when not small themselves, are made small by distance. No

man thinks so much of what will happen to his great-grandchildren as he does of what will happen to his children ; nor would it be easy to raise money for building a hospital which would not be finished for fifteen hundred years. Sympathy then with other people, or with any cause or any object affecting them, influences our actions in proportion as the people are near to us, or as the objects are large, distinct, or important ; whence it follows that to produce a given strength of motive, the more distant an object is the larger and more distinct it must be.

And now let us turn again to the progress of the human race ; and supposing it to be a fact, and accepting it as described by its prophets, let us consider how far our sympathies are really likely to be affected by it. Is it quick enough ? Is it distinct enough ? Is there a reasonable proportion between the efforts demanded from us on its behalf, and the results to be anticipated from these efforts ? And how far, in each individual case, are the results certain or doubtful ?

Now one of the first things which our scientific Optimists impress on us is, that this progress is extremely slow. Before it has brought the general lot to a condition which in itself is even approximately satisfactory, "immeasurable geologic periods of time," Mr. Morley tells us, will have to intervene ; and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in this Review, a month or two since, warned us not to be in a hurry. He is far more sanguine indeed than Mr. Morley ; but even he thinks that we must wait for three thousand years, before the results of Progress begin to be worth talking about. Now, "to a practical man," says Mr. Harrison, "three thousand years is an eternity." I quite agree with him ; to a practical man it is ; and thus, whether his calculations are accepted, or Mr. Morley's, our own efforts on behalf of the general welfare are divided by a practical eternity from their first appreciable fruits. Now since Mr. Harrison refers us to practical men, let us try to imagine, guided by our common experience, how the knowledge that this kind of progress was a reality, would be likely to affect the practical men we know. Let us first think how it would

affect their feelings; and then how, through their feelings, it would affect their actions. The two questions are separate, and involve different sets of considerations.

To begin then with the question of mere feeling. If we wish to form some conjecture as to how men are likely to feel about the things of the remote future, we cannot do better than resort to a test which is suggested to us by the Optimists themselves, and consider how men feel about the things of the remote past. Of course, as we may see in the case of a man's own life, the feelings excited by the past differ in kind from those excited by the future; but the intensity of the one, we may say with confidence, is a fair measure of the intensity of the other. If a man who has caused himself suffering by his own acts, forgets that suffering the first moment it is over, he is not likely to trouble himself about the possibility of its repetition. And the same thing will hold good as to our feeling for past and future generations. Events that are going to happen three thousand years hence will hardly be more to us than events which happened three thousand years ago. Now what man in any practical sense cares anything about what happened three thousand years ago? To re-people the cities and temples of the past—Memphis, and Thebes, and Babylon—to see at the call of the imagination the earth give up her dead, and buried generations come and go before us, is no doubt an occupation that many of us find fascinating. But the pleasure of watching these ἀμνηστὰ κτήνη has nothing akin to any personal interest in them. Neither, again, has the interest taken in them by the historian. Were we to learn to-day for the first time that all the plagues of Egypt had been repeated ten times over, or that a million slaves had been tortured by Pharaoh Necho, nobody's spirits would be in the least damped by the intelligence. The strongest feelings producible by the longest contemplation of the greatest triumphs and the greatest misfortunes of antiquity are mere phantoms, mere wraiths, mere reflections of the reflections of shadows, when compared with the annoyance producible by a smoky chimney. Supposing we were to dis-

cover that three thousand years ago there was a perfectly happy and a perfectly civilized society, the conditions of which were still perfectly plain to us, the discovery no doubt would be intensely interesting if it afforded us any model that we could ourselves imitate. But our interest would be centred in the thought not that other people had been happy, but that we, or that our children, were going to be. The two feelings are totally different. Supposing we were to discover on some Egyptian papyrus a receipt for making a certain delicious tart, the pleasure we might take in eating the tart ourselves would have nothing to do with any gratification at the pleasure it gave Sesostris. The conclusion, then, that we may draw from our obvious apathy as to the happiness of our remote ancestors is that we are really equally apathetic as to the happiness of our remote descendants. As the past ceases to be remote—as it becomes more and more recent, some faint pulsations of sympathy begin to stir in us; when we get to the lives of our grandfathers the feeling may be quite recognizable; when we get to the lives of our fathers, it may be strong. This is true; and the same thing holds good as to the future. We may feel strongly about the lives of our children, more weakly about the lives of our grandchildren, and then presently we cease to have any feeling at all. Were we promised that progress in the future would be quicker than progress in the past, the case would change in proportion to this promised quickness; but this is precisely what we are not promised.

I said that this appeal to the past was suggested by the Optimists themselves. The feelings indeed which they dwell upon as producible are somewhat different from those on which I have just commented. But they are less to the point as indicating the possibility of any sympathy with the future, and are seen when analyzed to be even more fantastic. What the Optimist tells us that we ought to feel, can feel, and if we do but think over things, must feel, is not so much gladness or sorrow at our ancestors having been happy or unhappy, as gratitude toward them, for the happiness that their efforts have secured for us. Now the efforts of our ancestors



have secured us a great number of things ; if they have secured us our happiness they have secured us also our afflictions. If we owe to them our present medical skill, we also owe to them consumption, and gout, and scrofula. Our gratitude therefore is to be of a somewhat eclectic character. Its object is not the whole of our ancestors, but only that proportion of them whose lives have been beneficial to us. But we can never know accurately what that proportion is. It is an undistinguished part of a dimly apprehended whole. How are we to be grateful to a shadowy abstraction like this ? Mr. Harrison might tell us, and he actually does tell us, that we know our ancestral benefactors through certain illustrious specimens of them—"poets, artists, thinkers, teachers, rulers, discoverers ;" indeed, he says that the worshipping gratitude in question "is felt in its most definite mode when we enter into communion" with such great men as these. This no doubt makes the idea clearer ; but it only does so to make its absurdity clearer also. Some great men have done good to posterity—good which we feel now ; but many have done evil ; and there are wide differences of opinion as to which of them has done what. Is Frederick the Great, for instance, to be the object of worshipping gratitude, or of aversion ? Are we to enter into communion with him, or avoid him ? Or supposing all such doubts as these to be settled, and the calendar of the saints of progress to be edited to the satisfaction of us all, there are difficulties still greater behind. Many men whose actions have been undoubtedly beneficial, have been personally of exceedingly doubtful character ; the good they have done to posterity has been in many cases unforeseen and unintended by themselves ; or even if they have foreseen it, love of posterity has not been their motive in doing it. Who, for instance, feels any worshipping gratitude to Lord Bacon ? We may admire his genius, or may recognize his services ; but benefit to us was not his object in producing them, and therefore our gratitude is not their recompense. It is as irrational to be grateful for an unintended benefit, as it is to be angry for an unintended injury. Of course we have some feeling about such great

men. It is shown in its strongest form in the people we call hero-worshippers. But the feeling of the hero-worshipper is the very reverse of the vicarious feeling for humanity postulated by our Optimists. The hero-worshipper admires his heroes because they differ from the rest of mankind, not because they resemble and represent them. Even could we imagine that one or two great men actually foresaw our existence, and toiled for us with a prophetic love, we cannot imagine this of the great masses of our predecessors. So far as they are concerned, we are the accidental inheritors of goods which they laid up for themselves ; and if there is any reason to praise them for what they have done well, there is equal reason to grumble at them for not having done it better.

If these reflections do not appear conclusive, let us turn from our ancestral benefactors, to our remote contemporary benefactors. Our attitude toward them will enlighten us somewhat further. To some of the remotest of our contemporaries we owe some of our homeliest comforts. To take one instance out of many, we owe tea to the Chinese. Now does any English tea-drinker feel any worshipping gratitude toward the Chinese ? We care for them as little as they care for us ; and if we learned to-morrow that the whole Chinese race was a myth, it is doubtful if one of us would eat a worse dinner for the news. If we feel so little about remote benefactors who are living, we shall hardly feel more about remote benefactors who are dead ; and we shall feel less about remote recipients of benefits, who will not be born for an eternity.

To sum up, then, what experience teaches us as the extent to which an idea like that of human progress, moving imperceptibly to a goal incalculably distant, is able to affect the feelings of the ordinary individual, we must say that there is no evidence of any sort or kind that for practical purposes it is able to affect them at all.

And now let us pass on from this consideration to another. The emotions required by the Optimist we have shown to be not possible. Let us now consider how, supposing they were possible, they would be likely to influence action. We shall see that their influence, at the best,

would be necessarily very feeble; and that it would be enfeebled by the very conditions which we mainly counted on to strengthen it. Supposing the human race could last only another two years, even Mr. Harrison would admit that we might well be indifferent about improving it, and feel sad rather than elated at its destiny. As it is, Mr. Harrison, though he cannot say that it is eternal, yet promises it a duration which is an eternity for all practical purposes; and he conceives that in doing this he is investing it with interest and with dignity. He thinks that, within limits, the longer the race lasts, the more worthy of our service it will seem to our enlightened reason. One of the most solemn reflections which he presses on our hearts is this, that the consequences of each one of our lives will continue *ad infinitum*.

Now, from one point of view Mr. Harrison is perfectly right. Granting that we believe in progress, and that our feelings are naturally affected by it, among the chief elements in it which cause it thus to affect them will be its practical eternity—its august magnitude. But the moment we put these feelings, as it were, into harness, and ask them to produce for us action and self-sacrifice, we shall find that the very elements which have excited the wish to act have an equal tendency to enervate the will. We shall find that, as the porter in *Macbeth* says, they are "equivocators." They "provoke the desire, but take away the performance." For the longer the period we assign to the duration of the human race and of progress, the mightier the proportions of the cause we are asked to work for, the smaller will be the result of our efforts in proportion to the great whole; less and less would each additional effort be missed. If the consequences of our lives ceased two years after our death, the power of these consequences, it is admitted, would be slight either as a deterrent or a stimulant. Mr. Harrison thinks that they will gain force, through our knowledge that they will last *ad infinitum*. But he quite forgets the other side of the question, that the longer they last they are a constantly diminishing quantity, ever less and less appreciable by any single human being, and that we can only think

of them as infinite at the expense of thinking of them as infinitesimal.

Now, as I pointed out before, it is a rule of human conduct that there must to produce an act be some equality between the effort and the expected result; but in the case of any effort expended for the sake of general progress there is no equality at all. And not only is there no equality, but there is no certain connection. The best-meant efforts may do harm instead of good; and if good will be really done by them, it is impossible to realize what good. How many workmen of the present day would refuse an annuity of two hundred a year, on the chance that by doing so they might raise the rate of wages 1 per cent. in the course of three thousand years? But why talk of three thousand years? Our care, as a matter of fact, does not extend three hundred. Do we any of us deny ourselves a single scuttle of coals, so as to make our coal-fields last for one more unknown generation? It is perfectly plain we do not. The utter inefficacy of the motives supplied by devotion to progress, for its own sake, may at once be realized by comparing them with the motives supplied by devotion to it for the sake of Christianity. The least thing that the Christian does to others he does to Christ. However slight the result, Christ judges it by the effort and the intention; a single mite may be valued by him as much as a thousand pounds; and however far away from us may be the human beings we benefit, Christ, who is served through them, is near. But the naked doctrine of progress has no idea in it at all analogous to this idea of Christ. Compared with Christianity it is like an optical instrument with some essential lens wanting. Christianity made our infinitesimal influence infinite; scientific Optimism makes our infinite influence infinitesimal.

But perhaps it will be said that the idea of general progress is not supposed to move and stimulate us directly, but is embodied for each one of us in some homely and definite service which we can do to those about us; and that we do not do such service for the love of the race in general, but rise to the general love through doing the particular services. The answer to this is obvious.

If this is all that is claimed for the idea of progress, all claim for it that it influences action is abandoned. It does not tend to make men energetic, philanthropic, and useful who are not so naturally. Such men it leaves exactly as it finds them—the selfish, selfish still, and the filthy, filthy still. It affects those only who act well independently of it; and all that it can be supposed to do for these is not to make them choose a particular line of conduct, but to give them a new excuse for being pleased with themselves at having chosen it. This brings us back to the question of mere feeling; and the feeling supposed to be produced by the idea of progress, we have already seen to be a mere fancy and illusion. As I have taken special care to point out, nobody claims for Optimism that it supplies us with a rule of right. That is supplied by social science and experience. What is claimed for it is, that it gives us new motives for obeying this rule, and a feeling of blessedness in the thought that it is being obeyed. We have now seen that in no appreciable way has it any tendency to give us either.

All this while we have been supposing that progress was a reality, and inquiring if it will excite certain feelings. Let us now reverse our suppositions. Let us suppose the admittedly real thing to be our capacity for the feelings, and inquire what grounds there are for believing in the progress which is to excite them. Of course the question is not one which can be argued out in a page or two; but we can take stock in a general way of what the arguments are. The first feature that strikes us in human history is change. Do these changes follow any intelligible order? If so, to what extent do they follow it? And is it an order which can afford us any rational satisfaction? Now that they follow some intelligible order to some extent is perfectly undeniable. The advance of certain races from savagery to civilization, and from a civilization that is simple to a civilization that is complex, is a fact staring all of us in the face; and with regard to certain stages of this advance, few people will seriously deny that it has been satisfactory. It is true that, putting aside all theological views of man, certain races of savages have in

all probability been the happiest human animals that ever existed; still if we consider the earliest condition of the races that have become civilized, we may no doubt say that up to a certain point the advance of civilization made life a better thing for them. But is it equally plain that after a certain point has been past, the continuance of the advance has had the same sort of result? The inhabitants of France under Henri IV. may have been a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Clovis; but were its inhabitants under Louis XVI. a happier set of men than its inhabitants under Henri IV.? Again, if civilizations rise, civilizations also fall. Is it certain that the new civilizations which in time succeed the old bring the human lot to a veritably higher level? To answer these questions, or even to realize what these questions are, we must brand into our consciousness many considerations which, though when we think of them they are truisms, we too often forget to think of. To begin, then: Progress for those who deny a God and a future life, means nothing, and can mean nothing but such changes as may make men happier; and this meaning again further unfolds itself into a reference first to the intensity of the happiness; secondly, to the numbers who partake in it. Thus, what is commonly called a superior civilization need not, after a certain step, indicate any real progress. It may even be a disguise of retrogression. It seems, for instance, hardly doubtful that in England the condition of the masses some fifty years ago was worse than it had been a hundred years before. The factory system during its earlier stages of development, though a main element in the most rapid advances of civilization ever known to the world, did certainly not add for the time to the sum total of happiness. The mere fact that it did not do so for the time is in itself no proof that it may not have done so since; but it is a proof that the most startling advances in science, and the mastery over nature that has come of them, need not necessarily be things which in their immediate results can give any satisfaction to the well-wishers of the race at large. But we may say more than this. Not only need material civilization indicate no progress in the

lot of the race at large, but it may well be doubted if it really adds to the happiness of that part of the race who receive the fullest fruits of it. It is difficult in one sense to deny that express trains and Cunard steamships are improvements on mail coaches or wretched little sailing boats like the *Mayflower*. But are the public in trains happier than the public who went in coaches? Is there more peace or hope in the hearts of the men who go from New York to Liverpool in six days than there was in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers? No doubt we who have been brought up among modern appliances should be made miserable for the time if they were suddenly taken away from us. But to say this is a very different thing from saying that we are happier with them than we should have been if we had never had them. A man would be miserable who, being fat and fifty, had to button himself into the waistcoat which he wore when he had a waist and was nineteen. But this does not prove that a large-sized waistcoat makes his middle age a happier time than his youth. Advancing civilization creates wants, and it supplies wants; it creates habits and it ministers to habits; but it is not always exhilarating us with fresh surprises of pleasure. Suppose, however, we grant that up to a certain point the increase of material wants, together with the means of meeting them, does add to happiness, it is perfectly evident that there is a point where this result ceases. A workman who dines daily off beef-steak and beer may be happier than one whose dinner is water and black bread; but a man whose dinner is ten different dishes need not be happier than the man who puts up with four. There is a certain point, therefore, not an absolute point, but a relative point, beyond which advances in material civilization are not progress any longer—not even supposing all classes to have a proportionate share in it. Accordingly the fact that inventions multiply, that commerce extends, that distances are annihilated, that country gentlemen have big battues, that farmers keep fine hunters, that their daughters despise butter-making, and that even agricultural laborers have pink window-blinds, is not in itself any proof of general progress. Progress is a ten-

dency not to an extreme, but to a mean.

Let us now pass to another class of facts, generally held to show that progress is a reality, namely the great men that civilization has produced. Let us, for instance, take a Shakespeare, or a Newton, or a Goethe, and compare them with the Britons and the Germans of the time of Tacitus. Do we not see an image of progress there? To this argument there is more than one answer. It is an argument that points to something, but does not point to so much as those who use it might suppose. No doubt a man like Newton would be an impossibility in an age of barbarism; we may give to civilization the whole credit of producing him, and admit that he is an incalculable advance on the shrewdest of unlettered savages. But though we find that civilizations produce greater men than barbarism we do not find that the modern civilizations produce greater men than the ancient. Were they all to meet in the Elysian Fields Newton would probably not find Euclid his inferior, nor would Thucydides show like a dwarf by Professor Freeman. Further, not only do the limits of exceptional greatness show no tendency to expand, but the existence, at any point, of exceptionally great men is no sure indication of any answering elevation among the masses, any more than the existence of exceptionally rich men is a sure indication that the masses are not poor. The intellectual superiority of Columbus to the American savages was, unfortunately, no sign that his followers were not in many ways inferior to them.

What, then, is the evidence that progress, in the sense of an increasing happiness for an increasing number, is really a continuous movement running through all the changes of history? It cannot be said that there are no facts which suggest such a conclusion, but they are absurdly insufficient in number, and they are balanced by others equally weighty, and of quite an opposite character. Isolated periods, isolated institutions, do indeed very strikingly exhibit the movement in question. One of the most remarkable instances of it is the development of the Church of Rome, looked at from the Catholic stand-point. Again, we constantly find periods in a



nation's history during which the national happiness has demonstrably moved onward. Few of the phenomena on which the faith in progress rests have given to that faith such a violent stimulus as the rapid movement observable in such periods. A case in point is the immense and undoubted improvement which during the past forty years has taken place in the condition of the working classes in England; and no doubt, in spite of the ruinous price paid for it, France purchased by the Revolution an improvement not dissimilar. But these movements are capable of an interpretation very different from that which our sanguine Optimists put on them. They resemble a cure from an exceptional disease rather than any strengthening of the normal health. The French Revolution has been thought by many to have been a chopping up of society and a boiling of it in Medea's caldron, from whence it should issue forth born into a new existence. In reality it resembled an ill-performed surgical operation, which may possibly have saved the nation's life, but has shattered its nerves and disfigured it till this day. While as for ordinary democratic reforms—and this is plainest with regard to those which have been most really needed—their utmost effect has been to cure a temporary pain, not to add a permanent pleasure. They have been pills, they have not been elixirs.\*

The most authenticated cases, then, which we have of any genuine progress are to all appearance mere accidents and episodes. They are not analogous to a man progressing, but to a tethered animal which has slipped getting up on its legs again. As to the larger movements which form the main features of history, such as the rise of the Roman Empire, these movements, like waves, are always observed to spend themselves; and it is impossible to prove, without some aid from theology, that the new waves which have shaped themselves out of the sub-

sided waters, are larger, higher, or more important than the last. This is true even of the parts of such movements as history principally records; but of the part, which for our modern Optimists is the most important—which is, indeed, the only important part for them, history can hardly be said to have left any general record at all. The important part of such movements is their relation to the happiness of the masses. Does any one pretend that we have any materials for tracing through the historic ages the fluctuations in the lot of the unnamed multitudes? Here and there some riot, some servile war, or some Jacquerie, shows us that at a certain period the masses in some special district were miserable, and we can trace through other periods some legal amelioration of their lot. But taking the historic periods of the world as a whole, the history of the happiness or the misery of the majority is a book of which everything has perished except some scattered fragments, the gaps between which can be only filled up by conjecture, in many cases not even by that; which fail to suggest in any serious way that the happiness of the multitudes concerned has followed any intelligible order, and which certainly negatives the supposition that there has been any continuous advance in it. Mr. Harrison says that in three thousand years progress should at least be appreciable to the naked eye. Will Mr. Harrison, or any one else, maintain as scientifically demonstrated, that the children whipped to their work in our earlier English factories were happier than the Egyptian brick-makers among the melons and the flesh-pots?

There is, however, another hypothesis possible, which may give the doctrine of progress a more scientific character. It may be said that though the changes of history hitherto have been seemingly vague and meaningless, they have been really preparatory for a movement which is about to begin now. Telegraphs, ocean steamers, express trains, and printing-presses have, it may be admitted, done little for the general happiness as yet; their importance may have been slight if we regard them as mere luxuries; but all this while they have been knitting the races of men together; they

\* The causes of material or national advance will be probably recognized in time as being mainly, though not entirely, due to the personal ambitions of a gifted and vigorous minority; and the processes which are now regarded as signs of a universal progress, are constant cures, or attempts at cures of the evils or maladjustments, which are at first incident to any important change.

have been making the oneness of Humanity a visible and accomplished fact ; and very soon we shall all of us start in company on a march toward the higher things that the future has in store for us. What shall we say to some idea of this sort—that progress is a certainty henceforward, though it may have been doubtful hitherto ? The idea is a pleasant one for the fancy to dwell upon, and it is easy to see how it may have been suggested by facts. But facts certainly give us no assurance that it is true ; they do but suggest it, as a cloud may suggest a whale. It is no doubt easier to conceive the possibility of a general onward movement in the future than it is to conceive that of it as a reality in the past. Indeed no one can demonstrate that it will not actually take place. All I wish to point out is that there is no certainty that it will ; and not only no certainty, but no balance of probability. The existing civilization, which some think so stable, and which seems, as I have said, to be uniting us into one community, contains in itself many elements of decay or of self-destruction. In spite of the way in which the Western races seem to have covered the globe with the network of their power and commerce, they are outnumbered at this day in a proportion of more than two to one, by the vast nations who are utterly impervious to their influence—impervious to their ideas, and indifferent to their aspirations. What scientific estimate then can be made of the influence on the future of the Mohammedan and Buddhist populations, to say nothing of the others equally alien to our civilization, who alone outnumber the entire brotherhood of the West ? Who can forecast—to take a single instance—the part which may in the future be played by China ? And again, who can forecast the effects of over-population ? And who can fail to foresee that they may be far-reaching and terrible ? How, in the face of disturbing elements like these, can the future of progress be anything more than a guess, a hope, an opinion, a poetic fancy ? At all events, whatever it is, it is certainly not science.

Let us, however, suppose that it is science. Let us suppose that we have full and sufficient evidence to convince us of the reality and continuance of a move-

ment, slow indeed as its exponents admit it to be, but evidently in the direction of some happy consummation in the future. Now what, let us ask, will this consummation be ? It is put before us by the creed of Optimism as the ultimate justification of all our hope and enthusiasm, and, as Mr. Morley says, of our "provisional acquiescence" in the existing sorrows of the world. Does any one, then, profess to be able to describe it exactly to us ? To ask this is no idle question. Its importance can be proved by reference to Mr. Harrison himself. He says that if a consummation in heaven is to have the least real influence over us, it is "not enough to talk of it in general terms." "The all-important point," he proceeds, "is what kind of heaven ? Is it a heaven of seraphic beatitude and unending hallelujahs as imagined by Dante and Milton, or a life of active exertion ? And if of active exertion (and what can life mean without exertion ?) of what kind of exertion ?" Now with regard to heaven it would be perfectly easy to show that this demand for exact knowledge is unreasonable and unnecessary ; for part of the attraction of the alleged beatitude of heaven consists in the belief that it passes our finite understanding, that we can only dimly augur it, and that we shall be changed before we are admitted to it. But with regard to any blessed consummation on the earth, such details as Mr. Harrison asks for are absolutely indispensable. Our Optimists tell us that, on the expiration of a practical eternity, there will be the beginnings at any rate of a blessed and glorious change in the human lot. In Mr. Harrison's words, I say, What kind of change ? Will it be a change tending to make life a round of idle luxury, or a course of active exertion ? And if of active exertion, of what kind of exertion ? Will it be practical or speculative ? Will it be discovering new stars, or making new dyes out of coal tar ? No one can tell us.

On one point no doubt we should find a consensus of opinion ; but this point would be negative, not positive. We should be told that poverty, overwork, most forms of sickness, and acute pain would be absent ; and surely it may be said that this is a consummation fit to be striven for. No doubt it is ; but from

the Optimist's point of view, this admission does absolutely nothing to help us. The problem is to construct a life of superlative happiness; and to eliminate physical suffering is merely to place us on the naked threshold of our enterprise. Suppose I see in the street one day some poor orphan girl, utterly desolate, and crying as if her heart would break. That girl is certainly not happy. Let us suppose I see the same girl next day, equally desolate, but distracted by an excruciating toothache. I could not restore her parents to her, but I can, we will say, cure her toothache, and I do. I ease her of a terrible pain. I cause her unutterable relief; and no doubt in doing so I myself feel happy; but as to the orphan all I do is this—I restore her to her original misery. And so far as the mere process of stamping out pain is concerned, there is nothing to show that it might not leave life in no better position than that of an orphan cured of a toothache. Indeed, if we may trust the suggestion thrown out by optimistic writers, it would not, even so far as it went, be an unmixed good. These writers have often hinted that pain and trouble probably deepen our pleasures; so if pain and trouble were ever done away with, the positive blessings of life might, on their own showing, be not heightened but degraded.

Again, let us approach the question from another side; and instead of regarding progress as an extinction of pain, let us regard it as the equitable distribution of material comforts among all. No one would wish to speak flippantly—or at all events no sane man can think lightly—of the importance of giving to all a sufficiency of daily bread. But however we realize that privation and starvation are miseries, it does not follow—indeed we know it not to be true—that a light heart goes with a full stomach. Or suppose us to conceive that in the future it would come to do so, and that men would be completely happy when they all had enough to eat, would this be a consummation calculated to raise our enthusiasm, or move our souls with a solemn zeal to work for it? Would any human being who was ever capable of anything that has ever been called a high conception of life, feel any pleasure in the thought of a Humanity,

"shut up in infinite content," when once it had secured itself three meals a day, and smiling every morning a satisfied smile at the universe, its huge lips shining with fried eggs and bacon?

I am not for an instant saying that mere physical well-being is the only sort of happiness to which Optimists look forward. But it is the only sort of happiness about which their ideas are at all definite; and I have alluded to it as I have done, merely to point out that their only definite ideas are ridiculously insufficient ideas. I do not doubt for a moment that thinkers like Mr. Harrison anticipate for transfigured Humanity pleasures which to them seem nobler than the noblest we can enjoy now; but about these pleasures I say there is no consensus of opinion; what opinion there is, is quite indefinite, and there is nothing to show that these pleasures will ever be realized, and judging from the hints we have of them, there is much to show that they would be impossible. To sum up then, the altered Humanity of the future, even granting that we are advancing toward it, may be compared to an image of which one part only is definite. It is not like an image with feet of clay and with a head of gold, but like an image with a stomach of clay, and everything else of cloud.

We have now examined the creed of Optimism from two points of view, assuming in turn the truth of each one of its two propositions, and inquiring into the truth of the other. We first assumed the reality of progress, and asked how far our sympathy was capable of being stimulated by it; we next assumed the alleged capacities of our sympathy, and asked what grounds there were for any belief in a progress by which sympathy of the assumed kind could be roused. And we have seen that, so far as scientific evidence is concerned, both the propositions in question are unsupported and fanciful.

There remains for us yet a third test to submit it to, and this will be found to be the most fatal of all. Let us assume, for argument's sake, that both the propositions are true; and we shall see that they contain in themselves elements by which their supposed meaning is annihilated. Let us assume, then, that progress will, in process of time, pro-

duce a state of society which we should all regard as satisfactory ; and let us assume that our sympathies are of such a strength and delicacy that the far-off good in store for our remote descendants will be a source of real comfort to our hearts and a real stimulus to our actions—that it will fill life, in fact, with moral meanings and motives. It will only require a very little reflection to show us that if sympathy is really strong enough to accomplish this work, it will inevitably be strong enough to destroy the work which it has accomplished. If we are, or if we should come to be, so astonishingly sensitive that the remote happiness of posterity will cause us any real pleasure, the incalculable amount of pain that will admittedly have preceded such happiness, that has been suffered during the countless years of the past, and will have to be suffered during the countless intervening years of the future, must necessarily convert such pleasure into agony. It is impossible to conceive, unless we throw reality overboard altogether, and decamp frankly into dreamland—it is impossible to conceive our sympathy being made more sensitive to the happiness of others, without its being made also more sensitive to their misery. One might as well suppose our powers of sight increased, but increased only so as to show us agreeable objects ; or our powers of hearing increased, but increased only so as to convey to us our own praises.

Can any one for an instant doubt that this is a fact ? Can he trick himself in any way into any, even the slightest, evasion of it ? Can he imagine himself, for instance, having a sudden interest roused in him, from whatever cause, in the fortunes of some young man, and yet not feeling a corresponding shock if the young man should chance to be hanged for murder ? The idea is ridiculous. The truth of the matter is, that unless our sympathies had a certain obtuseness and narrowness in them, we should be too tender to endure a day of life. The rose-leaves might give a keener pleasure ; but we should be unable to think of it, because our skins would be lacerated with thorns. What would happen to us if, retaining the fastidiousness of man, we suddenly found that our nostrils were as keen as those of dogs ?

We should be sick every time we walked through a crowded street. Were our sympathies intensified in a similar way, we should pass through life not sick, but broken-hearted. The whole creation would seem to be groaning and travailing together ; and the laughter and rejoicing of posterity would be drowned by the intervening sounds, or else would seem a ghastly mockery.

But suppose—we have been waiving objections, and we will now waive them again—suppose that the intervening pain does somehow not inconvenience us ; and that our sympathies, “on this bank and shoal of time, jump it,” and bring us safely to the joy and prosperity beyond. Now this jump, on Mr. Harrison’s own showing, will carry us across an eternity. It will annihilate the distance between our own imperfect condition and our posterity’s perfect condition. But how does Mr. Harrison imagine that it will stop there ? He admits that all human existence will come to an end some day, but the end, he thinks, does not matter because it is so far off. But if sympathy acquires this power of jumping across eternities, the end ceases to be far off any longer. The same power that takes us from the beginnings of progress to the consummation of progress, will take us from the consummation of progress to its horrible and sure destruction—to its death by inches, as the icy period comes, turning the whole earth into a torture-chamber, and effacing forever the happiness and the triumph of man in a hideous and meaningless end. Knowing that the drama is thus really a tragedy, how shall we be able to pretend to ourselves that it is a divine comedy ? It is true that death waits for all and each of us ; and yet we continue to eat, drink, and be merry : but that is precisely because our sympathies have not those powers which Mr. Harrison asserts they have, because instead of connecting us with what will happen to others in three thousand years, it connects us only slightly with what will happen to ourselves in thirty.

We thus see that the creed of Optimism is composed of ideas that do not even agree with each other. They might do that, however, and yet be entirely false. The great question is, do they



agree with facts? and not only that, but are they forced on us by facts? Do facts leave us no room for rationally contradicting or doubting them? In a word, have they any basis even approximately similar to what would be required to support a theory of light, or heat, or electricity, of the geologic history of the earth, or of the evolution of species? Is the evidence for their truth as overwhelming and as unanimous as the evidence Professor Huxley would require to make him believe in a miracle? Or have they ever been submitted to the same eager and searching scepticism which has sought for and weighed every fact, sentence, and syllable that might tend to make incredible our traditional conception of the Bible? They certainly have not. The treatment they have met with has been not only not this, but the precise opposite. Men who claim to have destroyed Christianity in the name of science justify their belief in Optimism by every method that their science stigmatizes as most immoral. Mr. Harrison admits, with relation to Christianity, that the Redemption became incredible with the destruction of the geocentric theory, because the world became a speck in the universe, infinitely too little for so vast a drama. But when he comes to defending his own religion of Optimism he says, "the infinite littleness of the world" is a thought we "will put away from us" as an "unmanly and unhealthy musing." Similarly Mr. John Morley, who admits with great candor that many facts exist which suggest doubts of progress, instead of examining these doubts and giving their full weight to them, tells us that we ought to set them aside as "unworthy." Was ever such language heard in the mouths of scientific men about any of those subjects which have formed their proper studies? It is rather a parody of the language of such men as Mr. Keble, who declared that religious sceptics were too wicked to be reasoned with, and who incurred, for this reason more than any other, the indignant scorn of all our scientific critics. Which of such critics was ever heard to defend a theory of the authorship of Job or of the Pentateuch by declaring that any doubts of their doubts were "unmanly" or "unhealthy?" Who would answer an at-

tack on the Darwinian theory of coral-reefs by calling it "unworthy?" or meet admitted difficulties in the way of a theory of light by following Mr. Harrison's example, and saying "we will put them aside?"

Let the reader consider another statement explicitly made by Mr. John Morley relative to this very question of Optimism. He quotes the following passage from Diderot:—"Does the narrative present me with some fact that dishonors humanity? Then I examine it with the most rigorous severity. Whatever sagacity I may be able to command I employ in detecting contradictions that throw suspicion on the story. It is not so when the action is beautiful, lofty, noble." "*Diderot's way*," says Mr. Morley, "*of reading history is not unworthy of imitation.*" Is it necessary to quote more? This astonishing sentence—not astonishing for the fact it admits, but for the naïve candor of the admission—describes in a nutshell the method which men of science, who have attacked Christianity in the name of the divine duty of scepticism, and of a conscience which forbids them to believe anything not fully proved—this sentence describes the method which such men consider scientific when establishing a religion of their own. Let us swallow whatever suits us; whatever goes against us let us examine with the most rigorous severity.

No feature in the history of modern thought is more instructive than the contrast I have just indicated—the contrast between the scepticism, and the exactingness of science, in its attack on Christianity, and its abject credulity in constructing a futile substitute. That there is no universal, no continuous meaning in the changes of human history, that progress of some sort may not be a reality, I am not for a moment arguing. All I have urged hitherto is, that there is no evidence, such as would be accepted either in physical or philosophical science, to prove there is. The facts, no doubt, suggest any number of meanings, but they support none; and if Professor Huxley is right in saying that it is very immoral in us to believe in such doubtful books as the Gospels, it must be far more immoral in him to believe in the meaning of human existence.

What the spectacle of the world's history would really suggest to an impartial scientific observer, who had no religion and who had not contracted to construct one, is a conclusion eminently in harmony with the drift of scientific speculation generally. The doctrines of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, imply on the part of nature a vast number of failures—failures complete or partial. The same idea may be applicable to worlds, as to species in this world. If we conceive, as we have every warrant for conceiving, an incalculable number of inhabited planets, the history of their crowning races will, according to all analogy, be various. Some will arrive at great and general happiness, some at happiness partial and less complete, some may very likely, as long as their inhabitants last, be hells of struggle and wretchedness. Now what to an impartial observer the history of the earth would suggest, would be that it occupied some intermediate position between the completest successes and the absolutely horrible failures—a position probably at the lower end of the scale, though many degrees above the bottom of it. Considered in this light its history becomes intelligible, because we cease to treat as hieroglyphs full of meaning a series of marks which have really no meaning at all. We shall see constant attempts at progress, we shall see progress realized in certain places up to a certain point; but we shall see that after a certain point, the castle of cards or sand falls to pieces again; and that others attempt to rise, perhaps even less successfully. We still see numberless words shaping themselves, but never any complete sentence. Taken as a whole, we shall be reminded of certain lines, which I have already alluded to, referring to an "idiot's tale." The destinies of humanity need not be all sound and fury; but certainly regarding them as a whole, we shall have to say of them, that they are a tale without plot, without coherence, without interest—in a word, that they signify nothing.

I do not say for a moment that this is the truth about Humanity; but that this is the kind of conclusion which we should probably arrive at if we trusted to purely scientific observation, with no preconceived idea that life must have a

meaning, and no interest in giving it one. No doubt such a view, if true, would be completely fatal to everything which to men, in what hitherto we have called their higher moments, has made life dignified, serious, or even tolerable. Hitherto in those higher moments they have risen, like the philosophers out of Plato's cavern, from their narrow selfish interests, into the light of a larger outlook, and seen that life is full of august meanings. But that light has not been the light of science. Science will give men a larger outlook also; but it will raise them above their narrower interests, not to show them wider ones, but to show them none at all. If then the light that is in us is darkness, we may well say, how great is that darkness! It is from this darkness that religion comes to deliver us, not by destroying what science has taught us, but by adding to it something that it has not taught us.

Whether we can believe in this added something or not is a point I have in no way argued. I have not sought to prove that life has no meaning, but merely that it has none discoverable by the methods of modern science. I will not even say that men of science themselves are not certain of its existence, and may not live by this certainty; but only that, if so, they are unaware whence this certainty comes, and that though their inner convictions may claim our most sincere respect, their own analysis of them deserves our most contemptuous ridicule.

If there is a soul in man, and if there is a God who has given this soul, the instinct of religion can never die; but if there is any authentic explanation of the relations between the soul and God, and for some reason or other men in any way cease to accept this, their own explanations may well, by a gradual process, resolve themselves into a denial of the theory they seek to explain. And such, according to our men of science themselves, has been the case with the orthodox Christian faith, when once it began to be disintegrated by the solvent of Protestantism. The process is forcibly alluded to by Mr. Harrison. Traditional Protestantism dissolved into the nebulous tenets of the Broad Churchmen; the tenets of the Broad Church-

men dissolved into Deism, Deism into Pantheism and the cultus of the Unknowable, and the last into Optimism. Mr. Harrison fails to read the lesson of history farther, and to see that Optimism in its turn must yield to the solvent of criticism, and leave the religious instinct, or what is the same thing, a sense of a meaning in life, as a forlorn and bewildered emotion without any explanation of itself at all. What Optimism is at present must be abundantly evident. It is the last attempt to discover a peg on which to hang the fallen clothes of Christianity. As Mr. Harrison tells us, most of our scientific Optimists have been brought up with all the emotions of that faith. They have got rid of the faith, but the emotions have been left on their hands. They long for some object on which to lavish them, just as Don Quixote longed to find a lady-love; and if we may judge from certain phrases of Mr. Harrison, they have modestly contented themselves with asking not that the object should be a truth, but merely that it should not, on the face of it, be a falsehood. He does not ask how well Humanity deserves to be thought of, but how well he and his friends will be able to think of it. Once more let us say that this emotion which they call the love of Humanity is not an emotion I would ridicule. I only ridicule their bestowal of it. The love of Humanity, with no faith to enlighten it, and nothing to justify it beyond what science can show, is as absurd as the love of Titania lavished on Bottom; and the high priests of Humanity, with

their solemn and pompous gravity, are like nothing so much as the Bumbles of a squabbling parish. We all know what Hobbes said of Catholicism, that it was the ghost of the dead Roman Empire, sitting enthroned on the ashes of it. Optimism, in the same way, is the ghost of Protestantism sitting on its ashes, not enthroned but gibbering.

I hope that before long I may again return to this subject, to touch on many points which I have been unable to glance at now. On former occasions I have been asked by certain critics what possible use, even suppose life is not worth much, I could hope to find in laying the fact bare. To the Optimists as men of science no explanation is needed. Every attempt to establish any truth, or even to establish any doubt, according to their principles is not only justifiable, but is a duty. To others, an explanation will not be very far to seek. If there is a meaning in life, we shall never understand it rightly, till we have ceased to amuse ourselves with understanding it wrongly. Humanity, if there is any salvation for it, will never be saved till it sees that it cannot save itself, and asks in humility, seeking some greater power, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But as matters stand, it will never see this or ask this, till it has seen face to face the whole of its own ghastly helplessness, and tasted—at least intellectually—the dregs of its degradation. When we have filled our bellies with the husks that the swine eat, it may be that we shall arise and go.—*Fortnightly Review.*

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#### LOVE'S UNITY.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

How shall I tell thee when I love thee best?  
 In rapture, or repose? How shall I say?  
 I only know I love thee every way,  
 Nor more when restlessly than when at rest.  
 See! What is day except the night refreshed,  
 And what the night except the tired-out day?  
 And 'tis love's difference, not love's decay,  
 If now I dawn, now fade upon thy breast.  
 Self-torturing sweet! is't not the selfsame sun  
 Wanes in the west that flameth in the east,  
 His fervor nowise altered nor decreased?  
 So rounds my love, returning where begun,  
 And still beginning, never most nor least,  
 But fixedly various, all love's parts in one.

—*Athenæum*

## TRIVIAL INCIDENTS.

WHAT may be deemed a trivial incident? What is an occurrence of serious importance? Those who have observed life most closely will probably be the least able to furnish to these queries replies altogether satisfactory. The choice of a boy's school, a young man's start in a profession, marriage, serious injuries, illness, sudden wealth or poverty, would probably be included in the latter; while meeting an acquaintance in the street, forgetting to post a letter, accepting an invitation to a particular party, the expression of a random opinion, missing a railway-train, are likely to be relegated to the former category. Yet an unbiassed analysis of the experiences of the majority of mankind would, in our opinion, show that what is variously termed by different orders of persons, "Providence," "Chance," or the "Chapter of Accidents," acting extremely often through the agency of the slightest imaginable circumstances, plays a most important, not unfrequently an overwhelming part, in the drama of human affairs. The result of a fall from a horse depends much less on the speed of the horse, or the constitution and equestrian ability of the precipitated rider, than on the precise manner in which his body reaches the ground, and this, despite all theories as to learning how to fall, will probably never be twice exactly the same, however often the mischance may occur. To take another instance, the impression made by one personality on another, leaving out of reckoning the element of beauty, is well known to defy all forecast, because we kindle sympathy and excite distaste at points the most unexpected and unaccountable. Most of us have had occasion to test the working of this subtle attraction and repulsion when we have endeavored to make one of our friends take kindly to the conversation and companionship of another intimate acquaintance. Yet upon the outcome of these perpetually recurring combinations depends the issue of a vast number of our undertakings. The arising of a certain idea at a given propitious moment is another most weighty factor in life. It may be replied that Newton's apple or Watt's tea-kettle only brought to a defi-

nite expression reflections which had long been working in the philosopher's brain; but there can be no question that many thoughts productive of momentous consequences flash on the mind suddenly by what can only be termed an inspiration. Then, again, as to a particular line of conduct and its results. The novice is taught, and rightly taught, that the good apprentice succeeds, and comes in his special sphere to honor and credit. But we could name an eminent public character who owes his brilliant career entirely to crass neglect of his duty as a railway booking-clerk; and also an idle dunce at school, held predestined to the workhouse, who retired from business about the time his contemporaries were taking their degrees, on a fortune acquired through a timely developed genius for blending and tasting tea. We know of a young Austrian to whom vast wealth was bequeathed by an aged gentleman whom the lucky youngster met in a railway-train returning from his only son's funeral, because the bereaved parent was touched by the close resemblance of the stranger's features to those of his departed boy. Similarly, we are acquainted with a person who distinctly traces his entry on a distinguished professional life to the selection one day of a certain thoroughfare in a large city, where several ways met. Above all, to mention the most critical of steps, the origin of very many marriages would disclose this woof of destiny crossing, modifying, and not seldom cancelling the operation of the warp of law generally controlling events.

To borrow an illustration from a different department of human activity, a happy literary fluke, where a careful printer would have spoiled all, gave Malherbe, and after him the world, one of the loveliest lines in all lyric verse. The poem in question was written on the lamented death of a friend's daughter named Roselle; but by a benignant blunder, the conventional

"Roselle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,"  
became

"Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
L'espace d'un matin,"



owing to the compositor's oversight its nameless charm and unchallenged immortality. Countless other examples of the trivial proving the grave and pregnant facts of life will present themselves to us all as we pass in review the events of every day, such as the casual acquisition of information, the chance word interchanged with an unknown person in a drawing-room, the fortuitous observation of a footprint, the sudden awakening of conscience in the mind of a would-be criminal, all of which are constantly developing consequences which outwit the wisdom of the wise, and contribute to hold over the future, however apparently certain, an impenetrable veil. Even more startling are often the effects of incidents to all seeming immaterial and trifling, when we forsake the by-paths of private life for the great highway of history. A striking case in point is dwelt on by Sir Francis Palgrave in his "History of Normandy and England," showing us the obscure and unheeded origin of our very existence as a nation. He well remarks that England owes its place in the world to Duke Robert of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, seeing Ailetta, daughter of a tanner of Falaise, washing her linen in a rivulet near that town. "Ailetta's pretty feet twinkling in the brook made her the mother of William the Conqueror. But for the tanner of Falaise, her father, Harold would not have fallen at Hastings, no Anglo-Norman dynasty would have arisen, no British Empire." To no sphere of energy does this sudden, overmastering interference of the unforeseen apply more forcibly than to war. Blücher's arrival half-an-hour later on the field of Waterloo might not impossibly have changed the history of the world; and the cackling of some geese was once highly useful,—examples of the manner in which the fate of armies and citadels, and with them the destiny of nations, tremble at certain moments in the balance, to be swayed hither and thither by agencies apparently slight, but drawing boundless significance from the accidents, if there be such a thing as accident, of time and place.

On the other hand, the great salient changes and events of life, from which mighty innovations are expected, not

unfrequently leave no impression behind them; and though they may be in a sense important, have little or no influence on the character or future of the individual they befall. Striking occurrences, foreshadowing serious consequences, have often absolutely no sequel, so that it passes the sagacity of the shrewdest to predict whether a given acorn, so to speak, shall perish unnoticed, or develop into a majestic oak. This strand of caprice, these inexplicable, surprising results from commonplace facts, while they render life less logical and prevent the calmest lot from being mapped out entirely by rule and compass, undeniably supply most of the romance and excitement falling to the share of mortals, and though the medal has its dark and distressing side, there can be no doubt that existence without an occasional impromptu in the shape of the sudden and unexpected, to relieve the even tenor of plans calculated and prearranged, would be scarce endurable. Not only can we but rough-hew our ends, our most careful endeavors lead not unfrequently to a termination the very reverse from what might reasonably have been anticipated. We can call to mind the case of a lady who directed her solicitor to invest a large sum of money in shares of the City of Glasgow Bank some months prior to its collapse. Imagining that her instructions had been carried out, she heard the news of the closure of the bank's doors with unqualified dismay, as the claim of the creditors would have entailed her total ruin. The subsequent discovery of her agent's embezzlement revealed likewise the groundlessness of her apprehensions, her loss being limited to the amount entrusted to her dishonest representative. On the other hand, the unlucky recipient of a single City of Glasgow Bank share as a wedding present should for once have looked a gift horse in the mouth, and had no reason to congratulate himself on his father-in-law's liberality, involving as it did the loss of all he possessed. The procrastination of MacIan of Glencoe had dire results; but the well-known happy failure of a belated traveller to catch the ill-starred Tay Bridge train in December, 1879, could hardly serve to point a moral in a lecture to young men on the advantages of punctuality, nor

the authenticated fact of an intoxicated person falling unscathed two hundred feet from the Dean Bridge in Edinburgh, where a sober one would certainly have been killed, be felicitously quoted at a Blue-Ribbon Army meeting. An apparently indifferent custom may strike deep into the working of human society, as Lord Bacon points out in the matter of square and round tables:—"A long table and a square table seem things of form, but are things of substance, for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business, but in the other form there is more use of the counsellors' opinion that sit lower." Again, it might moderate the vindictiveness of the most inveterate black-baller in London to remember how a candi-

date's enemy elected him by adding a black but twentieth ball to nineteen white ones, a score of members at least being required to vote.

Still, after observing in its myriad shapes the apparently capricious interference of good and evil fate in the lot of many, the igneous rocks, as it were, forcing their wayward passage through the methodically ordered strata of life, most impartial minds will be the more convinced that the former are the exceptions, the more impressed with the certain eventual triumph of law, the more confident that, although "Fortune brings in some boats which are not steered," all "Chance" is yet "direction which we cannot see."—*Spectator*.

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#### THE GROCER'S WAR.

ONE of the most extraordinary, characteristic, and instructive episodes of that great period of upheaval and transformation, the sixteenth century, the epoch of the Reformation and the Renaissance, of the press giving promise of becoming a power, and of Roman law subverting national codes, is the war, formally proclaimed, and carried on single-handed for between five and six years, between one bankrupt grocer of a suburb of Berlin and the Elector of Saxony, perhaps the most powerful prince of Northern Germany.

It was a war proclaimed and waged according to the rules of warfare as then accepted; and for how much longer it would have drawn on cannot be told, had not the grocer ventured, likewise, to proclaim war against his own sovereign, the Elector of Brandenburg.

The story is extraordinary, for it seems impossible that one man should be able to keep the country in terror and apprehension for so many years, and defy the power of the Elector; it is characteristic, for it could have occurred at no other epoch of modern history; and it is instructive, for it shows us how, under the influence of resentment, a God-fearing, honorable, and sober man may degenerate into a criminal.

The story was so strange and tragic, that one cannot be surprised at fiction

laying hold of it and transforming it. Kleist, the tragedian, in 1805 wrote a novel which he pretended to found on this story, but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the facts, and trusted to his imagination more than to history. It was not till 1864 that the whole story was told, as it had really occurred, by the Keeper of the Archives at Weimar, from an examination of the documents under his charge.

On October 1, 1532, as evening set in, a traveller riding a good horse, well equipped, and leading another—a chestnut—by the rein, drew up at the door of a village inn at Wellauna, on the high road between Berlin and Leipzig. The traveller called for a drink.

In the inn-sat, at the time, a number of peasants drinking, and they turned out to see the stranger. He was a man of about thirty, with keen gray eyes and a firm mouth. He was dressed in sober garments, but had his horse caparisoned in a manner hardly consistent with his own attire. He was well armed, with pistols and short sword. On the back of the chestnut was a sack of oats. The day was declining. The host of the inn advised the traveller not to proceed further that night, as the way, though a high road, was bad, and also because there were rumors of bandits being about. The stranger shrugged his shoulders,

and declined to accept the invitation within.

Then one of the peasants ventured on the remark that no man of honesty would ride abroad at night alone, and asked the traveller his name. He replied curtly, "that was no concern of theirs," and spurred his horse to go forward.

Then one of the peasants put his hand on the bridle, arrested the horse, and said that the lord of the village, the Squire of Zaschwitz, had given orders for the detention of every suspicious character who passed that way till he could give a satisfactory account of himself. The traveller was furious. He raised his whip and lashed at the fellow who had touched his bridle. With one voice the peasants charged him with being a highwayman, and with having stolen the horse he rode. They fell upon him; he drew his dagger and defended himself, but was thrown from his saddle. As the horse plunged and kicked, a space was cleared, and the stranger, clearing a way with dagger and pistol—or holster gun—broke through the peasants and escaped on foot, leaving his horses in their hands. The men, certain that they had done a good deed, at once led the horses to the house of the village magistrate, and gave him an account of their proceedings.

The traveller was Hans Kohlhasse, a grocer, living at Colln, then a village on the Spree, now a suburb of Berlin. He was a man of the highest character for integrity, and was known to his own sovereign, the Elector of Brandenburg, whom he supplied with bacon, honey, and herrings, when the Court was at Berlin. He was also a man somewhat above his station in attainments; he was a bit of a scholar, could read a Latin author, and he passed as a zealous adherent of Luther and the Reformation.

It was the time of the great Leipzig fair, and Kohlhasse had sent forward a great consignment of wares to the fair. He was following his wagons at an interval of a few days when the untoward event occurred at Wellauna.

Obliged to pursue his journey on foot, Kohlhasse did not reach Leipzig till the fair was nearly over. The consequence was that he was obliged to dispose of his goods at a figure below their cost to re-

lieve himself of the expense and trouble of conveying them back to Berlin.

Misfortunes never come singly. On his return he found that a creditor demanded immediate payment for a sum of money he was unable to raise. He fell into difficulties and became bankrupt.

That the affair at Wellauna was the sole cause of his ruin is improbable, but he believed it to be so. If his horses had not been arrested, he would have reached Leipzig in time to sell his goods to a profit, and then he could have satisfied his creditor, and having tided over this difficulty, would have got on. He regarded the Squire of Zaschwitz as the sole origin of his ruin, and gave way to bitter and furious hatred accordingly. He appeared before his sovereign, the Elector Joachim I. of Brandenburg, and laid his complaint before him. He was bidden appear before the Court at Döben on May 13, 1533, and the Squire of Zaschwitz was likewise summoned to appear. Before the Court Kohlhasse demanded the restoration of his horses, and the payment of 150 florins damages. This the Squire refused to pay. He, on his side, demanded twelve florins per half-year for the keep of the horses, and declined to surrender them till this was paid. The horses had, however, been so starved, that the day after the chestnut died.

In July the grocer appealed to the Elector of Saxony, in whose territory Wellauna was, and was referred to his courts of justice. The Squire of Zaschwitz refused all compromise, even though, at the advice of the judge, Kohlhasse lowered his demand for compensation from 150 florins to four florins.

The case dragged on; again the grocer appeared before the Court at Wittenberg, and again the Squire refused all compromise. The Court was inert, and would not enforce payment.

Then the wrath of the grocer flamed up, not now so much against the Squire as against the Elector of Saxony, because his courts of justice failed to do justice to him.

One morning, a few days later, a placard was found affixed to the doors of the electoral palace at Wittenberg and to the town gates, in which the grocer declared at length his case against the

Squire ; and then he went on to say that because the courts of, and the Elector of, Saxony had neglected to do their duty and enforce justice, therefore he, Hans Kohlhasse, declared war against Saxony. Here are the words with which this remarkable declaration of war concludes : " As I have nothing left me but my life to risk, I will defend my honor and my right to the best of my ability, and with every means at my disposal, and with persistence. I declare that I will respect and honor God and all the world, saving and excepting only Squire Gunther of Zaschwitz and the *whole land of Saxony*, and that to the aforesaid realm of Saxony and Gunther of Zaschwitz I shall be declared enemy, to rob, to burn, to maim in hand and foot, to carry off hostages and hold to ransom all such places and such persons wherever I shall come, till such time as Gunther of Zaschwitz shall indemnify me for the losses and wrongs that I have endured at his hands."

To understand this extraordinary document, it is necessary to know something of the rights of warfare as then understood in the Holy Roman Empire.

It was the understood and acknowledged right of such nobles, princes, and free cities as could not obtain redress for wrongs committed by means of the courts, to have recourse to arms to enforce their rights. But such a recourse must be preceded by a formal declaration of war, and such a war could only be undertaken under certain limitations. No act of violence might be undertaken until three days had elapsed since the declaration of war. None might be committed on four days in the week, from Wednesday evening to Monday morning early, which constituted the Truce of God. Also none might be committed against clergy, the sick, merchants with their wagons of goods, pilgrims, laborers in the field, against churches and churchyards. This right of private war had, indeed, been forbidden by the Diet of Worms in 1495, under pain of death, throughout the entire empire; but at the time of which we write every decree of a Diet must be renewed and accepted by the several princes, and carried out energetically, or it fell into disregard. What was remarkable about this declaration of war was, that it was

not proclaimed by one prince, or even by one baron against another, but by a penniless grocer against a very powerful prince and a populous country. What is not less remarkable is that the proclamation, so far from provoking laughter, occasioned general consternation. So far from the Elector of the Saxons generally regarding this as an empty threat, immediate precautions were taken for protection before the three days of grace elapsed.

The news spread like wild fire through Saxony. Double guards were set at the gates of the Saxon towns; no stranger was suffered to enter without credentials. Patrols well armed watched the frontiers and guarded the highways. A courier was despatched in all haste from Wittenberg to the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg to inform him of the declaration of war, and to request him to stay the proceedings of Kohlhasse, with a promise that the courts should reconsider the case of the grocer, and do him justice.

In the mean time, with curious chivalry, Kohlhasse had thrown up his rights of citizenship under the Elector of Brandenburg, so as not in any way to involve his sovereign in the consequences of his proceedings. Joachim accordingly, after keeping the messenger waiting five days, replied that he could do nothing, because Kohlhasse had ceased to be his subject; at the same time he allowed himself to remark, that "the matter really stands as Kohlhasse has complained. Through neglect of the Saxon courts to do justice to the man, he has been ruined."

Joachim was a firm and energetic prince, who with iron hand had put down all freebooting and private hostilities between the barons in his territories, and could hardly have been suspected of willingness to shut one eye at such a daring proceeding of a man who lived almost at his doors. But there are wheels within wheels, and Joachim bore a grudge against John Frederick of Saxony. Joachim was a zealous Catholic, and John Frederick was a protector of Luther; but then the grocer was also a favorer of the new light. There were other matters which had caused friction between the two princes, into which we need not enter. Suffice it to say that



Joachim was not sorry to see a thorn in his brother Elector's flesh.

On the night of April 9, 1534, the town of Wittenberg, the residential city of the Elector of Saxony, was in flames, set on fire in two opposite directions. The flames were extinguished with difficulty, but on the following night they broke out again in another quarter. Not only so, but the same night the village of Schutzenberg, not far from Wittenberg, was also in flames. The alarm became general.

The Elector John Frederick had undertaken to have the case retried in his courts, but the grocer refused to appear at Wittenberg unless the Elector would grant him a safe-conduct. This the Elector refused to do—he was so angry at the audacity of his petty enemy, and at the damage done to the town, which he and every one else attributed to Kohlhasse. Moreover, the Elector despised his enemy, and did not doubt that in a few days he would have him by the heels. Time passed, and Kohlhasse was not caught. At length the Elector reluctantly granted the letter of safe-conduct, and the court was to meet and rehear his case on December 6, 1534, at Jutterbog; but only under condition that Kohlhasse purged himself by oath of having set fire to the capital.

On the day before the court was to assemble, the Sheriff of Wittenberg and the judges appointed to hear the case entered Jutterbog. The Squire of Zaschwitz was in the mean time dead; his widow and children appeared by representatives.

The court opened in the Town Hall; the square before it, the hall itself, were crowded. Every one wanted to see the daring grocer who had defied their sovereign, and every one was anxious as to the result of the trial.

Before the court would proceed with the case the grocer was required to clear himself by oath of having set fire to Wittenberg. With firm step he advanced to the bar, raised his right hand to heaven, and said, "I, Hans Kohlhasse, swear by God and the holy Gospel that I am innocent of the charge of having set fire to Wittenberg, either by my own hand or by those of intermediaries. So help me God!"

Then the case was opened. Kohl-

hasse demanded indemnification for his losses to the amount of 1,200 florins. The defendants offered 300 florins. Finally an agreement was arrived at that the amount should be 600 florins, of which half should be paid by the widow and half by the children of the deceased Squire, and that the whole should be paid on January 1 ensuing.

Thus all seemed settled, and the grocer rode home content. But it was otherwise with the widow. When she heard of the compromise she was angry, and appealed to the Elector against it. He, on his side, wounded in his pride, chafing at having been foiled in his attempts to capture Kohlhasse, disbelieving his oath that he had not set fire to his capital, interfered, forbade the payment of the sum, and declared that the judges had exceeded their authority in sanctioning a compromise. It fell to the duty of the Sheriff of Wittenberg to announce the decision of John Frederick to the grocer. He rode with an escort to Berlin on December 26, drew rein before the house of Kohlhasse, and informed him that the Elector of Saxony refused to countenance the compromise. The grocer listened with calm, cold demeanor, and answered, "Tell your master that I understand the message." That Kohlhasse had not expected good results from the trial at Jutterbog may be judged from the fact that *before* it he wrote to Luther, asking his opinion whether, in the case of justice being denied him, he had a right to carry on war with a sovereign and his land. Unfortunately the grocer's letter has not been preserved, but the Reformer's answer is printed among his letters. It is sensible and just. He told Kohlhasse that he had no right to take the law into his own hands. This letter is dated December 3, 1534.

When it became known that the settlement of Jutterbog was disturbed, alarm became general in Saxony. A price was set on Kohlhasse's head, and the frontiers were watched.

But Kohlhasse remained for some time without taking action, following his business. Every act of violence committed in Saxony that could not be brought home to any one was by the common voice attributed to Kohlhasse; but when examined into, it proved that there were

no grounds for surmising that he was implicated.

Suddenly, one day in the ensuing March, when a party of Wittenberg merchants were refreshing themselves in an inn not far from Jutterbog, the house was entered by four armed men, of whom one was Kohlhasse, and the merchants were detained there for several days, and dismissed with a letter of warning written by Kohlhasse on a playing-card (still preserved at Weimar), addressed to the Burgmaster of Wittenberg, to announce that hostilities were about to recommence.

Not long after, a mill near Gommig, on Saxon territory, was attacked, the miller half killed, and the place plundered and set on fire.

Kohlhasse henceforth carried on his war in an ingenious manner. He never kept an organized body of men under his command, but called together one for each several enterprise he undertook, and as soon as that was over dismissed the band. He fell suddenly on a village in the night, plundered it, set it on fire, or forced it to pay an indemnity; sometimes carried away prisoners, whom he held to ransom.

Thus he took a Wittenberg wealthy citizen, called Reiche, captive, along with his wife, and carried them into the Bohemian Forest. He conveyed them finally to an island in a little lake. There his presence was betrayed, and a large body of Saxon guards and peasants attempted to surround and capture the band. Kohlhasse escaped in a boat, Reiche was taken and placed in the monastery of Birkholz close by, and one of the grocer's servants was captured, and, as the scene of the conflict took place within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lebus, was handed over to him to be tried and punished. Then ensued a curious circumstance. Reiche had been sent to the monastery of Birkholz, but the brothers there refused to release him, because, they said, he was a prisoner of war taken in legitimate war, and that they were not, accordingly, justified in releasing him. Moreover, they feared the consequences for themselves should they deliver up the captive of Hans Kohlhasse.

The Saxon Government now demanded of the Bishop of Lebus that he should

have the servant of Kohlhasse examined by torture, to discover the names of accomplices. This the bishop refused to do. The man was, however, tried and executed.

At the head of thirty-five men Kohlhasse entered the village of Marzalina, a few miles from Wittenberg. Every house was invaded, those who resisted were cut down. Kohlhasse had the pastor brought before him, and announced to him, that unless a certain sum he specified were forthcoming, the village should be destroyed with fire. The money was found, but Kohlhasse carried off the pastor and some of the principal inhabitants. On their way back into Brandenburg territory they set fire to the village of Schmogelsdorf. Wherever they passed they called out the peasants, and made them destroy the bridges in their rear. The pastor and the other captives were finally released on condition of their appearing before Kohlhasse with a ransom on a named day. In the event of their not appearing they were threatened with death. The Abbot of Zinna, near this scene of operations, managed to take some of those who had formed Kohlhasse's band, and speedily tried, sentenced, and executed them. The bodies were placed on wheels erected on the hill above Zinna, on top of poles. In the night Kohlhasse and his band came, removed the bodies, fastened a strip of parchment to the wheels with the sentence on them, "Judge righteously, O ye sons of men!" and rolled the wheels down the hill upon Zinna. For every life taken of one of his band he exacted another life, or took some other signal vengeance. The whole country was in alarm; the patrols were powerless. Kohlhasse appeared suddenly at one spot, executed some deed of violence, disappeared to re-emerge in some other quarter where least expected.

The Elector of Saxony appealed again to the Elector of Brandenburg. Joachim I. was dead; his son, Joachim II., was inclined to favor the Reform, and a few years later abjured Catholicism. John Frederick hoped that he would assist him to get rid of Kohlhasse. To him, also, Kohlhasse had declared his independence, so that his new sovereign might not be involved in responsibility

for the acts of his subject. Joachim II. weakly allowed the Saxon Elector to send his judges into Brandenburg to try, condemn, and execute the culprits within the territories of Brandenburg.

John Frederick was not slow to use this liberty accorded him. His judges passed from village to town, hearing, condemning, executing—they had brought their own Saxon executioner with them. They were accused of condemning on the slenderest evidence. The natives of these parts of the Marches would give no evidence against their fellow-countrymen. The country was roused against them. Kohlhasse made no attempts to fly; he walked about in Berlin and elsewhere without disguise; popular sympathy was with him, and popular detestation was roused against the butcher-assizes of the Saxon judges.

The judges, unable to obtain incriminating evidence from the reluctant Brandenburgers, put their victims to the torture, wrung from them confession and the names of confederates, and then executed them. Among those who were accused was one Pfaff, the brother of the nurse of the Electress of Brandenburg. The Electress interceded in his behalf. John Frederick was furious; this was evidence that the Court of Brandenburg favored the marauders. The mob rose and threatened the lives of the judges, and to release Pfaff from their hands the Saxon judges therefore carried him away into Saxony, and there executed him. How many were thus put to death is not known, but the number was considerable. In June 1539 the wife of Kohlhasse sent an appeal to John Frederick of Saxony to let bygones be bygones, to pardon what her husband had done; and she promised that if he would do this, her husband would proclaim peace. The Elector rejected the petition.

In the mean time Kohlhasse had not been idle; every execution of one of his adherents was revenged in Saxon territory by fire or murder. It was said that some of the patrols sent against him deserted to his side. Certainly every effort to prevent his crossing the frontier failed.

Now ensued one of the most striking episodes of the whole war.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLIX., No. 3

It must be borne in mind that according to the rights of war, as then understood, it was justifiable for one who was at war with another to put to death, rob, and burn on his territories, injuring innocent people, whose only fault lay in being subjects of the prince warred against. Though this was generally acknowledged, yet Kohlhasse's conscience seems not to have been easy concerning the blood that had been shed and the ruin wrought by him; and once more he resolved to appeal to Luther, not this time by letter, but face to face. One night, attended by a single servant, Kohlhasse appeared in Wittenberg—the capital of his enemy's territory—before Luther's house, and requested an interview. When asked his name he refused to give it, but demanded that the interview should be strictly private.

Luther consented to receive him. No sooner were they alone together than Luther said, "You are Kohlhasse." "I am, Doctor." Then Luther introduced other theologians, among them probably Melancthon, and the question of the justice of the war waged by the grocer, and his responsibility before his Maker for the blood and misery that resulted from his war, were discussed. He left the house before dawn, with bowed head, and with his hands nervously twitching. He had passed his solemn word to Luther not to attempt anything more against the land of Saxony. Before he left, Luther gave him the sacrament.

The Elector of Brandenburg now demanded that the names of those incriminated should be sent to him; a list of 115 was at once forwarded. Among these eleven were executed solely for complicity in the affair of Marzalipa.

Kohlhasse kept his word to Luther; with rage gnawing at his heart he heard of these new executions, and resented his inability to revenge them. He regretted his promise, and cast about how he might evade its obligation.

Unfortunately for him, a friend suggested the means. His own sovereign, Joachim II. of Brandenburg, had not used his proper influence to exact from the Elector of Saxony that justice which was due to the rights of his case in the matter of the horses at Wellauna. The only way in which he could force this

prince into taking up and interesting himself in his case would be to declare war against him!

Incredible as it may seem, Kohlhasse agreed to this, and issued his proclamation of war against the Elector of Brandenburg; then waited the legitimate number of days, and proceeded to carry his threat into execution.

A treasure in silver was being conveyed to Berlin from the Mansfeld mines to be minted. Kohlhasse intercepted the convoy, and carried off the silver.

This act of violence against his own sovereign completely turned the current of public sympathy from him; and it was not difficult for the Elector to obtain possession of his person. He was taken, along with a confederate, and both were condemned to be broken alive on the wheel. With them were sen-

tenced a citizen and his wife, in whose house this confederate had taken refuge, though ignorant who he was, and what crime he had committed. At the last moment the woman received pardon, but she refused to accept it, preferring to die with her husband. Kohlhasse was brought forth to execution with his companion on March 22, 1540. As he stood on the scaffold he was informed that his sovereign had commuted his mode of death to execution with the sword; but he refused the concession, because it was not extended to his comrade. With bold front, repeating the words "Never saw I the righteous forsaken," he presented himself to the executioner, and without a cry endured the protracted agonies of death on the wheel.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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DE MORTUIS.

THE dead of the winter brings death-warrants to many. Bitter frosts and the state of the atmosphere are registered not only by thermometers and barometers, but by the lengthening columns of deaths in the morning papers, and the frequency of those unsatisfactory obituary notices which summarily condense so many busy lifetimes. The multitude dies and few people are missed much, though there are sorrows and regrets in family circles. Acquaintances think a kindly thought or say a friendly thing, and there is an end of the defunct, so far as this world is concerned. If a man be useless, he is well out of the way; if he has been doing good work, nevertheless there are a score of jostling candidates eager to slip into his place, and possibly competent to fill it. The supply is everywhere in excess of the demand; the labor-market is overcrowded in all its departments; one individual is nearly as good as any other, and that is the case even where it is a question of talents and brains. There will never be a lack of legal ability, and we suspect that clientless solicitors and briefless counsel would willingly hazard the chances of an epidemic if it breached the barriers and made a clearance on the course. The practice of medicine,

with the system of running after the physicians in vogue, seems so much a matter of happy-go-lucky empiricizing, that, if you lose the favorite doctor who "knows your constitution," it is likely, to say the least of it, that it may be a blessing in disguise. The perennial flow of pulpit oratory is never sensibly dammed back by a single decease. And, fortunately or unfortunately, it is scarcely once in a couple of generations that the demise of the most distinguished statesman is a national calamity. It is not only the eminent leader of the opposite party, paying a graceful tribute to departed greatness, who thinks that the defunct is well out of the way. Colleagues and subordinates who have been overshadowed or thrust aside, in their hearts are much of the same opinion, while the nation puts easy-going faith in the Providence that from time immemorial has been driving the machine. So we might go on and multiply examples indefinitely, from the philanthropic employer of labor whose son steps into his shoes to the money-hoarding capitalist whose hoards are distributed at last to the benefit of society and the satisfaction of his heirs.

Yet there are men who are very generally missed, and who in some cases



are sincerely and deservedly mourned. As to the latter, if what happened after death were matter of much consideration to them, we should say that was one of the rare privileges of intellectual industry and distinction. "Lost treasures" is the epitaph that naturally suggests itself when we hear of the death of one of the few men who have been educating, enlightening, and entertaining their contemporaries. Take a Macaulay, for example. Here is a writer and a thinker who, notwithstanding his prejudices and prepossessions, or perhaps partly on account of them, has gained the ear of the world and has been wielding enormous influence. On the whole, he has been exercising it beneficially; and it is well, for hundreds of thousands have been thinking his thoughts and acting upon the opinions he has dictated or insinuated. His power was founded on a rare combination of gifts fructified by that restless industry which is indispensable. A most tenacious memory retained the vast stores of knowledge which had been garnered and assorted by a logical intellect. His picturesque and vivacious style owed much to that retentive memory. For, like the elder Dumas, though with infinitely more accuracy, the fancy flowed and the pen ran on without the necessities for incessant interruptions to look up books of reference. The breath is stopped in that living and exhaustive encyclopædia, and all the treasure is transmuted into the nothingness of withered leaves, like the gold of the magician in the Arabian tale. Or take a Scott, who was in the world of romance more than what Macaulay was as historian and essayist. Possibly we may light upon such another genius, although scarcely in the course of a century or so; but when can you hope for a genius so wonderfully inspired and sympathetically self-trained in all congenial subjects? It was in the fulness of his intellectual stores, as much as in his power of transporting himself to the past, or in the fervor of his imagination, that Scott could dash off a novel in six weeks, a *Waverley* or a *Woodstock*—and such novels as they were. The world goes into mourning, metaphorically speaking, for the Scotts or Macaulays, but the Scotts and Macaulays are phoenixes. As a rule, the men who may

rely on being regretted for a reasonable time must belong to intellectual coteries more or less comprehensive. They have been living personalities to those who have been learning to appreciate them; and, to come down from the abstract to the concrete, they have been well known in intellectual company and combination rooms, and probably conspicuous figures at their Clubs. Thackeray remarks somewhere, with pathetic cynicism, on the requiem chanted by Club members over the loss of a companion. "So poor old Brown is gone," and the familiar chair is vacant; Brown's favorite place knows him no more, and in a day or two he is forgotten. But Thackeray was talking then of the mute and inglorious rank and file; of the worthy veteran whose best ambition was to prolong a life that was no great pleasure to any one. It is a very different thing when you have lost a friend whose friendship has been a privilege you never sufficiently valued; when you are reminded too late of the playful humor, the lively reminiscences, the happy knack of story-telling, the wide social experiences, or the unobtrusive cultivation which turned to profitable account so many an idle hour which would otherwise have been wasted or dragged wearily by. Clubmen and press-writers generally do ample, if tardy, justice to the lights that have gone out, especially if they have been quenched suddenly or prematurely. A selfish sense of the loss may have something to do with it, but undoubtedly *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is generally the *mot d'ordre*. Slight follies or eccentricities are forgotten, as they should be, or only alluded to with respectful affection. They would be pleased to see the intellectual Pendennis back again in the great arm-chair or at the snug corner table, the monopoly of which was so often grudged him. Even if the defunct had the not undeserved character of a cynic, and if he practised a reserve which many people resented, these things turn to his advantage rather than otherwise. We recollect a striking instance of that, *à propos* of a death that occurred a few years ago. An old gentleman had dropped off who knew everybody and had written on a variety of social subjects, infusing a good deal of personal piquancy into the articles. He

was known popularly as a chary sayer of good things; as a man who had made his way in society by the sneers and sarcasms that came more readily than compliments; as a grumbler and a growler who, after his long experiences, was inclined to think the worst of human nature. He died one day, and his death left a blank, though he had been withdrawing himself from the world he still loved so well. Immediately, and as a matter of course, many tongues and pens were busy about him. It is true that due notice was taken of the faults he had almost ostentatiously and aggressively paraded. Seeking the materials for an effective, not to say a faithful, portrait, these could not be overlooked or neglected. But it is remarkable that his memorialists, whether in print or *viva voce*, laid themselves out, almost with one consent, to praise him for his better qualities. With ingenuity and indefatigable research worthy of professional commentators on Shakspeare, they hunted up all the good actions he had done, the seasonable assistance he had extended to the friendless, and all the kindly things he had ever said. The best of it was that, as we have reason to believe, all the things said in his favor were generally true, though doubtless bright coloring was laid on pretty freely. But the upshot was that almost excessive honor was paid to his memory, and that, as Dugald Dalgetty remarked to the Marquess of Argyll, in the dungeon at Inverary, no one had ever heard half so much good of him before, although he had not survived to blow his own trumpet.

And if that was so with a man who certainly did not cultivate geniality, and who had lent himself more or less to malevolent interpretation, how much more must it be the case with some of the members the literary Clubs have lost this season? A great writer may be a great public loss, but a great traveller and quick-sighted observer who has the genius of drawing vividly on all he has seen is far more genuinely regretted by his familiars. Sighing over the pleasures of the past, you feel in despondency that you never can look on his like again. It is not only that while you

have been lounging or laboring at home he has been touring everywhere between the Poles and the Equator. It is not only that he has been correcting crude theories by shrewd observations all the world over, and that he has been evolving the lessons of world-wisdom which give a flavor to his least formal talk. But he has been the spectator of scenes in the world's history which henceforth you can only read of in books, and he is rich in the reminiscences of the men who have been writing the history of which you read, and with whom he has long been living in acquaintance or intimacy. Then there is the easy talker who, without having been much out of England, is almost as instructive and entertaining within narrower limits. He has never set down his reminiscences in print, or, if he has done so, he has been fettered by discretion and the proprieties, and has consequently omitted much that was most pungent. Yet what a store of ready anecdote he had about those who came to the front of the stage in their lives, but have long since been gathered to their fathers! He may have mixed with statesmen and have memories of the Duke and Peel, of Lord John meditating measures of reform, and Palmerston at the Foreign Office, or Lord Beaconsfield after the Congress of Berlin. Or he may have been living with the men of literature all his life, and have any amount of "the curiosities of literature" at his fingers' ends. Or he may have been a patron of the drama and a frequenter of the green-rooms from time; practically immemorial, and no *causeurs* can make more agreeable talk than those who have cultivated the society of great actors. It matters very little what line his tastes took so long as he had some speciality in which he was strong—so long, above all, as his nature was warm and sympathetic, and so long as he had been stealing on your heart while you knew he was dazzling your intelligence. Dismissing idle regrets while doing tardy justice to the departed, we may strive for our own sakes to feel more generously than we have hitherto felt to the agreeable friends that are happily spared to us.—*Saturday Review*.

## A PHILANTHROPIST.

## A TALE OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WE were seated in a corner of the smoking-room of the good ship *Etruria*, bound from New York to Liverpool. It was in the month of May, and there was barely sufficient breeze to scatter the smoke of our cigars as it floated out through the open doors and windows. As is usual on these voyages, our little knot of talkers was made up of very varied types : a veteran New York journalist coming over to England to report the approaching Jubilee ; a young English doctor returning from a trip to the United States, undertaken for the purpose of studying the American systems of treating lunatics and criminals ; two or three merchants of different nationalities, and two or three other travellers, including the writer, of no particular profession or calling.

The conversation, which began with the usual remarks concerning the prospects of fair weather, the number of knots run by our ship and her merits as compared with other ocean-liners, gradually assumed a more earnest character. A chance allusion to the probable insanity of a notorious criminal drew out the doctor, whose account of some of his recent observations soon involved us in a discussion as to the difficulty of drawing any hard-and-fast line between sane criminals and criminal lunatics.

Dr. Hudson thought that, under the influence of a mental shock, occasioned by the sudden destruction of some long-cherished plan or ideal, a man of generous nature and superior intellect might be led momentarily to discard all the principles which had previously guided him. During the time he was thus influenced, it would be unfair to hold him accountable for his actions.

Several passengers at once assailed the speaker, whose views, they asserted, were full of danger to society. It was impossible to believe in the reality of such a sudden and temporary transformation as Dr. Hudson had described ; if he were right, who was to be trusted ? Here the correspondent, who had hitherto seemed absorbed in the enjoyment of his cigar, for the first time broke silence.

"I agree with the doctor," he said, in clear if somewhat drawling tones. "I once knew a man whose talents and acquirements I have never seen equalled, and whose whole life was devoted to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Nevertheless, the last deeds of that man were in direct contradiction with the whole of his previous career."

He was about to enter into details when he was interrupted by the sound of a bell, which led to the immediate dispersion of the company in the direction of the dining-saloon.

When we met again after dinner, it was easy to perceive that but few of the smokers were in a mood to pursue the discussion that had preceded our meal. For my part, however, I have always felt a deep interest in the fate of those exceptional beings upon whom the rarest gifts seem only to have been lavished to lead to their ultimate misfortune and ruin. I therefore begged the correspondent, whose name I had learned was Hastings, to tell us something more about the man he had referred to. The result of my request was that some few of those present withdrew to a distant corner, but it was so warmly supported by others, that Mr. Hastings expressed his readiness to comply with our wishes ; and after waiting until we were supplied with our favorite drinks, he began as follows :

## HASTINGS'S STORY.

"Before some of you were born, far back in the fifties, I was sent over to San Francisco by the managers of a leading New York journal, who were anxious to obtain trustworthy information concerning the organization and proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, whose vigorous action in putting down disorder in the capital of the gold districts was exciting much interest in the Eastern States. The story of the foundation of this Committee, and the measures by which they succeeded in re-establishing peace and order in San Francisco, has been too often told for me to repeat it now. When I reached my

destination the excitement was at its height; two or three of the boldest assassins had already been arrested and hanged, but the rowdy element was still sufficiently strong to give life in San Francisco an ample spice of the sensational. To take a mild average, not a day passed without one or two murders, followed by a vigorous pursuit of the criminals and a desperate struggle between their chums and the Vigilants, which invariably ended in the defeat of the former and the execution of the murderers. The disorderly section of the population, although, in reality, only a very small minority, was still, however, sufficiently strong to give a general tone of recklessness to the course of events in the Golden City. One morning, for instance, a band of disappointed diggers would enter the town disguised as Indians, and commit every kind of excess, until shot down or put to flight by the respectable inhabitants, who, on the alarm-bell at the fire-station being rung, would come rushing out of their dwellings, armed every man with his bowie-knife and pistols, the latter of which were freely discharged in the supposed direction of the enemy, without over-much consideration as to whether the bullets found the right or the wrong billets. Later on, the same bell perhaps would ring a furious alarm of fire; and scarcely had the firemen collected, when they would have to exchange shots with a band of maddened broken gamblers, who were determined to burn down the 'gold hell' in which they had been ruined, without the least regard for the fact that its destruction by fire would probably involve that of about half the town. The frequent occurrence of incidents of this nature, and the serious personal risk I had run as a spectator, soon so completely took the edge off my curiosity, that I scarcely cared to go farther than the post office, unless I had received positive information that something unusually interesting was on the cards.

"I was engaged one hot summer's day in drawing up a detailed account of the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee, from such notes as my position as a representative of a leading Eastern paper had enabled me to collect, when I was interrupted by the noise made by

a number of shots, following one another in such rapid succession as to sound almost like volleys of musketry. The sounds proceeded from the opposite side of the small square in which my hotel was situated. From the window close to my writing-table I could see a strong and apparently disciplined body of men, flanked by a disorderly mob, furiously attacking a small two-storeyed log-house. The defenders kept up a steady fire from the windows, with fatal effect upon their regular assailants and the crowd of volunteers. Among the latter I could readily distinguish the types of a great variety of races. Citizens of the Eastern and Southern states of the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, Spaniards and Germans, a band of Indians in their war-paint, and on the skirts of the mob some Chinamen as spectators. Conspicuous as being mounted, while every one else was on foot, was a little knot of Mexicans, with their richly braided jackets, broad-brimmed *sombreros*, high-peaked saddles, and shovel stirrups. Those horsemen seemed to take no part in the attack, but sat calmly smoking their cigarettes, with the exaggeration of elegant listlessness they love to assume when anything is going on which is exciting to look at, but in no way concerns their personal interests. They were armed in the fashion of their country, with *lazos* and long *machetes* or swords.

"Presently, from a window not far from the one out of which I was gazing, I heard the order given to open ranks, disperse, and re-form behind the hotel. The men who constituted the disciplined nucleus of the assailants of the opposite house at once dropped back among the crowd, and in a few minutes I saw them fall in again beneath my back windows. They numbered about one hundred in all, of whom fifty, in obedience to an order from the same man who had recalled them from the attack, prepared to form a battering column. For this purpose two huge pine-logs, about thirty feet in length, were brought from a pile of lumber in the neighborhood and raised upon the shoulders of the men, carefully selected in pairs; the remainder of the little body was directed to advance in skirmishing order, keeping up a hot fire upon the house.



"While these arrangements were being made in the empty space behind the hotel, the mob had been passing the time in discharging their pistols at the massive logs which formed the outer walls of the beleaguered house. The enjoyment derived from this harmless exercise lost none of its zest from the fact that the garrison thought fit to reserve their fire for worthier foes. The ball-practice was soon interrupted by a characteristic incident which appears to me worth noticing. One of the crowd, who had worked himself into a state of exasperation owing to his six-shooter having got hampered and no longer discharging its six shots in as many seconds, raised a sudden cry of 'Burn him out !' and was preparing to carry out his idea by setting fire to a heap of chips and shavings piled up against one of the walls of the house. At the critical moment a fellow-rowdy stepped up to him and shot him through the head, shouting out, by way of explanation, 'The powder-magazine !' such a building being in fact only separated from the log-house by a few yards of waste ground. Several other gentlemen then came forward and expressed their approval of the presence of mind displayed by emptying their six-shooters into the dead body, an operation which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the men with the battering-rams.

"The storming-party consisted of two bands of twenty men each, bearing the pine-logs on their shoulders. At the word 'Charge !' the first log was carried forward at a run, with the intention of driving in the entrance door of the house attacked ; but scarcely had half the necessary ground been covered, when six shots rang out almost simultaneously, and the six front supporters of the log fell wounded to the ground, immediately followed by the majority of their unwounded comrades, and by the ponderous mass itself. The ground was rapidly cleared of dead and dying, and at the word 'Charge !' the second log was borne forward toward the door, though perhaps at a somewhat slower pace than the first. Again the shots rang out from the house, and again the log fell to the ground.

"Great was the exasperation of the crowd, and as various as wild the

schemes proposed by amateur generals who formed part of it. Some were for setting fire to the house and letting the powder 'rip' if it chose ; others for removing it from the magazine and then burning down the house. Whosoever had a proposal to make began by shouting it out at the top of his voice, and a second later he would be engaged in furious altercation with the nearest of those who had any objection to his plan. The dispute generally closed by the discharge of a few pistol-shots, which caused much scattering of the crowd, but did little harm to the combatants. The rough black house stood its ground, grim and impassive, as if in contempt of the futile schemes suggested for its destruction.

"Meanwhile the leader of the Vigilants, who constituted the main body of the assailants, seeing the uselessness of a direct attack upon the wooden ramparts opposed to him, determined to resort to a blockade, and a cordon was formed round the house. Few of the mob had any ammunition left, and most of them were thinking of dinner, and gradually moving away from the scene of action, when suddenly the door of the invested house was thrown open, and into the very midst of the guards leaped an herculean figure in a red shirt, with flowing grizzly beard, and hair reaching down to his shoulders. In his right hand he carried an axe of unusual size, while his left brandished a broad bowie-knife. Close behind him ran two tall and slender boys, the one a mulatto, the other a fair-haired English-looking youth : they were both armed with long Indian lances and light hunting-knives.

"For a moment there appeared to be a fair chance that the daring assailants would succeed in cutting their way through the guards, who had evidently received orders not to use their firearms. As to what remained of the crowd, there was scarcely a man whose revolver was loaded, and there was certainly not one disposed to engage in hand-to-hand conflict with the formidable athlete in the red shirt. The three fugitives were already fast approaching the hotel, when the voice that had directed the attacks on the log-house was again heard, 'Now, Señores Mexicanos,' whereupon the little knot of horsemen dashed with light-

ning speed to the front, and instantly lassoed and threw to the ground the three men, who were promptly secured by the Vigilants, who had followed close upon their tracks.

"The cry 'Bully for the Vigilance!' was now raised by the crowd, who, to my astonishment, fell back and made way for the removal of the prisoners, without any great show of reluctance. Some few followed, shouting 'Lynch them!' but the majority repaired to the now defenceless house, evidently with no friendly intentions. There again, however, they were stopped by another body of men belonging to the ubiquitous committee, before whom the crowd fell back, growling but unresisting, like a dog whose bone has been taken from him by his master.

"The drama on the square had now come to an end, and I hastened to seek for some explanation of the strange incidents of which I had been an eyewitness. In the same hotel as myself lived one of the leading lawyers of San Francisco, who was generally believed to exert no slight influence over the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee. As the voice that had directed the assault on the house came from the window of one of his rooms, I felt justified in inferring that he would give me some information as to what had occurred.

"In reply to my questions, Mr. Russell, as I may as well call him, told me that the house attacked was the dwelling of a man known as Nat Turner, who had been at San Francisco for some little time, and who was supposed to be a 'Britisher' by birth. Shortly after his arrival he had taken the house in question, partly furnished, and had stored in it the contents of a number of cases which had arrived by sea. He was accompanied by two youths, the one a white, the other a mulatto, who were popularly supposed to be his own sons. The fact of his receiving no visitors, and never being seen in a drinking-saloon, had excited considerable curiosity, which his invariable refusal to allow any one to cross his threshold had not tended to allay. The two boys had been stopped and questioned to no purpose, and two or three of the leading citizens who had tried to draw Turner into conversing about himself, had been repulsed

in a somewhat abrupt manner. The result was, that before a month had elapsed he had become unpopular with all classes of society, and it was generally expected that he would soon find the place too hot to hold him. When the rowdies became aware that the new-comer would receive but scant support from the respectable portion of the community, two or three of the boldest made up their minds to try his mettle. Consequently one day, when on his road to the post-office, where he was wont to repair almost daily for books and newspapers, of which he received a large supply, he was stopped by three of the most notorious bullies of the town, one of whom took him by the arm, and endeavored, with the assistance of the other two, but with a show of playful violence, to force him into the nearest drinking-shop. Nat allowed himself to be hustled along as far as the corner of the street, where a pile of refuse of the most unsavory description was rotting in the sun. Stopping suddenly, he swung the man who held his arm head over heels into the midst of the garbage, and with a strength and agility far surpassing all that they had hitherto experienced, gripped the other two rowdies by the collar, kicked their legs from under them, and deposited them on the top of their sprawling comrade. Before they had time to recover, Nat Turner had disappeared into the post-office. As might have been expected, when he came out half an hour later, he was assailed by the three bullies, cheered on by a crowd of their admirers. Each of them held in his hand a six-shooter, which he pointed at Turner's head. 'Now then, you English skunk! let's see what you look like when you've got to go under,' said the foremost, taking deliberate aim. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the revolver was wrenched from his hand, he himself was sent spinning into the gutter by a splendidly delivered left-hander, and before the other two had made up their minds to shoot they both rolled over, shot through the right shoulder by their crony's revolver. Turner having thus rapidly got rid of his principal opponents, turned upon the crowd with so fierce a look that the nearest recoiled upon those behind them to make room for him. Seeing that no

one appeared inclined for a trial of skill with him, he pushed straight on toward his house, not only without further molestation, but accompanied by more than one shout of 'Well done, Britisher!' from the faithless crowd. The reckless daring of the man who, single-handed and unarmed, had encountered and utterly discomfited the three leading champions of the disorderly classes, had the desired effect, and he was thenceforth left to pursue his own course until an opportunity should offer for paying him off without too much personal risk. About a year had elapsed since the encounter had taken place, Turner's three adversaries had gone off to the diggings, and his peculiarities were in a fair way of being forgotten, when the whole town was thrown into a state of excitement by the disappearance of a young Frenchman named St. Valentin, who had powerful friends among the Southerners. After a prolonged inquiry, it was ascertained that he had last been seen near Turner's house; and on the matter being laid before the newly established Vigilance Committee, it was decided that his house should be searched. The two men who volunteered for the duty had been refused admittance; and on their attempting to effect an entry by force, they had been shot down just outside the doorway. Thence the attack on the house which I had witnessed.

"If, added my informant, I felt any desire to be present at the examination of the house, which had been intrusted to him, he would willingly incur the responsibility of allowing me to accompany him. I at once closed with this offer, and soon afterward we entered the mysterious building together.

"It was, as I have said, a small two-storeyed building of massive logs. It consisted of six rooms, besides an underground kitchen and store-rooms. There was but little furniture beyond the three beds and a few chairs and tables; but the walls were covered with carefully executed and well-framed drawings, designed to illustrate the effect of every conceivable torture on the countenance of human beings. Side by side with these hung other drawings, labelled 'probable effect of operation A, B, etc.,' the meaning of which we could not make out, though the placid faces of the per-

sons represented certainly stood out in striking contrast to those of the victims in the adjacent frames, and to those of the plaster models in the corners of the room, which represented the sufferings of the human frame when racked by painful diseases. Farther on were numerous drawings, plaster casts, and wax models, reproducing anatomical preparations of portions of the body in a pathological condition. I noticed likewise a number of portraits, bearing names more or less familiar, such as Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Cagliostro, Harvey, Hunter, Claude Bernard, and Magendie, and many others which I have forgotten. One whole room was given up to a collection of arms of a very complete character. Each description of weapon was arranged in a series, ranging, for instance, from the prehistoric flint knife to the modern bowie-knife,—and so on in each class. Another room was devoted to the illustration of experiments in vivisection. I noticed in particular a small oven, out of which projected the head of a stuffed lapdog, labelled 'King Charles, used by Claude Bernard in his celebrated experiments; lethal heat in this case, 112° centigrade.' I would rather not describe other still more horrible models in illustration of the experiments on living criminals, of Falopius, Vesalius, and others; indeed I think that I have said enough to convince you that the contents of Turner's house were such as would furnish a very complete museum of horrors. One peculiarity of this museum, from my point of view, was the strange impression of familiarity it produced upon me. Although the objects of which it was composed were evidently all originals of rare individual merit, and such as could only have been brought together by a highly trained if somewhat morbid intellect, I felt convinced that I had seen most of them before under totally different circumstances; the pitifully distorted head of the lapdog, among others, appeared to recall to me a familiar sensation of horror connected with bygone days.

"I was cudgelling my brains to discover where and when I had become acquainted with mimic horrors resembling the objects in Turner's museum, when I was reminded of the motive of our visit by the shouts of those who had

gone straight to the basement. After breaking open several doors strongly secured by lock and bolt, the searchers had come upon a kind of tank filled with quicklime. The result of a closer examination was the discovery of the remains of two men—the one of singularly powerful frame and large stature, the other a slender youth—and of an unusually large dog. The features of the larger corpse were no longer recognizable; but the lawyer who had accompanied me felt confident that the body would be identified as that of Teddy O'Brien, an Irish prize-fighter, whom Turner had rescued when drunk from the bowie-knife of a rowdy who had an old score to pay off, and who in return had attached himself to Turner, being in fact the only outsider who ever crossed his threshold. As to the slenderer corpse, it was evidently that of St. Valentin; if any doubt could have existed, it would at once have been dispelled by the presence of the dog, an animal that followed that interesting youth everywhere, and who displayed the most devoted affection for him. The doctor who was called in to express an opinion as to the mode of death manifested intense surprise, not unmixed with admiration, when he had examined a large wound on St. Valentin's head; but he refused to explain, on the plea that his opinion must be reserved for the official report. Indeed, even if Turner could have been completely exonerated from all responsibility for the death of the two men whose bodies had been found in his house, he had unquestionably killed a large number of men, and nothing could save him from the last penalty of the law. 'As a matter of sentiment,' said my lawyer friend, 'I am glad to believe that Turner was not a cold-blooded assassin; we did what we could for him, but he wouldn't listen to reason.'

There being now no motive for prolonging our stay in this ill-fated house, I returned to the hotel to take notes of what I had seen. A few hours later I received a message to the effect that the prisoner Turner would be deeply grateful if I would visit him in his prison, as he wished to speak to me on business of vital importance.

"I must admit that this communica-

tion aroused feelings of a very mixed character. In the interests of my employers, and for the sake of my own reputation—as a 'cute correspondent, nothing more fortunate could have occurred; but at the same time I felt a decided repugnance to the idea of making capital out of the last moments of a man in whom I felt an involuntary interest. As I approached the prison, which was situated at a considerable distance from my hotel, a thousand well-nigh forgotten associations arose in my mind, and pleaded with me in favor of the man who now lay helpless and hopeless in the town jail. The glimpse I had caught of Turner, as he broke through the Vigilance guards, had recalled to me the image of a hero of my younger days. When I was a law student at Dublin, the leading spirit of the university was Fitzgerald, known among us as 'Madcap Harry,' or the 'Admirable Crichton,' according to the mood in which we found him. He was unquestionably superior to the majority of his fellow-students, in athletic exercises as well as in intellectual gifts. Beyond the precincts of the university very little was known of his life. From the reckless way in which he spent and lent money, without ever being troubled by duns, we assumed that he was rich, an impression which was confirmed by the lavish manner in which he had filled his rooms with everything connected with his varied pursuits. Fitzgerald, who had been two years at Dublin when I joined the law classes, was a medical student, and was fond of taking us over his very original collection of anatomical specimens and models. Yes; there could no longer be any doubt about it, that was where I had seen the model of Claude Bernard's oven. I remembered that during one long vacation, Fitzgerald had gone over to Paris to attend a course of lectures given by the distinguished physiologist, and had brought back with him the model in question. The stuffed dog was, he said, the one hundred and fiftieth animal of that species which had been experimented on. The prisoner under sentence of death in the San Francisco jail, and my old comrade Fitzgerald, were one and the same person!

"After exhibiting my permit, I was



shown into the room where Turner was confined. I found him quietly smoking a short pipe, and apparently waiting my arrival. By his side stood a small table, on which lay some sheets of paper closely written over.

"Will you forgive me for troubling you?" he said. "I had accidentally heard of the presence here of a correspondent of one of the leading New York journals, and I would rather trust a man fresh from the East than any resident of this town. But surely," he added, as I took the chair he had offered me, "your name must be Hastings. If so, you are not the man to be ashamed to recognize Fitzgerald, your old college chum. A law student who has knocked about the world well-nigh a score of years, is likely to understand that a man may be a dangerous criminal in the eyes of the law, and yet a well-meaning enough sort of fellow in reality."

"Even my remembrance of the proverbial coolness of my old friend had not prepared me for this address. I had expected a certain amount of embarrassment, perhaps some hesitation or doubt, as to whether he should make himself known to me, lest I should repudiate all previous acquaintance with him. His attitude was not in the least that of a man who feels that he owes apologies, or at all events explanations, to his old friends, before he can meet them on equal terms."

"I was too deeply impressed by the horror of his position not to do my best to conquer any feeling of repulsion I may have felt. I could think of nothing better than to catch hold of his hand and give it a friendly grasp."

"I had hoped to meet you under happier circumstances," I said, huskily.

"I have quite made up my mind as to what has to follow," he answered calmly; "but I can't help feeling a certain amount of bitterness when I think that the prize I have been striving to reach during long years of toil will, owing to my death, be withheld from the world for an indefinite time longer. But there is little to be gained by dwelling on my feelings. To judge by the howling of those white savages outside, I shan't be allowed to be many minutes longer with you, and there are one or two things I want you to do for the sake

of old times. Those papers on the table contain a short account of my life, which I think will explain how I have come to my present position. When Mr. X—, the leader of the Vigilant party who attacked my house, has read these lines, I think, from what I know of him, that for the benefit of science and in the interests of the world at large, he will not allow my collection to be scattered. Will you place this manuscript in his own hands after you have read it? and if you please, take a copy of it yourself. I am sure I need not ask you to do what you can to prevent the utter waste of a whole life's work. Poor boys!" he continued, pointing to the youths I have already mentioned, who were lying side by side fast asleep on a mattress in a corner of the room—"poor boys! I might have made something of them but for this unlucky ending of all my schemes. So good-by, old fellow! God bless you! I die with the consciousness of having striven hard to do good to the world. I must pay for a moment of madness with my life, and, harder by far, with that of those poor boys." With a last shake of the hand I left him, taking with me the manuscript, and returned to my hotel, somewhat dejected by this meeting with an old college friend on the eve of his execution. I had not a sufficient sense of my duty to my employers to attend on the occasion; but I heard later that the three culprits had met death with a coolness worthy of their reputation for fearlessness."

"Is that all?" I cried, in accents of ill-suppressed indignation, as Hastings quietly lit a cigar and commenced smoking, without any sign of an intention to vouchsafe us a more satisfactory ending than the foregoing; "and have you kept us all day listening to an unsolved riddle? We want to know how Fitzgerald could be innocent of the four murders committed before his house was attacked, and what was the mysterious object he was pursuing for the benefit of humanity?"

"Well, gentlemen," returned Hastings, quietly, "I can give you no explanations. If you won't make too much row, however, to-morrow, if we all feel inclined, I will read you the

manuscript, of which I have a copy by me. It will tell you all about the murders ; but without the collection and its explanatory catalogues, I am afraid you won't be much the wiser as to Fitzgerald's philanthropical aims."

Next day after lunch Hastings took up his usual position, and proceeded to read the following pages :—

FITZGERALD'S MANUSCRIPT.

"My parents died when I was still a very small child, and I have no distinct recollection of them. I was taken charge of by my father's younger brother, who enjoyed some reputation as a physiologist, and who certainly did his best to train me for taking my place among the votaries of his pet science. For this purpose he early initiated me into the mysteries of the dissecting-room, and when he deemed my nerves sufficiently hardened, he revealed to me in due course all the secrets of the laboratory of a devoted vivisectionist. Before I was eighteen, I could approach a painful experiment in vivisection with the delight experienced by the skilful surgeon in performing a difficult operation from which he anticipates extraordinary benefit for the patient. I learned never to shrink from the dissection of a living animal, nor to hesitate in inflicting any amount of pain, if I saw the least chance of an approach to some discovery likely to benefit humanity. I had been duly taught that the sufferings of the higher animals, when the cuticle had once been pierced, were scarcely inferior to those of human beings ; but I considered it perfectly justifiable that beasts should be made to suffer for the advancement of a science whose discoveries were calculated to diminish the sufferings of human beings. It was under the empire of this conviction that I approached my work ; and even before I entered upon my regular studies at the Dublin University, I had acquired such skill and strength of nerve, and such indifference to the sufferings of my subjects, that I already was worthy of the proud title of 'a real artist in vivisection,' which was subsequently conferred upon me by one of the great French masters."

Here Hastings stopped for a moment

to explain that he had thought it best to drop certain details given by Fitzgerald in illustration of his proficiency in vivisection. He then continued reading :—

"I had but little opportunity at Dublin itself of adding to my knowledge of this important branch of medical science : but I took advantage of the vacations to attend lectures wherever an opportunity offered. The death of my uncle, which occurred soon after I had taken my degree, left me in possession of sufficient means to prosecute my experiments in the most satisfactory manner ; and before I was thirty, I was thoroughly acquainted with the labors of the greatest authorities, most of whose experiments I found means of repeating independently. The result of my studies was a conviction that the action of the nerves in mental as well as physical disorders, had been singularly underrated, not to say entirely overlooked, by previous inquirers. By means of a series of careful experiments, I found that the excision of certain important nerves would, according to their position, either stimulate or extirpate such qualities as courage, fidelity, industry, patience, etc., which mankind possesses in much the same degree as the lower animals. The nerves I operated upon with unfailing success exist in man ; and from a careful study of curious medical cases, I thought it highly probable that they might be worked upon with the same useful effects. This fact once satisfactorily established, observations might be made with a view to the discovery of the other nerves capable of exercising an influence on the human character and constitution. If successful, the inquiry might serve a double purpose : it might lead to a new classification of the diseases under the direct influence of the nerves, and, further, result in the discovery of processes by means of which skilful specialists, operating on infants, might eliminate most of the vicious instincts which are a fruitful source of misery in the world. A hereditary tendency to drunkenness, violence, or dishonesty might thus be counteracted, to say nothing of the facility with which more tangible diseases, such as gout and consumption, might be eradicated from the system should they be found, as I fully anticipated, to

depend upon a morbid condition of certain nerve-centres. I refrain from going more deeply into professional details, as the result of all my experiments is set forth at full length in a manuscript, which will be found behind the dog in Claude Bernard's oven. It will therefore be sufficient for me to add, that a long and varied experience in hospitals and on battle-fields has furnished me with ample evidence in support of my theory. I have seen a sober man become an inveterate drunkard on recovering from a fit of insensibility, caused by the fall of a piece of brick on his head from a scaffolding he was passing under. On the other hand, I have come across a dull and stupid fellow who, thanks to a sabre-cut above the brows, which exposed the brain, was eventually converted into a man of delicate wit, fertile imagination, and picturesque narrative powers. The extraordinary development of certain faculties under the influence of mental disease is too well known for me to dwell upon it now. What is wanted is an opportunity of proving by direct experiment that given effects will result from a given operation. In the good old days I might have had an opportunity of experimenting on some of those ruffians who are howling outside; but nowadays a student of physiology has difficulty enough about puppy dogs and rabbits, to say nothing of men.

"I was led to transfer my laboratory to San Francisco, by the accounts I had read of the disorderly conditions of society here. The number of crimes of violence was extremely great; and I thought that the make-shift hospitals of a new community might perhaps afford me opportunities of making the desired experiments *in corpore vili*. I was not wrong in my previsions. Some opportunities did offer, of which I took advantage, taking care to select individuals whose death would be a clear gain to the world. I was not very successful; but of course the chances were strongly against my patients being wounded in the precise manner I required, and I did not feel justified in treating the charges of men whom I temporarily replaced, as freely as I might have done my own.

"I am now coming to the incidents which have led to my being placed in

my present disagreeable predicament. Teddy O'Brien and St. Valentin were, as is well known, two notorious characters in their respective ways: about ten days ago they disappeared from their usual haunts, and were finally traced to my house, where indeed their bodies will be found. The facts of the case are as follows: Poor Teddy, a splendid boxer and a good enough fellow when sober, had been playing cards with St. Valentin in a neighboring drinking-shop. The good stupid fellow had no chance with the professional card-sharper, and was stripped of his last cent. Just, however, as St. Valentin was about to land another large stake on credit, his big dog placed his paw suddenly on his arm, which caused the *left bower* to fall out of his sleeve. Up jumped Teddy, and, vowing that he had been swindled, seized the whole of the money still lying upon the table, and rushed out of the house to avoid St. Valentin's revolver. The little Frenchman followed; but only caught him up just as he had plunged into the door of my house, which one of the boys had opened on seeing Teddy's danger. The Frenchman entered after him, before the door could be closed, and with him the dog. When Teddy saw a pistol pointed at his head, he threw himself on one side, so that the bullet only grazed his cheek, and struck out violently at his adversary. I was aroused from my studies by the sound of the shot, followed by a groan and a heavy fall. When I arrived on the scene of action, one boy was trying to remove a fallen body, and the other endeavoring vainly to assist poor Teddy, who was struggling for his life with St. Valentin's wolf-hound. Before I could interfere, he staggered and fell backward, dragging the dog with him. Both were dead: the brute had torn out Teddy's windpipe, and the prize-fighter's iron hands, in the convulsions of death, had crushed the dog's throat and neck into a shapeless mass. Seeing that life was extinct in the nobler animals, I turned to St. Valentin. His heart was still beating, and we carried him into a room where Teddy had occasionally slept: he was suffering from a deep wound on the skull, caused, we ascertained, by his head having come into violent contact with the lock of the

front door when he fell beneath Teddy's blow. So far as I could see, it would not be impossible to save St. Valentin's life, although, of course, complications might manifest themselves. I applied the needful bandages, and arranged with the boys to keep watch by turns on him. The following day the patient recovered his speech; but there was an incoherency about his language, and a peculiar indistinctness about his pronunciation, that rendered it evident to me that the blow on the head had produced internal injuries of a serious character. The following morning the symptoms became so marked that I was convinced that a fragment of the skull was pressing on the brain in such a manner as to produce paralysis. My journal contains a full professional account of the symptoms that led me to conclude that the operation of trepanning was absolutely necessary to save the patient. This operation I accordingly performed, with a scrupulous observance of all the precautions prescribed by the greatest authorities who have dealt with the subject since the days of Ambroise Paré. It was so far successful that St. Valentin awoke immediately from the state of coma into which he had fallen soon after he recovered his senses; but, contrary to the results experienced on previous occasions, he appeared to be still so far under the influence of the shock his system had suffered, as to be incapable of understanding or replying to the simplest sentence addressed to him. A few hours of careful attention led me to the conclusion that unless some remedy were found, the quick-witted energetic gambler would remain a hopeless idiot. I felt it my duty to attempt the excision of a particular nerve, which was fortunately easily to be got at through the fissure in the skull. I was not long in arriving at this decision. In spite of the regularity of the features of the man lying before me, it has seldom been my fate to gaze on a lower countenance than his. I had heard of him as a heartless gambler, and I had proofs of his contempt for human life; but whatever may have been the extent of his actual criminality, there was cruel assassin, cowardly perjurer, mean puppy, and contemptible villain clearly legible in the lines of his face. Should

he die under the operation I was about to perform, nothing would be lost to society. I should not perhaps have been justified in attempting the experiment, had I seen the remotest chance of his ever recovering his intellect. As it was, death was far preferable to the existence mapped out for him by fate. If I succeeded, the benefit to the whole human race might be infinite. I should establish the soundness of my theory, that a man born with the vilest hereditary instincts might, by means of a simple operation, be converted into a useful member of society. Once establish my discovery as a recognized fact, and the whole of the criminal classes, now the bane of all civilized societies, might rapidly be replaced by an equal number of persons who, to say the least of it, would not be specially biased in favor of a life of debauchery and crime. I have said enough to make my motives clear. I performed the operation, and the result exceeded my expectations. Before half an hour had elapsed, St. Valentin had sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke toward nightfall. The moment I had been anxiously awaiting had come at last.

"You have saved my life," he said, "although I have richly deserved death."

"I would not allow him to continue. I felt that the least excitement might prove fatal. I told him rather sharply to hold his tongue, if he did not wish to make all our efforts useless, and administered a sleeping-draught, which he took with the docility of a trusting child. In a few minutes he sank into a peaceful slumber. Until they closed, his eyes remained fixed upon mine with the absorbed look of a grateful dog. The experiment had been successful beyond my wildest hopes. The few words uttered by St. Valentin, accompanied by that haunting glance, were sufficient to indicate a complete transformation of his nature. It appeared to me, perhaps under the influence of an imagination unduly stimulated by long watching and anxious meditation, as if the creases, in which the misdeeds and evil longings of a short but active life had left their stamp upon his face, were gradually being smoothed out before my very eyes, as if by an invisible hand. I saw greed, low cunning, treachery, and spite falling



off like scales. Beneath the magic wand of science the leopard had been made to change his spots. At first sight it will appear certain that my overwrought fancy had made me the victim of a strange delusion. Even if the inward change had commenced, how could it have become manifest externally with the rapidity I have described? But after all, did not history recall instances of changes from good to evil and from evil to good equally sudden and striking, and equally patent to all beholders? To say nothing of the softening light cast by death on every human countenance not distorted by some atrocious final spasm, why should not a fundamental change in a man's nature be as rapidly mirrored on his face as the mock passions of the stage on that of a trained actor? Nay, more, if that fundamental change had, as I verily believed, indeed taken place, what I now saw was only its natural result.

"Sustained by the conviction that my life's devotion had at length been rewarded by the achievement of a discovery the benefit of which to humanity it was impossible to overrate, I watched contentedly by his bedside until the first gray light of dawn stole through the shutters. My life on the whole has not been an unhappy one, and I suppose it is given but to few to feel the happiness that pervaded my being during those hours. There was still much to be done before the pedantry of science and the dull routine of social government could be overcome to such an extent as to admit of the general application of my process.

"Just as the shivering feeling of depression which, even under the most favorable circumstances, succeeds a sleepless night, began to creep over me, St. Valentin awoke. The first sun-rays lighted up his face, which shone with a more death-like pallor in contrast with the long black locks and mustachio: the bandage about his temples, flecked here and there with clotted blood, added a peculiarly weird look to the long oval of his countenance.

"What have you done to me?' he said; 'by what superhuman power is my nature so changed and softened that I overflow with intense gratitude to you, mingled with a hideous loathing of myself?'

"For pity's sake!' I cried desperately, 'think of nothing but getting well; the least excitement may ruin all.'

"And end in my death,' he retorted, with sudden fierceness. 'Would you wish me to live under the frightful weight of dishonor I now feel for the first time? Indeed, how can I live?' he added, with a bitter laugh; 'the wolf's teeth are drawn; what place is there left for him in the struggle for existence? I cannot return to my former life, and I am unfitted for any other.'

"I tried a few words of comfort. 'Stop,' said he; 'you mean well, but you have been very cruel in your kindness. It would have been better to toss me out into the street to become the prey of dogs and turkey-buzzards, instead of bringing me back to life to suffer the agony of shame I now endure. For the first time I realize the depth of my degradation. I cannot bear to live, loathing myself body and soul as I now do. The men of my race, with all their faults, have always known how to die. Thanks—farewell!' Before I had time to interpose, he had violently torn the bandage from his brows, and dashed his wounded skull with such strength against the wall that the blood gushed out in streams, and he fell back into my arms with one convulsive shiver—dead! And with him died all my schemes—the fruit of all my labors. I was overwhelmed with despair.

"As I sat gazing at the corpse with purposeless eyes, my brain dizzy and confused by the combined influences of long watching and the frightful disappointment that had ruined all my hopes, I was roused to consciousness by two revolver-shots fired in the direction of the entrance. The combative instinct, which is perhaps the last to die in natures like mine, brought me to my feet in a moment. I rushed toward the sound, snatching up a revolver as I ran. It was too late. The two boys stood gazing, half triumphantly, half regretfully, at the bodies of two men stretched in the mud just outside the hall door. Without a word I approached the wounded men, and after a short examination re-entered the house and closed the door. They were both quite dead.

"Frederick, the white boy, then drew near to me, and laying his hand timidly on my arm, 'They tried to force their

way into the house,' he said, in deprecating tones; 'they swore they would roust out that beggar, St. Valentin, or his carcase, and as we had your orders to admit no one, we told them they could not come in. They drew upon us; but you have trained us to shoot quickly, and they both fell before they could pull the triggers of their revolvers. One fellow is still grasping his, and the other man's is lying there, close to the bottom step.'

"Who sent them?' I asked.

"They spoke of the Vigilance.'

"There was nothing more to be said.

Those two rowdies, who belonged to a set I had once got the better of, thought they saw their opportunity for revenge; they were not mistaken, although things had scarcely taken the course they had pictured to themselves. The game was up; before many hours had elapsed, a swarm of men, utterly insensible to all reasoning, would demand admittance to my house. There were the dead men lying before the door. Yes; and there, not one hundred yards off, were a dozen of their comrades coming toward the house. They would force their way in and find poor Ted's body, with St. Valentin's bathed in fresh blood; they would ask no questions; we should be carried off and 'lynched,' while the contents of the house, the results of many years' unceasing labors—my models, my anatomical preparations, even to the manuscript records of my discoveries—would inevitably be destroyed. Should I tamely submit to the utter annihilation of everything I most cared for? The wild blood that runs in every Englishman's veins, beneath the calm and disciplined surface, was now fully aroused. Just at this moment the mulatto, Sam, cried out in excited tones, 'They are coming! what shall we do, master?'

"Stop them!' I said violently; 'bolt and bar the door, and show them what our revolvers can do, if they attempt to break it in.'

"They have got a large white handkerchief on a stick,' said Fred; 'that means a flag of truce, doesn't it? One man is coming on quite alone.'

"I will speak to him,' I answered, handing my revolver to Sam and opening the door.

"The man drew near—a fine sol-

dierly-looking fellow, a West Point cadet in earlier days, to judge by his way of speaking.

"Do you mean to fight?' he said. 'I am sorry for you, but there is no use in deceiving you: the boys have condemned you already for the sake of the two scoundrels lying there, and we are scarcely strong enough—I mean the Vigilance, in whose name I am here—to get you off, even if you could prove your innocence. Take my advice and run for it. There is an English ship just getting up steam in the port, and the way will be open enough for fellows like you for the next hour or two. It will take us fully that to get our men together and organize the siege.'

"I am grateful to you,' I replied, 'for a piece of unlooked-for kindness, and I know that I am condemned beyond hope; but I can't run away just to save my skin, leaving everything I have worked for to perish at the hands of the mob.'

"But think of the boys. I don't know what they are to you; but can you bear to see them hanged before your eyes?'

"The boys are free, and might go if they pleased; but they will stay, and we shall die together. They have no one but me, and I can't live when everything that makes life worth having is torn from me.'

"As you will,' rejoined my unexpected friend; 'but you will let us remove this carrion: that was my pretext for approaching you under flag of truce, and those skunks are already getting impatient.'

"I gave him one look of heartfelt gratitude, and re-entered the house to prepare for defence. I soon heard the curses and foul language of the rowdies, as they carried off their dead comrades. I had not misjudged my enemies: they all vowed they would burn my house to the ground, and not leave a vestige of 'his tarnation scientific muck on the face of this continent.'

"I had always been prepared for a sudden assault. The house was only open to attack in front; it was built of massive logs, strongly clamped together, and was perfectly bullet-proof. The aperture at the back was a very narrow one, and so secured as to offer more re-

sistance than the main walls ; the windows on either side of the entrance door were closed with iron shutters, leaving nothing but loopholes to fire through, some ten feet from the ground. On the upper floor a kind of veranda ran round the house : it was protected by a log parapet five feet high, pierced with loopholes, and so constructed as to command all the approaches to the house. They would scarcely use artillery, owing to the risk to the town ; or fire, owing to the close vicinity of a large powder-magazine. I mention these facts, in order to exonerate from blame the commander of the attacking party. I owe him this much, in return for the consideration shown to a man who had no claim upon him beyond that of being a fellow-worker in the field of science. The result is now known to all : we might have held out for months and got good terms, as we had plenty of provisions, and water from a well in the house. But unluckily, through some blunder of poor 'Teddy's, our stock of ammunition had got wet. If I had managed to reach the hotel, I think the director, who owes me a good turn, would have got the boys smuggled away. The mob would have probably been satisfied with hanging me, and I meant to give myself up without resistance, on condition that my collection was preserved. But I had been much overworked recently, and the consequence was I forgot the *lazos* of those Mexican cowboys, and we had left our revolvers behind, to avoid carrying unnecessary weight during the rush. Poor boys ! there is no hope for them ; but after all, death is no such misfortune when you have no ties to attach you to life. They are no kin of mine : I picked them out of the Mississippi. A steamer blew up close to our own, and I saw the mulatto swimming pluckily with one hand, while the other supported the body of his

white half-brother, who had been struck on the head by a splinter. That was last year ; since then they have lived with me. The father was a planter, who was moving down the river with all his belongings to a new plantation he had bought. Everything was lost in the wreck. The boys have shown me a grateful attachment, which has prevented me from regretting a departure from my vow never to bind myself by human sympathies until I had worked out the problem I had undertaken to solve. Will that problem ever be solved, and by whom ? My collection contains all the materials for its theoretical solution ; but who will care to resort to practice, at the risk of being treated as a murderer ? I originally formed the collection of horrors in the first rooms to show how little hesitation had been felt in sacrificing human life when the stake at issue was of far less importance.

"I have but one word to add. I freely admit that I had no right to sacrifice a score of lives in defence of my collection ; but my nerves were overstrung by seventy-two hours' watching, and blow after blow had quite upset my judgment. In short, I was a dangerous madman for the time, driven distracted by an agony as fierce as that which gets possession of a poor beast robbed of her young."

"There," said the journalist, "is the end of my holding forth. I am off to see how many knots we ran yesterday. The story is yours, gentlemen ; you may publish it if you please. In the mean time, I think I have furnished you with a very pretty subject for discussion."

And discuss it we did, that day and every day until we separated at Liverpool, with about as much result as is usually derived from such discussions.  
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

BY LADY GRANT DUFF.

A REMARKABLE figure has passed from among us. The life of the subject of the present memoir was full of contrasts and contradictions. He had held great

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLIX., No. 3

employments, he had also been a day-laborer and a peddler. Himself a gentleman of good Scottish descent, and finding his natural place in good society, he

had friends alike among princes and beggars. To most people he appeared as a charming element in society, to many as a keen practical man of business, to some as a visionary fanatic, to a select few as an inspired prophet of the Lord, the founder of a new development of Christianity. But in whatever guise he might appear, no one could fail to feel that he was interesting. To him had been given, in unusually full measure, that mysterious undefinable charm, the presence of which condones such serious faults, the absence of which goes so far toward neutralizing even transcendent virtues.

There was a poetic suitability in his early years. Born at the Cape of Good Hope, reared in the old Scotch castle of Condie, he was at about eleven or twelve years of age sent to Ceylon. That exquisite island, whose blue mountain-peaks, green hill-sides, lovely lakes and fairy gardens are a never-ending delight to the traveller wearied with the monotonous voyage across the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal, was a fit starting-place for a life so full of romance. Sir Thomas Wade has kindly furnished me with some particulars of his earliest years. He says:

"I may say that I knew Laurence Oliphant before he was a twelvemonth old. When he was born, in 1829, his father was Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope. Toward the end of that year I accompanied my own father to the colony, and our families became very intimate. I was sent home to school in 1832, and I remember hearing in 1835 that Laurence was passing boys a year or more older than himself in his studies. Both his parents were people of more than ordinary ability. In 1842, being on my way to China, the first person I met on board the steamer at Suez was a schoolfellow, Mr. Gepp. He was on his way to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony Oliphant was Chief Justice, in charge of Laurence, who had been at school in England."

His fate even then gravitated toward adventure. To those accustomed to see their friends run light-heartedly home from India for a three months' furlough, it seems astonishing that in our own day the journey to Ceylon should take two months. In this case it was protracted by the ship running on a coral reef. It then with some difficulty worked its way into Mocha—a place then, as now, but little known except as a name in grocers' advertise-

ments—and the passengers, including young Oliphant, paid their respects to the Sherreef, and drank the far-famed coffee on the spot. In the year 1846 the family returned to England, with the intention that Laurence should go up to Cambridge. He, however, preferred foreign travel, and the idea was abandoned. They went to Italy, where he saw the Princess Pamphili Doria forced to light a bonfire for the revolutionary mob, stood on the steps of St. Peter to see Pio Nono bless the Italian volunteers departing to fight the Austrians; and was present when Ferdinand II. swore before the altar on crossed swords to keep the new constitution. After this journey he returned to Ceylon as his father's private secretary, and was called to the Ceylon bar. He succeeded so well there, partly owing to his remarkable knowledge of Cingalese, that, after having been at the age of twenty-two engaged in twenty-three murder cases, he determined to return to England for the purpose of being called to the English bar. Meantime a journey he had taken in Nepaul was published by Murray, with so much success as to decide him on writing another book of travels. In 1852, in company with Mr. Oswald Smith, who remained his intimate friend through life, he started for the White Sea. A Custom-house difficulty occurring which interfered with their sport, they turned southward, extending their journey as far as the Crimea, and returning by the Danube. The book describing this journey appeared just as war was declared by England against Russia, and in consequence of it Laurence Oliphant was sent for to the Horse Guards, early in the year 1854, as one of the few Englishmen who had ever been inside Sebastopol. He was anxious to take part in the Crimean campaign, and while he was waiting for a chance offered by Lord Clarendon, Lord Elgin proposed that he should accompany him on a short mission to Washington, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty which had been hanging on for some seven years, but the completion of which Lord Elgin achieved in a fortnight. They returned *via* Canada to find Sebastopol still holding out, and Oliphant proposed to Lord Clarendon



to undertake a mission to Schamyl. The latter consented, and gave Oliphant a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorizing him to send the bearer to Daghestan, in hopes of compelling Mouravieff to raise the siege of Kars. He stayed at the Embassy with a set of guests, nearly all exceptionally brilliant, and two of whom, then Odo Russell and Percy Smythe, are remembered with peculiar regret.

He left Constantinople in August 1855, visiting the trenches before Sebastopol and meeting General Gordon for the first time. They both forgot this meeting, and both recalled it when, after years of intimacy, they finally parted a month before Gordon left London for Khartoum.

The expedition to Circassia is detailed at length in several places: "Patriots and Filibusters," "The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omar Pacha," and the fifth chapter of "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," all contain accounts of it. The point perhaps of chief modern interest is the theory held by Oliphant that our mistaken policy in not undertaking a Transcaucasian campaign, but permitting the Russians to drive the Circassians out, which led to the final settlement of the latter in Bulgaria, was the direct cause of the Bulgarian atrocities; and further, that wresting the Transcaucasian provinces from Russia would have prevented her later advance toward India.

His next journey was to America in company with Mr. Delane, for whom he had always a great respect and attachment. He visited the Southern States, and at New Orleans fell in with Mr. Soulé, the agent of General Walker, who was then endeavoring to establish himself as President of Nicaragua. He agreed to join the latter, and was in the act of proceeding to do so, when the ship he was on fell in with the British squadron sent to keep the peace, and he was taken possession of as a British subject. The Admiral in command (Admiral Erskine) was afterward member for the county when Oliphant was member for the burghs of Stirling.

His next step in life was to go out to China with Lord Elgin. At Galle they heard of the Indian Mutiny; and when at Singapore the terrible details reached

them, Lord Elgin determined to divert the Chinese force from Hong-Kong to Calcutta. At Singapore they found the 90th Regiment, whose transport had been wrecked off the Straits of Sunda. The junior captain had been distinguished for his activity in getting the men ashore. That young man is now Lord Wolseley. At Calcutta among others was Sir Thomas Wade, who kindly permits me to make use of his memoranda. They were both present at the capture of Canton, and Oliphant was sent to Shanghai with a letter to be transmitted through the high provincial authorities to Peking. To quote Sir Thomas Wade verbally:

"The expedition of these letters involved a visit to Soochow, the capital of the province, not an enterprise of danger, but at the same time one of great difficulty. That it was undertaken was due in great part to Oliphant, who acted on his own responsibility in proceeding to Soochow. . . . In time Lord Elgin having signed his treaty, his brother, Mr. Frederick Bruce, Secretary of Embassy, carried it home, and Lord Elgin bent his steps to Japan. Oliphant replaced Mr. F. Bruce as Secretary of Embassy, and in the negotiation of the treaty, our first with Japan, his knowledge of Dutch, which circumstances made the diplomatic language of the Japanese, necessarily played a great part."

Oliphant figured formally as the ambassador's representative at the conferences on the new tariff—a position somewhat unfairly given him, as Lord Elgin had previously instructed another person to prepare the tariff. Oliphant was extremely distressed that his friend should have been in any way set aside, and most strongly and unselfishly urged his own withdrawal on Lord Elgin, though without effect.

In 1860 he proceeded to Turin to inquire into the question of the union of Nice and Savoy to France, and there made the acquaintance of Cavour and Garibaldi. The latter had an intention of making a raid on Nice for the purpose of destroying the ballot-boxes at the time of the *plébiscite*, but he was summoned to Sicily and the idea was abandoned, much apparently to Oliphant's disappointment, who also regretted not joining the expedition to Sicily. He appears to have gone instead to Montenegro, but he returned to Italy in time to see Victor Emmanuel receive his kingdom from Garibaldi, in

the same square where twelve years before he had been one of the mob on whom Ferdinand had fired.

In 1861 he was appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, in the room of Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was absent on leave; and on the 5th of July the attack on the legation took place, in which he received seven wounds, and which furnishes one of the most vivid chapters in the "Episodes." His after-sufferings were almost intolerable, his arms were pinioned tight to his sides; he was covered with boils and prickly heat, and afflicted with ophthalmia in both eyes. He endeavored to make his sailor servant read Scott's novels to him, but his reading was intolerable. He then told the man to read the novels and tell him the stories of them, which was accomplished, with very astonishing results. He rapidly recovered, however, and went to the island of Tsusima to look up a Russian settlement, said to be established there contrary to treaty.

In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Corfu, and proceeded thence to Albania, returning to Italy by Ancona. In the little town of Salmona he received an ovation as Palmerston's nephew, no effort on his part being strong enough to convince the mayor and the populace that he was unconnected with the dreaded Minister.

On returning from Italy he resigned the diplomatic service, and in 1863 went to Poland to see what he could do of the Polish insurrection. He did full justice to that pathetic story, hopeless from the first, and of which the hopelessness lay alike in the Polish character and the failure of the race to produce a great leader. While Oliphant was in Silesia the news arrived of the death of the King of Denmark, and the eldest son of his host, the Duke of Augustenberg, became the consequent heir to the duchies. Mr. Oliphant was one of a very small number of Englishmen who sided with him as against the Danes, or who really understood the vexed and complicated Schleswig-Holstein question. Among that number may be counted the names of Sir Robert Morier, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. A. W. Kinglake, Sir Harry Verney, and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. It is curious that in Oliphant's account of the Schleswig-Holstein cam-

paign, written years afterward, he notes that his then impression of the Austrian as against the Prussian soldiers was to the disadvantage of the latter; in fact he says the one looked like amateurs and the other like professionals. And this only two years before Königsgrätz. In the year 1865, "Piccadilly," perhaps the best known and cleverest of his works, was published.

In 1865 he was returned for the Stirling Burghs. Parliamentary life, however, can scarcely be taken up as an episode, and his wonted success did not attend his short House of Commons career. About this time, in conjunction with Sir Algernon Borthwick, was published the brilliant little *Owl*, the first of "those dreadful Society papers," which everybody abuses and everybody reads.

He now gave up the Stirling Burghs, and in 1868, handing over his very fair fortune to the head of a small religious community in America, retired thither to work under this man's direction. He was in turn an agricultural laborer, a teamster, and a peddler; but in 1870 he returned to his old pursuits as correspondent of the *Times* in the Franco-German war, where he took part in twelve pitched battles. His views as to the fighting powers of the opposing forces, and his comparison of them with the Northerners and the Southerners in the American war, are interesting and instructive in a world where history has a way of repeating itself.

He had always taken great interest in the Jews, and had much at heart a Jewish colonization of Palestine, having at one time a project for acquiring the Sandjak of Acre and starting a great European settlement there. When the Treaty of Berlin permitted the interposition of the Christian Powers in Turkish affairs, which had been forbidden under the Hatti Humayun of Abdul Medjid, he went on an expedition to the Land of Gilead, on which he afterward wrote a book expressing his opinion that South Gilead and the plain of Moab were eminently fitted for colonization. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that the Turkish Government turned a deaf ear to his requests, as the Jews were unable to colonize, and their settlements, even when kept up by subsidies from Europe,

have but an artificial and sickly existence.

A much more successful class of colonists are the Germans. Some thirty-five years ago there studied at Tübingen a Professor Hoffman, who afterward became a Lutheran pastor. He was strongly opposed to the teachings of Strauss, but at the same time blamed the Lutheran Church for encouraging those teachings, by showing a wide divergence between the lives of its votaries and the doctrines they profess. He further came to the conclusion that the Second Advent was near at hand, and that Christ could only be received by a Church which had attempted to embody His moral teaching in daily life. He was brought into direct collision with the Church to which he belonged, and expelled from it, carrying with him a considerable body of followers. In 1867 a meeting was convened, at which it was held that the Holy Land was the fitting place for the establishment of a Church preparing itself to receive Christ, and that a certain number of the community should proceed thither. This was accordingly done, and three colonies were started there—one near Jerusalem, a second near Jaffa, and a third, in which Mr. Oliphant resided, on the plain between the Turkish town of Haifa and the point where the Monastery of Carmel has been a beacon-light for centuries. The little German village, composed of substantial two-storied houses, runs up from the sea to the foot of the long low mountains. Each house stands detached in its own grounds of four or five acres, and at the evening hour the flocks and herds come down from the mountain, and, each filing off into its own stable, illustrate the ancient text that the "ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

A minute boulevard, planted with mulberry-trees, the resort of the brilliant little goldfinches which are so marked a feature in Palestine, runs up either side of the road, and standing back from this, under the shade of a great almond-tree, is the gabled house where Oliphant spent so much of his time in later years, and which is entered through a conservatory filled with creepers. The principal objects of interest in the house are two portraits of himself

—one as a boy of fifteen, with beautiful dark eyes; the other, a fine dignified picture in a violet morning-gown, by the late lamented Henry Phillips—and a lovely girlish head of the first Mrs. Oliphant, by a French artist. He delighted in the country round, the ruins of Syceon with its Roman baths and relics; the still more pathetic ruins of Athlit, with its great mediæval hall, where the Templars held their last muster before they sailed broken-hearted and dispirited for Europe. In that exquisitely clear atmosphere he could see "the summer morning sleep" on the Ladder of Tyre and the white walls of Acre, and no one could enjoy more the ten miles of glorious galloping ground which lay between Haifa and that place, only broken by the historic Kishon.

But still more than Haifa and its environs was he attached to Dalieh, a Druse village, near which he had acquired a small estate which he cultivated with assiduous care, and which furnished employment to the handsome muscular Druse women of the village. The site of Dalieh is interesting. Half an hour's ride from it is the Place of Burning, where the Latin Church has built a chapel commemorative of Elijah's Sacrifice, held sacred by Moslem and Christian alike. From it the traveller looks down on the plateau where the priests of Baal rent their clothes and cut themselves with knives, on the place where Deborah and Barak chased Sisera, across which Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab, on the site of the concluding battle of Armageddon, and across the great plain of Esdraelon to the distant hills on the summit of which gleam the white walls of Nazareth.

His pen was not idle in these last years. In 1882 he wrote "Traits and Travesties," in 1883 "Altiora Peto," in 1886 "Masollam," and in the same year "Episodes in an Eventful Life," perhaps the most generally interesting of his books.

In the spring of 1888, "Scientific Religion" was published, and he went for the last time to America. His health had for some time been doubtful, and on his return to England in August he was taken seriously ill at the house of his friend, Mr. Walker, where he had gone for a short visit. For many weeks

he rallied and sank, and sank and rallied. In the first days of November it was thought that a change might do him good, and he was removed to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's house at Twickenham. A few days after he arrived the doctor pronounced the disease to be cancer of the lungs, but thought he might live four or five months. He grew, however, gradually worse, and died on the 23d of December, at two o'clock P.M.

He was married twice—first, in 1872, to Alice, daughter of the last and sister of the present Mr. L'Estrange, of Hunstanton; and, secondly, in 1888, to Rosamond, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of Lanark. In both cases he found the most perfect sympathy. No one could be nursed with more affectionate devotion than he was by his second wife, assisted by his friend, Mr. Haskett Smith, and his Bulgarian servant Jani.

I turn from the facts of his life to the still more curious and interesting problem of his mental history. He had begun life as a strict Presbyterian and suffered from the not uncommon recoil produced by that faith. Sir Thomas Wade says :

"Laurence Oliphant, like most men who rove much, had acquired a great indifference for forms of any kind, very early in life, for he began to rove early. From forms he went further, and when he arrived in China with Lord Elgin in 1857 he seemed to have persuaded himself that revealed religion was an imposture. As ethics he allowed Christianity a foremost place, but he ridiculed the mass of ill-professing followers, and especially the clergy, for the ease with which they fitted the yoke to their shoulders."

He early took a strong interest in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and so far back as 1865 had come to the conclusion that the miracles of the Bible were falsely so called, and were in reality the result of latent natural law. I remember his pressing this point in a conversation I had with him in that year, the subject being started by the sight of two enormous divining crystal globes, said to be the largest in the world, opposite which we were seated. He did not doubt the reality of the forces which find in Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, an irregular, mischievous, and even dangerous expression, but he

dissuaded people from having anything to do with it. He was fond of saying that he represented these forces to his mind as a great weight of water pressing against a dam, and that spiritualistic manifestations were like the rivulets which trickle through that dam; coming, however, to the conclusion expressed years afterward in "Scientific Religion," that the results obtained by so-called "spirit mediums," honest or dishonest, have rarely proved of any practical value. Toward the end of "Piccadilly," a character appears, obviously intended for Mr. T. L. Harris, who about this time obtained great influence over him. I am permitted to make use of the following extract from a journal written on December 29, 1878 :

"I walked up and down the rose terrace with Oliphant. The conversation turning upon his own life, I asked him whether he and his friends considered themselves to be members of a Christian sect? 'By no means,' he said, and then entered into a lengthened series of explanations: which finished, I remarked, 'Then do I understand aright that you are not a sect professing certain definite opinions, but a group of some sixty or seventy people, gathered round a phenomenal person, and engaged in making moral experiments, just as a philosopher may be engaged in making physical experiments in his study?' 'Precisely so,' he replied. 'You put Mr. Harris very high indeed,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered. 'I consider that from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar.' What were his *origines*? I asked. 'He was originally a clergyman—a Baptist, I think,' replied Oliphant, 'and was known in New York as the "boy preacher."'

Under the guidance of this man, whose character has been a familiar one under varying names and guises for many centuries, he left the House of Commons and took up his abode at a remote village not far from Lake Erie. There he led the life of a laborer, and he also did the work of a teamster, and peddled cakes and fruits in American villages. The dirty work, the detestable companionship, the rough horse-play and jeers of more skilful comrades, and the bitter extremes of climate, were detestable to him. The first six months of the year 1878 he spent in absolute solitude and retirement, cooking his own food. His mother, who entered fully into his ideas, lived a similar life, at one



time taking in washing, at another cooking for twenty-five Japanese coolies. He married a lady whose beauty and charm were well known in many a London and Paris drawing-room, and persuaded her, as he termed it, to "live the life."

We may sigh, and many did sigh, that these gifted and noble characters should have fallen under such unworthy guidance; they did not, however, regret it themselves, and those who knew them well will be more inclined to remember that "all things work together for good to them that love Him," than to indulge in unavailing regrets for the past. As time went on, a divergence arose between the views of Oliphant and Mr. Harris, which is more or less indicated in "Masollam," and which ended in the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant and several others from the community.

It is a singular testimony to the amiability and charity which characterized Oliphant that he never spoke unkindly of Harris, or even appeared to regret the fifteen years of painful experience which had been the result of their connection. After establishing himself at Dalieh and Haifa, his mind turned more and more to occult matters, especially in their bearing on social questions, and he had pondered much on that "indiscretion—about which the world is mute, but whose better ordering and governance would give a diviner brightness to the earth." The result was a book called "Sympneumata," through whose obscure and difficult English gleams the central idea that the day may come when earthly passion will be cast out by Divine love. Mrs. Oliphant, whose share in this work was preponderant, died soon after it was written. She is buried in the German cemetery at Haifa, with the words *EN TOUTE VIE* carved on her tombstone.

His grief was profound, but modified by his firm faith in a future life, and his belief in personal communion with the dead. To him his departed wife was a guiding, consoling, and ever-present reality.

In 1888 he published "Scientific Religion," perhaps the least read of his works, though it was the one which he valued himself the most. It contains the history of the opinions he finally reached. The style is difficult and somewhat repellent, and the ideas ex-

tremely hard of comprehension to ordinary readers, while it is difficult to understand the union of belief in the verbal inspiration of the canon, with profound distrust of the Churches which fixed that canon. Still there are passages of great beauty, and in many points the differences between his ideas and those of the Christian Churches are rather matters of phraseology than of dogma. He believed in the Fall, in a current of evil consequently brought into the world, and especially affecting the woman whose share in the Fall had been so considerable; in the miraculous conception of the Virgin, in the divinity of Christ, and the final union of Christ with His Church, as set forth in the Book of Revelation.

But whatever his theories, he was deeply and earnestly convinced of the personal relation of man to our Saviour, and absolutely resigned to the will of God. Sir Thomas Wade, in concluding the short sketch to which I owe so much, says:

"I have nothing to add to the few facts of his life noted above, but I should not like to lay down my pen without a word upon the beauty of his character. His nature, as I have implied, was thoroughly affectionate and loyal. He was ready to make any sacrifice for a friend. I think I may say, in the Christian sense, for a 'neighbor.' His mind was continually running upon schemes for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Like William III. he appeared to delight in danger, but there was no bloodthirstiness in him, and he was as magnanimous as he was courageous and self-sacrificing. I have seen him putting himself to extreme inconvenience rather than that others should suffer, and I have known him put away all feeling of hostility against men with whom he had some title to be offended."

To the above testimony, which will be widely corroborated, I may add that one of his most remarkable qualities was his power of moral stimulus. It was impossible to associate with him without feeling every higher inspiration quickened, without longing to infuse his intense spiritual vitality into the lines of one's own life. His religious feelings were of that exalted kind which rise above all human forms, and in which the truly religious of all ages and sects have seen their external differences melt away. They sustained him through the last weeks of his trying illness, and made his deathbed to those who stood

by a beautiful experience rather than a great sorrow.

" Seeing death has no part in him any more,  
no power

Upon his head,  
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,  
And is not dead.

" For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found—

For one hour's space ;  
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold  
him crowned,  
A deathless face."

—*Contemporary Review.*

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SOME TERRIBLE EYES.

BY F. G. WALTERS.

IT is needless to mention the innumerable references in poetry and prose, since the age of writing books began, which have been made to the eyes, or to their original property, long ere history began, of being a language, of which it was unnecessary to learn even the rudiments. More ink has been expended on the subject of the eyes than on any portion of the human face divine, and they may claim to be in this respect the aristocracy of the human features. Yet, for all the very secondary place it takes in literature, the nose might claim some similar homage, for, as a specific test, it may be asked how greatly is the face of a pretty woman made or marred by her nose? Still, if one may be permitted to be frivolous, it must be admitted that, as regards the monopoly of literary attention, the eyes have it.

In this paper it is not our intention to launch out on the boundless ocean of the consideration of eyes in general. Nor do we wish to dilate on such of them as have been famous for fascination, beauty, pathos, or brilliance, so as to secure the homage of a crowd of admirers. But we propose to note some instances of a more grim ocular influence, which has not found so many chroniclers, and to recall to memory some eyes which have been terrorists of the most complete fashion within a wide sphere of operation.

It is not within the scope of the subject necessarily to go very far back into the dim regions of time. One might glance at the historic eyes of Caius Marius glowing from a dark recess on the irresolute assassin, and the famous apostrophe. But it is unnecessary to go so far back.

Start we with a conqueror, whose

gaze was like that of the basilisk, as pictured in legend, but who had none of the physical advantages which such a quality implies. In Tamerlane—who furnished Christopher Marlowe, now just properly recognized as the founder of the English tragic school, with the epithet derived from his successful tragedy, which was his *sobriquet*—there is an instance of every outward deficiency of imposing accessories combining with the faculty of terrorism in the widest degree. The French travellers and quasi envoys, who saw him surrounded by the barbaric pomp of his camp, were impressed by many things, but by none more so than the aspect of the wild conqueror, which had nothing in it of the romantic or dignified. An old man, bowed with the infirmities of age, they saw, and especially noticed the bleared and dim expression of his eyes. But they still more particularly noticed the effect which those dim eyes had when their slow glance fell on the fierce chieftains, each of them a man in himself, a terror to a crowd of followers. Nothing was to be seen in their mien but abject trembling, absolute obedience, and an unvarying relief when Tamerlane turned his purblind gaze away.

In this case the long habitude of command and of victory was blended with the air of unquestioned and constant authority, a cold tranquillity, behind which lay innumerable possibilities of vengeance in the assertion of such authority, making those dim and aged eyes in that weazened face terrible in the extreme. But their effect was objective. The wild leaders, who were the great men of Tamerlane's army, troubled themselves with nothing beyond the fact that from the face of a despot, who went about his work in the rudest

and most summary fashion, there gazed in dull, stern vacuity a pair of eyes which saw nothing to praise, asked no questions, but were inexorable in noting any disobedience to the slightest whim. Now, in the next instances—and chronology is not necessary as a point of order here—the same terror was evoked, but from a more subjective reason. Two men possessed eyes whose cold glance seemed to read the schemes of any opponent from their inception to their completion, and whose recollection haunted those on whom they had been turned for years afterward—as in each case contemporary witnesses have left on record—even when no result of any injurious character followed. One of these was Richelieu. Probably no man ever ruled a kingdom more despotically, yet, on the whole, more successfully, when surrounded from first to last by a multitude of enemies perennially increasing, yet in every case foiled by the Minister's giant intellect. Yet very much of this success was due to the idea that Richelieu knew far more than he actually did of the conspiracies of his foes, and that, therefore, it was useless to plot against him beyond a certain point. Certain it is that when he entered the council-room, and gazed with full, cold, fixed glance on the most astute plotter who was there for examination, the most hardened and ingenious conspirator, for whom the torture-chamber had no terrors, cowered under the silent scrutiny, and ultimately poured forth a full confession, under the idea that great part, if not all, was already known—and did so simply under the mesmeric power of those much-feared eyes of the Cardinal. To have been under the hostile gaze, no word or sign added, of Richelieu, was to secure a memory which for years after gave the possessor of it, however changed the scene and circumstances might be, a thrill of most unpleasant personal fear. And a very analogous case within the memories of our own time can be adduced. It is that of a man who certainly, as far as personal advantages went, was every inch a king. With Herculean frame and inherited beauty of manly features, he had that dignity which, as was noticed by another royal hand, seemed to spring from the sense of unlimited power, which the same observer

mentions as particularly characteristic of the large full eyes. It is of those eyes that we have more to add. Not only did they imply a long experience of unlimited sovereignty, but they spoke in tones of terror to all those on whom they were bent in anger. For those who were intimate with the ways of the Russian Court have unanimously recorded how much of influence in the shape of absolute fear there was in the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas. He looked at culprits or suspected culprits with his slow stare of anger, and the unhappy wretches felt, in a very different sense from that in which the phrase was originally used, "under the wand of the enchanter." But, large as were the Czar's eyes—the Romanoff inheritance from their beautiful statuesque German ancestress—there was no brilliant or sparkling glance of ire when they were directed toward an offender. On the contrary, those who have had most experience of them describe them as being dull, cold, almost fish-like, in aspect. Stolid as the gaze was, none recorded in history ever produced more terrorizing effects on its objects. In many cases where there was any real ground of offence the person at whom the Czar in his accustomed silent fashion was looking frequently did not wait to be interrogated, sometimes was hardly suspected, but, like the victims of Richelieu, as just mentioned, poured forth a full confession under the gaze of the phlegmatic sovereign. Thus, in both the case of Richelieu and Nicholas, the influence of fear in their eyes was more subjective than objective, and operated by the potency of strong minds over weak ones—not so much from any active aspect of anger at that particular time.

Of quite a different description was the terror-filled look of another personage, who has left in lurid characters his identity limned for us by many hands, but whose eyes were especially among the most noticeable of his peculiarities. Probably no blacker wretch has ever figured on the world's stage, and furious wrath and revenge seem to have been his chief motive power. Cæsar Borgia had eyes which made most of those who came into contact with him—at any rate if they were, or were with the most re-

mote probability suspected of being, in any way hostile to his incessant nefarious plans—shudder under their baleful light. Here, however, was no overawing dignity, no habitude of command, serenely stern, no deep insight into the minds and plans of those on whom those fierce eyes rested. They simply expressed savage fury—that of a wolf which slays and slays and slays, and which loves the scent of blood. Always ready, even in his moments of revelry, to sparkle with fierce passion, Cæsar Borgia's eyes, say those who knew him most intimately, were always as those of a wild beast, ready at any moment to kill and devour. If, as was generally the case with him, anger inflamed his heart, the fierceness of his demon-heart made his eyes, say the old chroniclers, "gleam like balls of red fire, so that one might have imagined a fierce forest beast was looking out of them, and the bystanders were shuddering with fear." Indeed, it was common in Italy at the time to rank Cæsar Borgia's eyes with the *malocchio*, and for those who had ever seen them in anger to devoutly hope so dreadful an experience would never be repeated. This instance is one of brutal, passionate, rending, tearing, tiger-like hate, infusing the terror into the eyes with a frank, undisguised openness, only possible to the time and the manners. Neither the surroundings of autocracy nor the claims of military chieftainship to implicit obedience had anything whatever to do with the effect produced. Mere social terror was the factor; but it was undisguised and personal.

Here again, with the difference that it was disguised by the social hypocrisy of a later age, and by the cunning nature of the man posing as the mere mouth-piece of a people, we find a parallel centuries later. Of Maximilian Robespierre no one can adequately paint the portrait after Carlyle has limned the sea-green, incorruptible, nor may one try to paint those eyes which the same pencil has sketched in a few lines. But certainly to the list of the most terrible historic eyes must be added those bilious, blood-shot, stealthy orbs which, without any of the tiger fire of Cæsar Borgia's, had a ruthless, shifty, tiger-cat gleam essentially their own. Many have given us

some notion of the effect of that little foppishly-dressed tautological man of blood and proscription—few comparatively have particularly noticed his eyes, simply because the horror of expectant fear which his stealthy glance produced in those toward whom it was directed was so general and widely known that the very fact made any particular allusion unnecessary. Sometimes, however, in the contemporary literature of souvenirs of the Revolution we come across an allusion to the grim-visaged front of Robespierre and the peculiar shiver felt by those at whom the dictator looked with any degree of attention. Such a glance intercepted across the table it was which caused the guest at the famous dinner at the restaurant to go outside and find in the tyrant's coat-pocket the list of the proscribed, which led to Tallien's overthrowing him, setting all on the hazard of the die; for whoever found Robespierre's crafty eyes blinking at him knew well that that glance was the preliminary to the Revolutionary Tribunal and the guillotine.

That personal advantages have no particular necessary connection with the inspiring of fear by the glance is sufficiently proved in the case of Tamerlane. Two more instances there are, both modern, very widely different, but in each case showing the personal influence of the man—in the one case supported by unquestioned power and despotic authority; in the other, which is really the more curious of the two, by personal ascendancy from sheer force of character, not in any way backed up by material force. Of all Eastern potentates, whether ancient or modern, competent judges have united in declaring that none ever made his look more feared than did Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Lahore, whom doubtless many old Indians must remember. Eye-witnesses, European as well as native, declared that among his wild hordes of followers, some of them among the fiercest troopers in the world, Runjeet inspired intense personal fear in all who came near by his look, his eyes being unspeakably dreaded. Yet he was seamed with small-pox, one eye was destroyed by it, his face was wizened, and his voice a shrill and squeaking one. With all these disadvantages the Lion of Lahore's glance



so terrorized his subjects that for a result akin to it we must go to Mahmoud of Ghuzni, whose "dreadful brow" is historic. The other instance in which personal disadvantages have been in inverse ratio to the unquestioned authority exercised is that of a personage much less known, and to whose good qualities justice has not yet been perhaps done. We mean Walker, commonly called the "Filibuster." He was a little, spare, weakly man in aspect—a mere nobody, physically, in the midst of his big, wild Western rangers. But, as an eye-witness has said, "Walker had the eyes of a lion." In this lay the secret of the extraordinary authority which he exercised over so many men of the wildest and most daring character, accustomed to brook no master. The indomitable spirit enthroned in that pigmy body was fitly typified by those lion-like eyes. Nor was it until Walker was roused to anger that the peculiar force of his look was found. In such a case all the intense and vivid energy of the man's heart blazed in his eyes, and then, according to all account, they became terrible. Before their anger the biggest Texan rangers cowered like frightened children. Now, perhaps, this is, of all cases, one of the most noteworthy in the history of terrible eyes, because the man possessing them had no physical advantages, no settled authority and prescription, no army of slaves at his back. On the other hand, those over whom he exercised undisputed sway were a class of men, if ever there were such in the world, who had the most rugged and turbulent independence of word, action, and nature. But the old truth was again realized, and they paid involuntary homage to a born leader of men.

For inspiring sheer personal fear there are a few pairs of eyes in our own history which are prominent in its pages, and legend and tradition, clustering round any peculiarity which excites public terror, are, as a rule, more or less based on actual fact. Thus after seven centuries we can still see the fierce eyes, parti-colored, of the Red King, glaring at the perpetrators of some infraction of the forest laws, ere, with a choice collection of profanest oaths, he orders them incontinently to the hangman. Of Henry VIII. nothing

in his personality is more vivid in memory than the "terrible glance" he threw on the cowering deputation of the Commons "from the gallery at Whitehall" whenever those unfortunate members had to announce that for once the Parliament had ventured to think twice before obeying the King's behests. And, later on, what personal peculiarity of any prominent Englishman is better known than the ferocious glare of Jeffreys' half-maddened eyes as the savage Chief Justice, with thunderous torrents of abuse, "clattered out of his senses" some unfortunate witness on behalf of a State prisoner? Indeed, this peculiarity led to his discovery when the Lord Chancellor, ignobly disguised as a collier's foremast-hand, strove to leave the country. "Nay," said the man who denounced him, when asked if he was sure of his identity—and who had been tried before him—"I can never forget those eyes anywhere!" But this particular pair of terrible eyes had no dignity of terror in any shape about them; despite the Chief Justiceship, they were simply the exponents of blind, furious, half-insane, vulgar rancor—and in this respect may be considered, differences of time and position being allowed for, as very much akin to Caesar Borgia's. The only portrait of the Chief Justice, by the way, which is publicly known, does not possess eyes of any particular terror, but rather of placid, dreamy, thoughtful repose—whether owing to the artist's flattery or to the Chief Justice being sober at the time, we cannot decide.

Not only in real life have there been terrible eyes. Some there are in the mimic life of the stage, which gleam for us with thrilling effect through the vista of time and memory. Prominent among them are those of Edmund Kean, probably of all English actors (unless the ancient traditions of Burbage and Betterton be taken as accurate) the most successful in inspiring terror in his great impersonations. Here and there one meets with people old enough to remember him, and their evidences, few and far between as they are, go to confirm all that has been written about what Dr. Doran, himself a witness, calls "those matchless eyes." It is in Othello and the last scene of Richard's fierce career,

as also in Zanga, that all popular consensus goes to establish the terror-inspiring effect of Kean's fiery glances ; but it is probable, thought not so well known, that an effect even more appalling was produced by the glare of fury and despair in the final scene of Sir Giles Overreach's defeat. With his may be bracketed the dreadful look of Siddons in the sleep-walking scene, and certainly, to take a more modern instance, which must live in the recollection of all who witnessed them, of the terrible expression of Rachel's eyes in some of her dying scenes. Of the "fardarting eye" of Garrick, Hazlitt has spoken, but in the special phase of terror it does not seem to have equalled Edmund Kean's.

Of more ignoble instances some might be found, but murderers, Lavater to the contrary notwithstanding, do not seem, as a rule, to have possessed particularly murderous-looking orbs. Still to our

own individual notion there is one murderess whose counterfeit presentment possesses a pair of eyes with great facilities for causing a feeling of fear in the beholder. And in life she was credited with a most witch-like brilliance and influence in those large, lustrous, and malignant orbs, so much so that it is said on very good authority that the detective who brought her from Scotland, and so on the first stage which ended on the scaffold, was so overcome by their fascination that he never afterward got over having been the means of putting her neck into the hangman's hands. The reader can judge for himself the next time he visits Madame Tussaud's, and if he agrees with us he will probably concur in thinking, when considering the facts of her history, that those are a pair of terrible eyes which stoutly glare on the spectators from the counterfeit impression of the features of Mrs. Manning.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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SONNET.

FROM THE DUTCH OF P. C. HOOFT (TRANSLATED BY COLLARD J. STOCK).

[Hooft (1581-1647) is one of the most distinguished poets of the brilliant period of the Republic of the Netherlands. Besides his lesser productions he wrote several tragedies, and may be considered the founder of the Dutch stage. He achieved equal celebrity in prose, his "History of the Netherlands" being considered a model of style.]

My hope's guiding stars, ye planets of my youth,  
 Eyes that I know are lit from heaven's fire,  
 You, when your windows close, from me retire  
 My life's support, joys full of tender truth ;  
 For you shut in a gladdening power, in sooth,  
 And friendly gayety : Love with all its quire,  
 Wit, laughter, and each grace therein conspire,  
 And all that's in the world of charm and pleasure both.  
 Nature, who seems entombed in mists that lour,  
 Wanting your brightness, mourns her richest dower,  
 That you enshrine in space so narrow made ;  
 Yet narrow is it not, as from without it seems,  
 But wide and wild enough to hold all dreams,  
 Wherein my fickle soul so far has strayed.

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THE BISMARCK DYNASTY.

I.

"We shall have no more petticoats meddling in politics now !" Such—ex-

cept that "petticoats" is substituted for a word too coarse to print—was the characteristic exclamation which burst from the exultant lips of Count Herbert

Bismarck on the death of the Emperor Frederic. The remark was as significant as it was characteristic. Alike in form and in meaning it expressed with fidelity the savage contempt for women which forms one of the darkest shadows cast by the reign of Blood and Iron over the German race. Twenty years ago, after Sadowa, but before Sedan, the Great Chancellor, in familiar converse with Bluntschli, expounded his theory of sex in nations. "Among races," he said, "as among human beings, we find the male and the female. The Germans have the force and the virility of man; the Slavs and the Celts the submissiveness and the passivity of woman." In the enthronement of Force as the supreme and only arbiter of human destiny—in the cynical subordination of Right to Might which has accompanied the transformation of Germany—we see the operation of tendencies which are in fierce revolt against the influence of woman in politics. It is part of the reversion to barbarism of our times. Said Prince Bismarck recently: "At bottom you will always in fact find the German such that, were old Barbarossa to emerge to-day from his cave, he would doubt that he had slept seven hundred years." But if a still earlier progenitor were to return, he might even think that the race had retrograded. For among the Teutonic tribes at the dawn of history, woman held a peculiar and a revered position. "She was the companion of the labors and dangers of her husband: her counsel in moments of great peril was looked upon by the tribe as almost inspired: she was often the prophetess of revealed destinies: she encouraged the men in their fiercest battles; and it was said that, to the soldier despairing and dying, her whisper would bring back life and courage, and often arouse him to victory." They have changed all that long since in the Fatherland, and the key-note, the watchword of the *régime* upon which Germany now has entered, is summed up in the exultant and brutal phrase with which Count Herbert Bismarck, round whose person centres the interest of the great European drama, hailed the disappearance into the sombre retirement of widowhood of the daughter of England's Queen, the Empress Victoria.

## II.

Count Herbert Bismarck, the pivot of the action of the piece now being played out, scene after scene, by the relentless fates, is the son of his father. That is his only distinction, for his father happens to be Mayor of the Palace in the new German Empire, and Count Herbert is his heir. The desire to secure the succession of the Chancellorship to Count Herbert is the clew to the policy of Prince Bismarck, without which it appears an inexplicable tangle of brutalities, and even of banalities. What we are witnessing in Berlin is a determined attempt on the part of the most powerful statesman of the century to found a Ministerial dynasty. Until a few years ago it was the pride and the glory of Prince Bismarck to hold his high office solely in the interest of the King his master. He was only the first servant of the Hohenzollerns, and he unsparingly condemned all theories of Ministerial responsibility which tended to develop "a Constitutional Major-domo-ship even more powerful than that which existed in the time of the shadowy Carolingian kings." But when the Empire was established, the Imperial Constitution, as Prince Bismarck himself pointed out in the Reichstag (March 5, 1878), altered his status and increased his power. In place of the constant reference to the King, necessitated by the Prussian Constitution, decisive power was now vested in one of his Ministers. "In the Empire a Minister is to the fore who has the right to command." The extreme age of the Emperor William, and the partial abdication of the old Kaiser after the attempt of Nobiling, immensely increased the power of the Reichskanzler. From being Grand Vizier of a hard-riding Sultan, he became a veritable Mayor of the Palace. If no saying is attributed to him like the famous "*L'Etat c'est moi*" of the French monarch, it was simply because he had no need to say it. He acted upon it. He made and unmade alliances. He declared war on the Pope, and he drew up the terms of capitulation by which he made peace. At home as abroad Bismarck decided everything. If in a few trifling matters the old Emperor exacted a punctilious respect for

has own wishes, the exceptions but brought into clearer relief the enormous areas of administration over which Bismarck was supreme. The Hohenzollern was allowed to manage the home farm, but Bismarck, the steward, was supreme over the whole estate. And far be it from us to cavil at this arrangement, by which the Hohenzollern dynasty was able to benefit to the full by the genius and the capacity of the greatest of modern statesmen. But it had its drawbacks, and these drawbacks are beginning to appear.

Prince Bismarck, though supreme in Germany, is not immortal. He is aging, and aging fast. He was born on the 1st of April 1815, and is therefore in his seventy-fourth year. Like many men of strong character, he believes that he has been privileged to know the date of his death. He will not die, he is convinced, until 1890. He will not be living beyond 1894. Whatever ridicule may be thrown upon the notion that even a Reichskanzler can cast his horoscope with such precision as to fix the approximate date of his death in this fashion, the fact is indisputable that Prince Bismarck holds that belief and acts upon it. Life for him is no indefinite vista stretching out into the distant future. He will have done with it for good and all before the end of 1894. Given these two factors—first, the possession of almost absolute power, and secondly, the conviction that he must lay it down in five years at the utmost—it was inevitable that he should cast about for a successor to whom he could hand over the Imperial Major-domo-ship which he has spent his life in creating.

Five years ago the American Minister at Berlin noted with surprise, and with some degree of dismay, that Prince Bismarck seemed blind to this obvious necessity of his unique position. "I think that Bismarck is educating no successor. No man is ready to take his shoes. He is one of those great trees that stunt everything that grows in their shadow. He is intolerant of the idea that any man should share the credit with him of guiding the destinies of Germany, and the result is that the officials under him are more apt to be marionettes than persons of independent action." The

Chancellor, however, suddenly woke up to the danger of the position which he had created, and set about developing an heir.

The task was none too easy. In the hive, if a queen bee dies, the industrious insects have no difficulty in growing another queen from a larva which, but for an unforeseen necessity, would have grown up to be one of the undistinguished swarm of humble workers. The evolution of a statesman from an official has not yet been reduced to system, for human science lags behind the instinct of the bee. Prince Bismarck, however, in his search for a successor, did not go beyond the limits of his own household. Probably he did not consciously propose to himself the founding of a dynasty. Many of our most important acts are unconscious. Consciously or unconsciously, Prince Bismarck followed the example of all men who have founded dynasties since the world began. He selected as his heir his eldest son, and his determination to secure the succession of Count Herbert to the Chancellorship is the secret clue to the recent events which have scandalized Europe. It is a new war of succession that is being waged under a thin veil of constitutional and legal forms, a Bismarckian war for the foundation of a Bismarckian dynasty, in which Otto the First will be succeeded by his son Bismarck the Second. Before Count Herbert was taken up for development he was regarded as a rather disreputable representative of his family. In his hot youth he had got mixed up in some broil about a woman at Bonn, out of which he had to slash his way with a sword, receiving by way of memento an ugly cut across the head in the duel, which fortunately did not end fatally for either party. He was wounded in the thigh in that cavalry fight which the *Kölnische Zeitung* suggests was due to the non-existent telegram that reached Bazaine in roundabout fashion from Sir Robert Morier. He was then serving as a private in the Dragoon Guards, and the wound was caused by a shot which struck him in the upper part of the thigh during a cavalry attack at Mars-la-Tour by the French, who were pushing on to Verdun. He had displayed great bravery and had received no fewer than three



shots—one through the breast of his coat, another on his watch; the third was that in his thigh: the wound was painful but not dangerous. After the war he did nothing to distinguish himself until he figured in a great scandal which serves still further to accentuate his view of woman. Woman, in the eyes of the barbarian, is a combination of a milch cow and a household drudge. Low though this ideal may be, it is higher than that which exists where she is regarded as the mere vehicle for the passion of the adulterer.

After this escapade, Count Herbert was set to work, and in a year or two he developed considerable aptitude for official duties. He travelled a good deal, went to Strasburg, to Paris, and to Vienna, was talked of in 1883 as a possible Minister at Washington, but did not leave Europe. His father put him into the Foreign Office, and, after appointing him Second Director of Foreign Affairs, made him Minister at the Hague. His most notable exploit was his mission to England in the closing years of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1880-5, when he succeeded in inducing Lord Granville to give up all claim to North-Western New Guinea, to recognize the right of Germany to establish her authority over certain groups of islands in the South Seas, and to settle the disputes on the West Coast of Africa. Shortly after that he blossomed forth into the full dignity of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His importance, however, was solely derived from the intimacy of his relations with his father. Except the Mayor of the Palace and his heir, no one counted for anything at Berlin, and the heir only counted because he was at the same time his father's factotum. Such was the position of affairs at the beginning of 1888, when the old Emperor William suddenly failed and died, and the dying Frederic began the three months' reign which is now having so troubled and unworthy a sequel in the pro-cscription of his friends, and the persecution of all who by word or deed supported the third Frederic against the second Bismarck.

### III.

When the old Kaiser died, there was for a moment a period of painful sus-

pense and indecision in the mind of the Mayor of the Palace. What should be done? How long would the Emperor Frederic live? Was there any need for there being any Emperor Frederic at all? From the point of view of the Bismarck dynasty it certainly seemed desirable that the succession should pass direct from the grandfather to the grandson. For the young man was reared in the Bismarckian tradition. He was a product of Blood and Iron. With him, unless he is foully belied, the omnipotent Reichskanzler had made sundry important and binding agreements, on the principle of *do ut des*. His father, on the other hand, was not a Bismarckian. He moved in the midst of the Prussian Junkers like a cultured Athenian amid the warlike Spartans. He represented civilization, culture, peace. Above all, he represented the hateful principle of the right of woman to the recognition of her faculties regardless of her sex, and he paid to the genius of his wife the homage to which she was entitled as an intellectual force, without stinting the measure of his devotion because she was "only a woman." Of all subjects of the old Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess probably regarded the coarse brutality of Count Herbert with most aversion. It is easy to imagine the pressure of the temptation suggested by the cancer which was eating into the throat of the invalid at San Remo.

If the Crown Prince never came to the throne Prince Bismarck's great danger would be averted, and if, at the same time that this peril disappeared, the Chancellor were to rivet his claims upon the young Emperor, by placing him at once upon the throne without waiting for his father's decease, a double advantage would be secured. Opponents maddened by hatred accuse Prince Bismarck of meditating the doing to death of the Emperor Frederic in order to gain his end. They assert that when the Imperial Chancellor brought Frederic III. from San Remo to Berlin, in the depth of winter, he calculated that the chapter of accidents might during the journey accelerate the progress of the disease. For what—it is asked by those who think the Chancellor capable of any crime which forwards his cause

—what other conceivable motive could Prince Bismarck have had in declaring that he could not answer for the consequences if the unfortunate Emperor did not cross the Alps in the depths of a severe winter? Of two things, one—either the Emperor would have refused to risk the journey, in which case the Princes might have proclaimed a Regency, or he would, at any risk, proceed to Berlin, in which case he might die *en route*. Either alternative would have suited the Chancellor. As we know, neither alternative occurred. The Emperor stood the journey better than was expected, and Prince Bismarck, after seeing him, went so far as to declare that there never had been any necessity for the journey northward. So easy is it for statesmen to persuade themselves after the event, when their schemes miscarry, that they have been entirely misunderstood.

The supposition is too monstrous to be credited by any but those who are smarting under the sting of the Bismarckian lash. His critics forget that much allowance must be made for Prince Bismarck in the critical moments of the Emperor Frederic's accession. He was in the position of an English Prime Minister who is suddenly confronted with a newly elected House of Commons vehemently hostile to his favorite policy, with this difference, that an English Prime Minister can always dissolve Parliament, or, if that should be impossible, knows precisely the utmost limit of its existence. Prince Bismarck could do neither. The Emperor Frederic was on the throne, and no one could say how long he might remain there. Even now, when all is over, there is no saying how much longer his death might have been averted but for the accident by which the throat of the Imperial patient was torn open by the German operator, whose cannula was the most efficient ally of the cancer. Bad as it was for Prince Bismarck to have Frederic upon the throne under any circumstances, the actual circumstances accentuated every objectionable element in the case. If the Emperor had been hale and well he would at least have been constantly exposed to the influence of his mighty Minister, who could be relied upon to spare no effort to bring the utmost pos-

sible pressure of outside events and the business of State to bear upon the new Sovereign. But with an Emperor whose only throne was his deathbed, and who of necessity spent most of his time in the company of his English wife and his English physician, what could be done? The influence of the Empress Victoria he had always reckoned upon as hostile to all his peculiar ideas. That influence was now paramount, and none could say how long it might last. That a woman, and that woman an Englishwoman, and that Englishwoman a Liberal saturated with progressive ideas, should practically have the Emperor of Germany in her hand, and should control the master of the master of Germany, was enough to give Prince Bismarck the nightmare. Yet, after all, what could he do? His own dynasty was not sufficiently consolidated for him to venture upon the arbitrary deposition of Frederic III. And yet, unless the Emperor died, all hope of the assured accession of Count Herbert must perish. Of this he speedily satisfied himself by practical experiment. He repeatedly sent his son and heir-presumptive to transact business with the Emperor, only to find that Frederic III. refused to deal with any one but the Chancellor himself. If the Emperor lived, therefore, the one dream of the old Chancellor's life would be thwarted. Count Herbert could never be the Chancellor of Frederic III.

This was bad enough, but soon a worse fear arose to haunt the Chancellor's mind. He knew that Frederic III. would have none of his son Herbert. He began to suspect, or rather his suspicions began to deepen into conviction, that if the Emperor lived he might even dispense with the services of Prince Bismarck himself. It is true that in the Manifesto addressed to the German people the new Emperor had expressed, in the highest terms, his confidence in the Chancellor; but no one knew better than Prince Bismarck that the principles upon which the Emperor Frederic would insist on governing would sooner or later compel them to part company. For Frederic, although one of the most amiable and least self-seeking of men, was still a Hohenzollern born and bred, capable of decisive resolution, and never unmindful either of his responsibilities

or his prerogatives. Sooner or later, then, it was certain, if the Emperor lived, Prince Bismarck would have to go, and the probability was that it would be sooner rather than later. Thus it came to pass that, in the Chancellor's mind, there must have been constantly present, however much he repressed it, a haunting temptation to wish that the Emperor might not recover--nay, even that he might die before the inevitable crisis arrived. From Prince Bismarck's point of view this temptation must have seemed so irresistible that it is not surprising that some believe that he succumbed; for the safety and the peace of Germany seemed to him, and not to him only, to depend upon his maintenance in office. A Liberal Emperor would imperil the edifice which he and the old Emperor had laboriously built up through *Sturm und Drang* with blood and iron. And here was this idealogue of a Kaiser, with one foot in the grave, and his will practically controlled by his English wife, presuming to dream of overthrowing the Bismarck dynasty and launching upon all kinds of risky experiments. Who could be surprised if he had wished that the cancer would make haste?

That such evil thoughts may have brooded in the obscure recesses of the great Prussian's mind is certain. Prince Bismarck is a man whose mind, and all that is therein, is continually projected like the picture painted on the slide of a magic-lantern on an immense expanse of blank sheets visible all over Germany. As a combination of the microscope and the magic-lantern enables the operator to horrify a crowd of spectators by the ghastly presentation on the outstretched sheet of the animalculæ writhing and wriggling in every drop of drinking water, so the officious and official Press of Germany help us to see all the germs and spores and unclean things which lurk or are supposed to lurk in the lower regions of Prince Bismarck's mind. The reptile Press is the Chancellor's magic-lantern, of which the successive phases of his thought serve as the slides and are exaggerated by the lens. These papers during the whole of the Emperor Frederic's reign made no secret of their rancorous hostility. Article after article filled with the most malignant slanders

poured out from the Press. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress was spared. It was impossible not to feel that these multiform scribblers believed that some of those at headquarters would gladly have expedited the Emperor's end. The Hon. A. A. Sargent, who was driven from his post at the American legation at Berlin by similar tactics on the part of the Press Bureau, thus describes the experience to which the dying Emperor was subjected:

"Bismarck looks on any opposition as enmity, and, although I simply obeyed my instructions, a fresh attack was made upon me by the organs of the German Government. The howl was kept up, and my position was made about as terrible as it is possible to make a man's position. In Germany everything depends on official smiles. When the papers in the pay of the Government, as these papers practically are, abuse a foreign Minister, who is entitled to the hospitality of the Government, any attack is like the blow of a policeman's club."

These "blows of a policeman's club" rained thick and fast without intermission upon the Emperor Frederic and his wife during the whole of his brief and troubled reign.

It was a horrible spectacle, relieved only by the lofty courage and heroic fortitude of the Imperial sufferer, and the patient endurance and ever-augmenting tenderness of his noble consort. He, fortunately, was unconscious of much of the storm of calumny and of insult which fell with all its force upon the Empress. But they were not sprung from a breed which cowers before opposition and shrinks from duty because of danger. Not even the exhausting ordeal of the chamber of death could blind them to the fact that they owed it to their country that the reign of Frederic III. should be distinguished by at least one signal and unmistakable indication of the Liberal and progressive policy on which the Emperor had set his heart from his youth up. An opportunity soon presented itself. Herr von Puttkammer, Minister of the Interior, had for years used all the authority of the State in order to convert the administration into an electioneering agency for Prince Bismarck. Puttkammer represented the corruption and the coercion by which the Civil Service had been converted into the mere tool of the Chancellor. Puttkammer may be said, if we

borrow a metaphor from the slang of English corruption, to have been Bismarck's Man in the Moon. He managed the elections, coerced the employés of the State, and generally did everything which a Prince, who "honorably declared for Constitutional methods without any reserve," must most utterly detest. It was resolved that Puttkammer must be dismissed.

The Chancellor found himself in a dilemma. The dismissal of Puttkammer would unquestionably be popular. Should he, then, endeavor to gain the kudos of his removal by associating himself conspicuously with the decree of dismissal? But the expediency of such a course turned upon another question—the same old question, to which no answer could be given—How long would the Emperor last? If he were to live for months, or even years, then of course it would be wiser to throw Puttkammer overboard. If, on the other hand, Frederic were to die in a few weeks or even days, no benefit would arise to the Bismarck dynasty from such an act of subserviency. It was a new experience for Bismarck to have to reckon with some one else who had a right to think for Germany besides himself. As a diplomatist said, who had studied him for many years at close quarters: "The main difficulty with Bismarck is that he is trying to do the thinking for all Germany. He considers that his brain is equivalent to the brain of the entire German people, and, feeling this way, he gets very angry at anybody who opposes him." Anger is a poor counsellor, and Prince Bismarck showed unmistakable traces of being in sore straits. He lost his nerve, and the keen decisiveness of judgment which formerly distinguished him seemed to have disappeared. It will probably surprise the German public to know that so much was Prince Bismarck at a loss what to do that the day before the Emperor signed the decree of dismissal the Chancellor advised him to do it, and the day after it appeared he went back on his advice and declared that the Emperor had gone too far. If any one in high places ventures to deny this, there is a simple test of the accuracy of this statement. The Emperor Frederic kept his diary down to within a few days of

his death. In the diary he noted down all the more important events of his life. If the entries are examined before and after the dismissal of Puttkammer, they will furnish ample confirmation of what is here stated as to Prince Bismarck's vacillation and indecision.

Another subject on which Prince Bismarck could not make up his mind was whether or not the necessity of preserving his own position justified his declaring a Regency. In the Emperor's palace, the contingency that they might at any moment be confronted with what would have been practically a decree of deposition, was never out of sight. It was known that the Princes were quite ready to do whatever Prince Bismarck wished. The minor German Sovereigns act more or less implicitly on the advice of their Prime Ministers, and these Ministers all march at the word of command from the Chancellor. At any moment, therefore, if it pleased Prince Bismarck to have the Emperor declared incapable of transacting the business of State, a Regency might be established. The difficulty in his path was the danger that Sir Morell Mackenzie would not certify the incapacity of his patient, and also the probability, which deepened into a certainty after the horrible accident of the cannula, that the Emperor would die too soon to make it worth while to run the risk and to incur the friction of the Regency. So, after much dubitation, occasioning no small addition to the suspense in the Palace, Prince Bismarck ultimately decided to wait for Death, which did not tarry, but made haste.

The only other incident of the reign which ought to be referred to here, as illustrating the methods of the Bismarck dynasty, is the peremptory veto which was placed upon the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. According to the popular belief, the interdict on the marriage was due to Prince Bismarck's reluctance to give any occasion of offence to Russia. When the private history of the three months' reign comes to be written, it will, no doubt, be found that, as often happens in such cases, the ostensible reason was quite different from the real motive. In public and official documents Prince Bismarck talked about reasons of State, the danger of offending



Russia, and so forth. In private he held very different language. The real reason why the Battenberg marriage was forbidden was because the young Crown Prince had stipulated as one of the articles of the agreement by which he bound himself to support Prince Bismarck, that Prince Bismarck should, on his part, prevent the marriage of his sister to Prince Alexander. The origin of this brother's interdict on his sister's marriage is said to have been purely personal. Prince Bismarck stuck to his bargain and forbade the banns. But so strictly conditional was everything upon the health of the Emperor, that it was understood that no difficulty would be made beyond a formal protest if the Emperor lived till the summer, and a private marriage were celebrated at Homburg.

Such at least was the belief of those most concerned, but so inveterate is the suspicion inspired by Prince Bismarck, that it was even thought that he suggested the private marriage in order to provide himself with a pretext for declaring a Regency!

#### IV.

The end came at last to the sufferings of the Emperor Frederic. After a reign of ninety days the great obstacle, so long and so keenly dreaded by the Chancellor to the realization of his projects, was removed. Death secured him the victory, and when the grave closed over the coffin of Frederic III. the way seemed clear for the attainment of the Bismarckian dream. No more talk now of a Prince "frankly Constitutional." No more petticoat influence in German politics—save of the illegitimate kind. The masculine Teuton was henceforth to have an exclusively masculine ruler. The Fates and Death had fought against the milder influences of the Liberal reign. The brief experiment ceased almost before it had been well begun, and Prince Bismarck was left free to establish his dynasty in peace.

Magnanimity is not a Bismarckian virtue. He had triumphed, but that was not enough to console him for the anxieties of the late reign. It was necessary to punish those who had in any way been associated with the Sovereign who had dared to believe that Germany

might continue to exist even if a Bismarck were no longer Reichskanzler. First and foremost came the unhappy lady who had shared for thirty years the sorrows and the joys of the dead, and who had dared after all these years to remain English at heart. Half German by birth, naturalized German by marriage and residence, the wife of one German Emperor and the mother of another, she had never ceased to cherish with affectionate devotion the memories of the land where the sabre is not perpetually clanking in the street and where there are other ideals of life than that of being a Prussian Grenadier. With all her husband's aspirations she had keenly sympathized, and she had shared also in his antipathies. She had encouraged him to contemplate the emancipation of the Imperial throne from the ever-increasing shadow of the Bismarckian Major-domo. Upon her therefore, widowed and forlorn, fell the first vengeance of the offended Chancellor. To one who had for a twelvemonth nursed her husband at every step in the long stage that led to the grave, nothing could be more tormenting than the accusation that, at some point or another in the treatment of the patient, mistakes had been made but for which his life might have been spared. Hardly had the obsequies ended when there was launched from the Prussian State Printing Press the pamphlet of the German doctors, asserting, with brutal emphasis, that the Emperor had been subjected to a mistaken treatment, which had rendered his recovery impossible. All the blows aimed at Sir Morell Mackenzie fell upon the widowed Empress, who had supported the authority of the English doctor, and who knew that her husband had trusted him and been grateful for his skill and attendance to the very last. Sir Morell Mackenzie replied. His pamphlet on "Frederick the Noble" was promptly interdicted in Germany, while the accusations of his rivals were circulated everywhere.

Meanwhile at Berlin the position of the Empress was so unpleasant that at one time it began to be rumored that she was actually under arrest. The envenomed attacks of the reactionary Press never ceased. She, whose position ought to have commanded universal

sympathy, found herself isolated, denounced, and slighted. Seldom has the doctrine of *Væ victis* been more ruthlessly enforced. The Empress had removed certain MSS. belonging to her husband to the security of a land where domiciliary visits for the seizure of papers are not ordinary incidents of existence. She was compelled under threats of pecuniary pressure to hand them over to the German Government. Why not? To the victors belong the spoils.

The new Emperor, William the Second—a headstrong and energetic man, reared under the magic of the Bismarckian triumph—showed himself no inapt pupil of his master. In his early youth, while still living under the parental roof, he was a docile and affectionate boy. It was not until he went to study at Bonn, when sixteen years old, that the estrangement began which has yielded such bitter fruit. The officers of the garrison at Bonn flattered the lad, filled his foolish young head with dreams of playing the rôle of a second Frederic the Great, and inculcated a spirit of self-regarding ambition, the end of which has not yet been seen. When his parents endeavored to check the working of this moral poison, his comrades encouraged him to defy their warnings. He drew his allowance from his grandfather, not from his father; and the approval of Bismarck was more to him than the love and esteem of his mother. The result was that before he left Bonn he began to regard himself as a personage in the State. He had his friends, his party, and—in the army—his set, whose promotion he pushed, and who in turn were devoted to his interests. The Emperor Frederic never, in the days when he was Crown Prince, made an attempt to push his own personal ambitions, either in the army or in the State. He was no self-seeker. A double measure of this evil spirit seemed to have descended upon his son. Eager for his own advancement, grudging the recognition of others' services, the young Prince, an apt pupil of a cynical master, found no difficulty, moral or sentimental, in treating his mother in a fashion after Herbert Bismarck's own heart. So little did he care for the feelings of others that he treated the Prince

of Wales with such discourtesy as to render it difficult for his Royal Highness again to meet his nephew—a fact of which the public was made aware when the Prince and the Kaiser both visited the Emperor of Austria, but carefully avoided meeting each other in the capital of their host. Count Herbert, out-Heroding Herod in the brusque brutality of his manner, forced the Prince to take the extreme step of breaking off all relations with those who received the Count as a friend. The boycott is said to be complete.

#### V.

When the personal and social relations between the English and German Courts were in this exceedingly unpleasant position, a mine was suddenly sprung under the feet of the dominant party by the publication in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of extracts from the Diary kept by the Emperor Frederic during the war. The story of its publication is very simple. Dr. Geffcken, who had for thirty years possessed the confidence of the late Emperor, had been invited in February 1873 by the Crown Prince to Wiesbaden, and then his Imperial Highness had lent him his Diary of the War of 1870-71. About three weeks after this he had returned the Diary to the Crown Prince with a letter of thanks. The Diary consisted of about 700 pages, all exclusively in the handwriting of its author; and from this he had made extracts to the extent of about twenty closely written pages, mainly of political import, though the Diary for the most part concerned itself with military matters. After the death of the Emperor Frederic he resolved, in August 1888, to publish his excerpts from the journal, and so he handed the manuscript to the editor of the *Rundschau*. In acting thus, his aim was by no means a political, but an historical one; and in particular he wished to point out, in contradistinction to the widespread opinion that Kaiser Frederic was merely a noble idealogist, the fact of his political importance, and the circumstance that he was a primary force (*treibende Kraft*) in the work of founding the German Empire. The purpose was praiseworthy, and the means were simple and apparently unobjectionable. The extracts from the Diary appeared

in the *Deutsche Rundschau* in September. The moment it appeared a strange commotion was visible in the Bismarckian circle. The *Deutsche Rundschau* was summarily suppressed, and all the machinery of the criminal law was set in motion in order to ascertain who was responsible for the publication of the Diary. Prince Bismarck, in a Report drawn up by command of the Emperor, demanded permission to prosecute the publishers on a criminal charge of high treason. Of all the State papers to which the Chancellor has put his hand this "Representation" is probably the most extraordinary and the most scandalous. Reading it to-day, in the light of the admissions made by the Public Prosecutor in the indictment of Dr. Geffcken, it is difficult to say whether we are more amazed by the colossal effrontery of its author or disgusted by its manifest bad faith. Considering that the *Acte d'Accusation* began by establishing in the most formal fashion the genuineness of the Diary, it is somewhat of a shock to read the opening sentence of Prince Bismarck's Representation—"I consider the Diary in its present form not to be genuine"—and to follow him to the close, where, after an extraordinary specimen of historical criticism, he concludes by asserting that the Diary is "spurious, and that the publication is a forgery," primarily "directed against the Emperor Frederic"! "The memory of the Emperor Frederic," says the Chancellor, "forms a valuable possession of the people and of the dynasty," and it should, therefore, be preserved from the disfiguring tendencies of this calumniating pamphlet. Therefore, by way of vindicating the Emperor's memory, the Chancellor sets forth a series of statements which may be summarized as follows:

1. That in 1870 the Crown Prince was so distrusted by his father that he was kept purposely outside the sphere of political negotiations.

2. That this distrust was due (a) to the indiscreet revelations which the Crown Prince might make to the English Court, "which was full of French sympathies" (!); and (b) to the violent means and ambitious designs recommended to the Crown Prince by political counsellors of doubtful ability.

3. That the Crown Prince, writing at the time and on the spot, made a multitude of mistakes as to time and fact.

4. That the Crown Prince (whose authorship of the Diary is now admitted) entertained ideas of treachery to his allies "equally contemptible from the standpoint of honorable feeling and from that of policy."

5. That the Crown Prince surrounded himself with advisers clumsy, dishonorable, and incapable, and that, in short, the late Emperor Frederic was very much of a fool, if not also something of a knave.

The prosecution was therefore ordered, and the inquisitorial processes of the German law set on foot to unearth and to punish the publisher of this "calumniation of the deceased Prince."

The cause of Prince Bismarck's wrath is not far to seek. Indignation at the alleged libel upon the deceased Prince was the very last motive that really prompted the publication of this disingenuous and thinly veiled cynicism. Not because the Diary discredited Frederic III., but because its publication had inflicted a fatal blow upon the legend of Bismarckian infallibility, on which the Chancellor was attempting to found the Bismarckian dynasty. Dr. Geffcken was prosecuted. Undoubtedly the Diary struck the Chancellor in a sore place. When a statesman seeks to found a dynasty on the prestige of his prescience and courageous initiative, an historical document of the first authority which discredits both is as damaging as the unexpected discovery of proofs of illegitimacy would be to the pretensions of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg. The Diary shook the very foundations on which alone the Chancellor hoped to secure the succession to his son, by proving, by the indisputable testimony of the late Emperor, carefully committed to paper day by day as the events occurred, that in the great crisis of German history it was the Constitutional Prince rather than the arbitrary and absolute Chancellor who divined most clearly the opportunities of the situation, and contributed the driving force that secured the achievement of German unity. It was not the old men, but the young Prince, who had the most ardent faith in the future and the most passionate enthusiasm for the realization of "the long-deferred hopes of our forefathers and the dreams of German poets." As for the old Kaiser William, his attitude is best described in his own words: "My son is devoted to the new state of things

with his whole soul, while I do not care a straw about it, and hold only to Prussia. I say that he and his successors will be called to make the Empire now established a reality." That might have been tolerated, but when Prince Bismarck is introduced, even so late as November 14, 1870, shrugging his shoulders over the idea of a German Empire, and asking whether the Crown Prince would wish to threaten the South Germans into the Imperial fold, it was more than Bismarckian flesh and blood could bear to read the following reply of the Prince: "*Ja wohl*; there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and *you will see I was right in asserting that you have not yet any proper consciousness of your power.*"

The report of that conversation, which closes with a protest against the way in which a world-historic opportunity was being neglected by Bismarck, probably led to the extreme violence with which the prosecution was pressed.

Here was the real gravamen of Dr. Geffcken's offence. He had been the means, as the *Acte d'Accusation* put it, of belittling the services of the Chancellor. As soon as it was discovered that Dr. Geffcken had communicated the Diary to the *Rundschau*, he was arrested and flung into prison, as if he had been an ordinary felon. Bail was denied, and the unfortunate professor was almost done to death in the Moabit prison. His treatment affords a grim illustration of the fact that the methods of this newest dynasty of this nineteenth century in dealing with those guilty of *lèse-majesté* are substantially identical with those by which, in the first century of our era, the Roman tyrants terrorized the world.

If Dr. Geffcken had died in jail, Prince Bismarck would probably have consoled himself by reflecting that the devil had got his due. For, in the inexhaustible repertory of casual gossip, second-hand calumny, and carefully stored up denunciations by the professional dilators of the Press Bureau, which slumber in the archives of the Chancellerie of Espionage at Berlin, it was recorded that "once, about ten years ago, at a social gathering, he delivered himself in the most excited manner as to the merits of Prince Bismarck,

saying that he had not one single noble trait in his character, and was without a trace of kindliness or pity." After this, why go further?

To death Dr. Geffcken was very nearly condemned, not judicially, but by the arbitrary decree of the Chancellor whom he had dared to criticise. The sufferings of his long imprisonment, for which there was no warrant save Prince Bismarck's will, left him so weak that when at last he was released by order of the Court which exercised jurisdiction in his case, he could hardly hold a pen. The close confinement, the wearying anxiety, the seclusion from all his friends, the expectation of the severest penalty which arbitrary power could inflict, so broke down the constitution of the prisoner that at Christmas the medical officer of the jail expected that he would die on his hands. A severe attack of diarrhoea reduced him to such a state of exhaustion that they watched through the night of the 22nd-23rd of December, not expecting that he would ever see the light of another day.

Meanwhile, when the unlucky professor was being brought to the door of death in the prison, the Chancellor's police were ransacking his private correspondence in the vain hope of finding anything that would lend a colorable pretext to the criminal charge preferred against him. One of the privileges of German citizenship is that at any moment the authorities can peruse all the private correspondence of a lifetime by the simple process of accusing you, with or without evidence, of any imaginary offence, and then enter your premises and impound your papers. Civilization, it is evident, has still much to do in Central Europe before the rights of the individual against the Administration can be said even to exist. There is, however, an obvious convenience in such a system to the Inquisitors of the Wilhelmstrasse, who have no doubt immensely swelled their records of the sayings and doings of the political opponents of the Chancellor by the simple process of making copious excerpts from the private letters of Dr. Geffcken's friends.

But nothing brought to light by license of Star Chamber Inquisition furnished any evidence justifying Dr. Geffcken's



conviction. The Supreme Court of the Empire, before whom the *Acte d'Accusation* was laid, dismissed the case without even calling upon Dr. Geffcken to be heard in court. The Court, of which Dr. Simson is President, declared that, though the Diary ought not to have been published, there was nothing to show that Dr. Geffcken was conscious of the nature of the offence which he committed in giving it to the world. It therefore ordered the prosecution to be stopped, and the prisoner set at liberty.

Dr. Geffcken was kept in ignorance for the most part of how his case was going. Most of the documents of his process were kept secret from him. On the 4th of January he was forbidden to correspond freely with his counsel, and on the morning of the 5th the inspector of the prison suddenly entered his cell and told him that he was free. Then prison officials rushed in, hastily packed up his clothes, and half an hour later he was being driven to the railway station. It was not until four days afterward that he received the decree of the Supreme Court which ordered his immediate release. He reached Hamburg extremely weak, and in no condition to undertake the journey to the Riviera which was imperatively ordered for the restoration of his health. He was overwhelmed with letters, telegrams, congratulations, and demands for interviews, experiences, articles, photographs, and pamphlets. But until his health is re-established Dr. Geffcken has determined to remain a stranger to the warfare that rages around him in the Press. He has not written or inspired a single line. But as a parting blow, he was, after his return, summoned before the authorities, and cross-examined, in order to show cause why he should not be shut up as a lunatic in an asylum.

Prince Bismarck had lost his prey. But the public had not fathomed the resources at the disposal of a ruthless Chancellor, furious at the thwarting of his will. The old German reverence for judicial forms, the high ideal of the supremacy of law and the integrity of the judicial office which justified the proud boast, "There are judges at Berlin"—and it would seem at Leipsic—did not deter Prince Bismarck from appealing from the Supreme Court of the

Empire to public opinion, by the publication of an *ex parte* statement of the case against Dr. Geffcken, supported by more or less garbled and imperfect versions of the private correspondence seized in Dr. Geffcken's house. This extraordinary and unprecedented step was taken, said the Chancellor, in the interest of his Majesty's administration of justice, and in order to afford the several Governments, no less than public opinion, an opportunity of forming an independent opinion on the subject, "thus bringing the facts to the knowledge of all who are rightly entitled to see the judicial authorities of the Empire always act in a just and matter-of-fact manner," and "to enable the Governments and their subjects to form their own opinion as to the conduct of the Imperial judiciary in the case of Dr. Geffcken."

The immediate result of this affront to the dignity of the Supreme Court of the Empire was the resignation of the Minister of Justice, Dr. von Friedberg. He was an honest man, and a friend of the late Emperor, who selected him as the first person to receive the Order of the Black Eagle at his hands. We have probably not yet seen the ultimate outcome of this extraordinary appeal from the Supreme Judicial Tribunal to the verdict of a public opinion, which is neither competent to demand the production of the necessary evidence nor responsible for the impartial justice of its verdict.

## VI.

Nothing seems to be more injurious to the faculties of men than the exercise of uncontrolled and absolute power. Prisoners in jails who have all their wants supplied without the constant pressure of the struggle for existence, gradually sink into a condition of mental torpor. The same law, applied in a different sphere, exacts a similar revenge from those who, in the highest positions, have succeeded in beating down all the rivals or opponents whose competition in the earlier stages of their career supplied indispensable stimulus and not less indispensable experience as to the limits of the possible. Prince Bismarck is now suffering from the fatal results of being too successful. He has emanci-

pated himself from the limitations from which come most of our strength. He has lost his shrewdness, his quick perception of the difference between the possible and the impossible, and his instinctive consciousness of the laws that govern the affairs of men. It is as if he had rid himself of the faculty of feeling pain, a thing which every one would naturally desire, but which, if granted, would destroy our chief security against danger.

The attempt which he is now making to carry out a proscription of all who have ever crossed his path is one of the signs that the hand of the famous Chancellor has lost its cunning, and that in his case is being verified the truth of the saying of the ancients, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Even the worm may turn at last, and the attempt to hunt down all the friends of the Emperor Frederic has already provoked a very healthy reaction against the Chancellor and his promising son. It is in the political relations of nations as it is in schools. No matter how excellent may be the original disposition of the head boy, if there is no one who dare stick up to him, he soon becomes intolerable. Prince Bismarck has so long been the head boy in Dame Europa's school that no one has dared to say him nay. Let him hector and bully as he please, his colleagues and his neighbors have said never a word. Last December, however, he presumed too far on the long-suffering endurance of Europe, and his arrogance provoked a retort which has been hailed with delight throughout the Continent.

Of all the Ambassadors in the British diplomatic service, Sir Robert Morier is the man who has done most to interpret Germany to England. For a good half of his diplomatic career his constant preoccupation was to rouse his countrymen to a sense of the greatness, both moral and material, of the German people. No Englishman probably enjoyed more of the confidence of the late Emperor, and few Englishmen ever sympathized so passionately with German aspirations to liberty and independence. But he shared the views of the late Emperor as to the mischief which Prince Bismarck's unchecked ascendancy was

exercising in all the higher qualities of the German folk. He had been for two years accredited to the little Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the minor principalities which submitted reluctantly to the Prussianization that followed Sadowa. Being in his way quite as independent and passionate as Prince Bismarck himself, there was established between the two men a latent antagonism which gradually hardened into a positive antipathy. Prince Bismarck seems to have kept the *dossier* of Sir Robert Morier, noting down for use when the day of action might arrive every petty story of backstairs scandal, every unguarded expression, and, in short, all the usual stock-in-trade accumulated by private inquiry agents, who are much the same all the world over, whether they are detectives like Meiklejohn in London or decorated officials in the Wilhelmstrasse. As for Sir Robert Morier, he went his way, doing his duty to his country in the various capitals to which he was accredited, without paying much heed to the Chancellor's enmity, until, in due course of diplomatic promotion, he was sent to represent her Majesty at the Court of St. Petersburg. At a preconcerted signal the reptile Press began to unmask their batteries of abuse against the appointment. Their attack was treated with contempt, and it was not followed up—at least, not for a time. Sir Robert Morier, however, soon gave the German Chancellor fresh cause for enmity. The excellent relations which he established between England and Russia weakened the system of alliances by which Prince Bismarck calculated that he could best secure the supremacy of Germany. As long as England and Russia are at cross purposes, Europe disappears; there is only Germany and the Mayor of the Palace at Friedrichsruhe or at Varzin. But with a good understanding between London and St. Petersburg, Germany resumes her natural and proper place as *prima inter pares* among the European Powers. Hence Sir Robert Morier, by the confidence which he was able to establish between England and Russia, directly traversed the main line of Prince Bismarck's policy, which is, as it has always been, to keep up the antagonism between Eng-

land and Russia in order that Germany might be supreme in Europe.

It was therefore necessary to discredit Sir Robert Morier, and, if possible, to remove him from St. Petersburg. The first step was for Count Herbert Bismarck to circulate—privately, of course, but diligently—a curious falsehood told by Marshal Bazaine to a German military attaché in Madrid, concerning news said to have been sent by Sir Robert from Darmstadt to Metz *via* London, which betrayed to the French the movements of the German troops, and enabled him to inflict on them considerable loss. Of this, however, no notice could be taken, beyond obtaining from Marshal Bazaine, in July last, a denial that he had ever made any such statement. Armed with this denial, Sir Robert Morier, who knew the methods of those with whom he had to deal, waited developments. He had not long to wait. Among the private letters seized when Dr. Geffcken's correspondence was carried off to Berlin was one from Baron von Roggenbach, containing the passage, "Morier is coming to-day." The mere mention of the name of Sir Robert Morier in the professor's correspondence sufficed as a pretext for reopening the attack on our Ambassador. On the 16th of December the *Kölnische Zeitung* published a statement, obviously communicated from the Press Bureau, and probably by direct orders of Count Herbert Bismarck, stating that—

"In connection with investigations, which had to be made in the Geffcken case . . . there came to be considered a remark of Marshal Bazaine's, to the effect that in August 1870 he received the first news of the advance of the German armies over the Moselle through a communication, by way of London and Paris, from the then English *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt, Sir Robert Morier."

When this statement reached St. Petersburg, on the 19th of December, Sir Robert Morier at once wrote to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman would write to another, denying the charge in the most explicit terms, enclosing the letter in which Marshal Bazaine had repudiated the remark imputed to him, and asking the Count, as a gentleman and a man of honor, to cause an immediate contradiction of the foul and infamous libel to be inserted in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

To this demand Count Herbert responded by sending to the *Kölnische* the report of the military attaché, Major von Deines, dated Madrid, April 2, 1886, in which the remark of Bazaine was transmitted to the Spy Bureau in Berlin, where it was docketed for use when the time came, and then curtly wrote to Sir Robert Morier, in reply to "your Excellency's letter"—

"I regret that neither its contents nor its tone enable me to comply with your astonishing demand, and to step out of the limits imposed upon me by my official position in regard to the German Press."

The controversy has been carried on ever since in the newspapers, but nothing that has been written has in any way removed the damaging effect of this startling exposure of the methods of the Bismarcks. It may be admitted without reserve that Sir Robert Morier's conduct in addressing himself direct to Count Herbert Bismarck was in direct contravention of all diplomatic precedent. The etiquette of the profession required that he should have forwarded a disclaimer to Lord Salisbury, who would have sent it to Sir Edward Malet, who would have laid it before Count Herbert Bismarck, thus making the question international instead of personal. That Sir Robert avoided by his discreet indiscretion. Writing at once on his own initiative to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman writes to another, he took the simplest and the most direct method of getting a scandalous lie nailed to the counter with the least possible delay. It may also be freely admitted that the terms of the inquiry which he addressed to Bazaine last July do not absolutely cover the points raised by the authentic reports of the conversation reported by Major von Deines in 1886, which Count Herbert never published until January 1889. No one thinks that Major von Deines reported anything but the exact words which were used by Bazaine, nor is it necessary to doubt that Bazaine did make the statement which he subsequently declared to be apocryphal. The importance of that point disappeared when the text of the statement was published. For Bazaine seems to have said that he never knew of the passage of the Moselle on August 14 by the Germans

until he received a telegram from London on August 16 announcing the fact on the authority of Sir Robert, then Mr. Morier. The moment the dates were published the whole story fell to pieces, because the Marshal's own history of the campaign, published long before, proves that the passage of the Moselle was officially reported to him by one of his own officers the day before the despatch of Mr. Morier is said to have reached him. Not only so, but the details of the movement were reported at full length in the English newspapers of August 15, and could therefore have been sent him by telegraph from Paris on the arrival of the *Times*—supposing, of course, that he needed any intelligence from London of the movement of troops whose cannon were actually thundering in his ears—before the alleged telegram was ever despatched. As a simple matter of fact, Sir Robert Morier never had any information as to the movements of the German troops, excepting that which he read in the newspapers, and he never sent any telegram or despatch of any kind to any person giving any military information, for the very simple and sufficient reason that he never had any to send. The whole story, which Bazaine seems to have invented in order to curry favor with the Germans at Madrid, who were much incensed against Sir Robert Morier for his success in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Spain, was a manifest impossibility, and a very gross absurdity to boot. Yet it is this monstrous slander, originally picked up from the lips of a traitor, who, after his escape from jail, lived on private charity in Madrid, that Count Herbert Bismarck and his organs in the Press persist in circulating and refuse to withdraw! No condemnation can be more severe than that which they have placed on record in their own newspapers. The story is complete in all its parts. It is a perfect compendium of the Bismarckian method of enforcing a proscription by the wholesale and systematic circulation of falsehood. To have forced such an exposure as this upon the founders of the new dynasty, and to have branded Count Herbert Bismarck as a convicted libeller, who, when his weapons are shown to be poisoned, persists in their use, are services to civ-

ilization for which Europe, and especially Germany, may well be grateful to Sir Robert Morier.

## VII.

From this brief and hurried survey of some among the many indications of the evil change which has come over the mind of the great Chancellor, intensifying his natural defects and obscuring his better qualities, much has necessarily been omitted. The friction between the Emperor Frederic and his Chancellor on the subject of Jew-baiting has not even been mentioned, nor has a word been said concerning the extraordinary censure pronounced upon the Mayor of Berlin by the young Emperor because the newspapers of the capital eulogized his dead father. These are but minor features of the same great campaign relentlessly waged against all the friends of the Sovereign who was no friend to Prince Bismarck's ideas. Every one who showed a loyal devotion to the late Emperor—his widow, his English physician, Professor Geffcken, Sir Robert Morier, Baron von Roggenbach—are all marked down for pitiless persecution. Their names are in the Black Book of the Proscription, for were they not one and all the friends of Frederic III.?

What will come of the Bismarck dynasty remains in doubt. It is difficult to found a new dynasty in modern times: to found a Ministerial dynasty is almost impossible. There is no proof that the turbulent young Count whom the Chancellor has striven so hard to make his successor has either the prescience or the courage of his sire. To borrow a Johnsonian phrase, he has all the nodosity of the oak without its strength, and all the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration. Nor can it be said that Count Herbert has been trained in a good school. Adversity is the best school for genius, and it was in long years of storm and stress that his father discovered and exercised those marvelous gifts of forethought and sagacity which have made him the foremost Minister of the century. But the very magnitude of his success has deprived his son of all possibility of profiting by the advantages which stood his father in such good stead. Count Herbert Bismarck to-day is powerful, for when he



speaks every one hears the echo of his father's voice. But when six feet two inches of German soil cover all that is mortal of the mighty Reichskanzler, will those who now bow silently before the insolence of his son tolerate the unsupported arrogance of Bismarck II. ? The young Emperor will probably be the first to chafe against Count Herbert's authority, and the wrongs of the mother may yet be avenged by the hand of her son.

The Bismarck dynasty will fall, having done its work. The era of Blood and Iron is not eternal. The generous and beneficent influences which the Empress represents are stronger in the long run than all the legions of the Chancellor. And in the near future her Imperial Majesty may yet achieve a glorious and bloodless revenge. She can no longer fill the throne of Germany. But she has within her grasp the leadership of a cause far more important than that which the valor and sagacity of the Hohenzollerns crowned with victory before the gates of Paris. It is possible for her Imperial Majesty to make her Court a place where the best men and women of the world, all who are striving to bring in the brighter and the nobler day, would find welcome, encouragement, and inspiration. Art, science, letters, philanthropy, and all that ennoble life and tends to lift man nearer to God would find there a natural home, stately and yet simple, Imperial and yet human, the cosmopolitan capital of all

that makes for the betterment of the world. There, as in an ideal world, far removed from the trammels of Court etiquette and the intrigues of Chancellors, the Empress Victoria could re-establish Arthur's Table Round,

"And teach high thought and amiable words,  
And courtliness and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

Seated in the centre of the European continent, its influence would be coextensive with the civilization of which it would be the finest flower. Whether her Imperial Majesty will feel impelled to ascend the loftier throne which now stands empty before her, we do not know. For the moment she is too broken and bowed down with the burden of her woe. But to her we may address the familiar words which the Poet Laureate addressed to our widowed Queen—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure—

Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure."

Hers is the unique position, hers the unrivalled opportunity. Others are trammelled by routine and limited by nationality, as indeed she would herself have been had she continued to occupy the throne of Germany. A wider Empire awaits her if she but rises to the height of her responsibilities, and acts as the Imperial head of the womanhood and of the culture of the world.—*Contemporary Review*.

## THE TRADE OF AUTHOR.

### I.

THE question must doubtless often have obtruded itself upon every reflective and philosophic mind—which is but a gracefully oblique periphrasis for describing the readers of this present article—"How does it happen that the trade of author—a most innocent craft—is so much worse paid and so much more hardly worked than any other respectable calling?" I don't mean, of course, gravely to inquire, in this age of enlightenment, how it comes to pass that the journeyman writer fails to receive the princely remuneration accorded to

great commercial chiefs or financial operators. Naturally, we couldn't expect to be paid on the same proud scale as a sugar-broker or a stock-jobber. We have not so learned political economy in these latter times as not to be well aware of the profound gulf that separates nature's noblemen—the capitalist and the landowner—from the common ruck of mere wage-earning humanity. No; the point I wish to raise here is simply this: How does it arrive that the wage of the average author, usually a person of some little education and some modest intelligence, falls so infinitely below the average wage of the other

learned professions to which in like manner men bring but their brains and the skill of their fingers—so infinitely below the wage of the successful barrister, for example, or of the successful doctor, or of the successful parson, or of the successful artist? Envisaged merely as a problem of social economics, this question surely may give us pause for a few minutes in a world which still, after a non-committing fashion, honors literature almost up to the point of regarding its laborers as worthy of their hire—market price, two guineas per thousand.

Nor am I speaking now of the literary failures. In every profession there are, of course, dullards, idlers, and still more unfortunates, to whom luck never brings the chance of success; and the profession of letters is fuller of these, I imagine, than any other existing profession. Half the ablest writers in England are wasting their energies daily. I do not doubt, on very ill-paid and laborious journalistic handicraft. They are writing paragraphs. But then similar accidents happen elsewhere. Perhaps many a mute inglorious Eldon lingers among the briefless barristers in the classic recesses of Old Square, as able as any of those that wear silk; many a Sydenham loiters late in remote villages, as clever as any of those that draw their thousand guineas a day for inspecting royal and imperial larynxes. Many an actor struts provincial boards as gifted as those who draw down the plaudits of cultivated London at the Savoy or the Lyceum. It is not of these, however, that I now speak, but of the comparatively successful and well-known authors, the mass of the recognized trade of writers, who still toil on, year after year, on a smaller pittance than the country lawyer, with less prospects of success than the country curate, and with far harder hours than the country surgeon.

See, first, how incongruous is this disproportion. If you want to employ a barrister in your case, whose name is known as a special authority only to your solicitor, you will be surprised to find when you come to inquire that his brief is marked a hundred guineas. If you go to the specialist recommended for your complaint by your medical director, you will see that he reckons the

value of his casual conversation at something like twenty-five shillings the minute. If you desire to buy a water-color picture by an obscure member of the Institute or a young exhibitor at the New Gallery, you will have to pay some thirty pounds down for a square of paper twelve inches by twenty. But when you begin to inquire into the income of writers whose works we read, to borrow the famous phrase of a sister in the craft, "from Tobolsk to Tangier," or whose books may be bought in paper covers (probably pirated at Valparaiso and Petropaulovsky, you discover to your astonishment the strange and seemingly inconsistent anomaly, that the man known to half the world in a dozen countries is earning about one-twentieth of the income earned by the man known only to the skilled in a particular profession in the city of London. The American enthusiast, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of his most admired and worshipped English author, has been heard to express his keen surprise when he lighted at last on the object of his ardent devotion in an eight-roomed cottage among the remotest recesses of suburban Middlesex, or ran him to earth in a dingy stucco-fronted family residence of the eligible order of architecture, lost among the monotonous and dreary desert of a London back street. How does it come, then, that these things are so? Why in this one particular trade should comparative fame and considerable reputation bring with it so very, very little in the way of substantial and solid reward as pounds sterling?

## II.

In the net, viewed as a mere abstract problem of political economy (for I wish to be impartial), the question is this: Why should authors earn so much less than the average wages of like intelligent labor? Why is literature the very worst market now known to humanity into which any man can bring for sale a given finite quantity of brains and of industry?

To these questions, familiar at least to the trade itself, authors as a rule have given a large number of assorted and equally foolish answers. The rapacity of the publisher—the harmless, necessary publisher, that most indispensable

of go-betweens, that most justifiable of middlemen—has oftenest been made the innocent scapegoat of literary economics. American copyright laws, Mr. Mudie, and the penny newspapers, have also borne their fair share of literary objur-gation. To me, however, it seems quite evident that the real reason for the low rate of literary wages is a very different one. Authorship is, in fact, the only trade in which men suffer from the Competition of the Dead. And what is more, and more fatal in its effect, the dead are always at the head of the profession.

This fact implies at once a broad and very painful difference between the position of the author and the position of any other member of an educated profession. The author can hardly, by any possibility, hope to reach the top of the tree or anything like it in his own calling, during his own lifetime. The dead forever block the way against him. If you want to entrust a difficult probate case to competent hands, you can no longer call in the aid of Lord St. Leonards. If you want the best advice on the state of your health, you must consult, not the recently deceased authority, but some living Gull or Jenner. As the elders drop off in each other profession, the younger men necessarily and naturally come to the front and take their places—everywhere but in literature. It doesn't much matter that the public often doesn't know the new men's names: the members of the profession and the people most interested in securing their services know them very well, or get to know them. People must needs rely upon the best of its kind then and there actually forthcoming. In all trades, in short, except literature, a living dog is better than a dead lion.

But in literature alone, owing to the peculiarly permanent and special nature of the work done, and the ease with which it can be copied and diffused *ad infinitum*, the living dog—nay, even for the most part the living lion—is hardly in it. To be sure, there are fortunes made in literature by a lucky few, especially toward the end of their life; but these fortunes are in most cases comparatively small, and they are confined in almost every instance (save those of charlatans) to the very princes and lead-

ers of the profession. I could name if I chose, did not the modesty of English prose forbid, barristers, doctors, architects, painters, hardly known at all outside a narrow professional or critical circle, who are earning three and four times the incomes earned by distinguished men of letters of world-wide reputation. Were a comparative list made of three or four such classes, and reputation pitted against reputation, outsiders would indeed be surprised to learn for what beggarly wages well-known thinkers, poets, or romancers were pouring forth essays, verses, and novels. I know one case, indeed, of a writer almost universally praised and admired over two hemispheres, who told me, long after his best work was done, that he had never yet made in a single year more than £300, all told, by all his writings.

The key to this seeming paradox is not far to seek. By the very nature of the case, the men who write books—books which the printing-press scatters broadcast at once over land and sea; books which are read by hundreds of thousands who never see the author's face—get widely known over every continent. Nobody at San Francisco, probably, is acquainted with the name of a single leading London barrister or architect. But thousands of people, I will venture to lay a modest bet, in the remotest parts of Montana or South Africa, know fairly well the name of almost every literary contributor to the last twelve numbers of this Review. Yet even so, the diffusion is not necessarily very effective, from the author's point of view, at least. It means nothing. A surprisingly small number of copies of a book—in the case of a serious or scientific work how surprisingly few would be almost incredible—suffices to bring it well within reach of pretty nearly everybody who cares to read it. Circulating libraries, the British Museum, Tauchnitz editions, American piracy, do the rest, and the author, poor soul, *laudatur et alget*.

With law, medicine, practical arts, it is all the other way. The names, to be sure, are not known; there is little to diffuse them; but when the particular piece of work wants doing, they get hunted up, and the purchaser must pay

the market price for the very best workman then and there in the market obtainable.

In literature, however, in spite of all this wide diffusibility, effective reputations grow very slowly; and there is no special incentive of private interest to make the general public seek out and employ rising talent. Men read and buy for the most part the books of the people whose names they know, and have long known best; and they know best the names of those who have been the longest before the public. Hence it very rarely happens that an author earns a decent income during his own lifetime; and when he begins to earn one after his death, it is the publisher—that far-sighted mortgagee of his brains—who reaps in the long-run all the benefit.

### III.

Art, you say, is in the same category, surely; for there, too, are not the dead always at the head of the profession?

Not quite: the cases are by no means exactly parallel.

It is true that Raphaels, Michelangelos, Leonardos sell to-day at higher prices (though not at very much higher prices) than Leightons, Watts, or Alma Tademas. But there is not anywhere any large stock of Raphaels and Michelangelos now on sale; and the demand for such things far exceeds the effective supply at any given moment. Once more, there's nothing in art which answers at all to the power possessed by the printing-press of indefinitely multiplying in exact fac-simile the masterpieces of literature. "How about engraving?" asks the cheap objector. But engraving doesn't go in the least on all fours with the case of printing. If you buy a *Hamlet*, a *Paradise Lost*, a *Vanity Fair*, a *Pickwick*, you buy the very identical play, or poem, or novel which Shakespeare, or Milton, or Thackeray, or Dickens originally composed. If you buy an engraving of any of the pictures in the Tribuna at the Uffizi, you buy, not a Raphael or a Fra Angelico, but merely a colorless and inferior copy.

The fact is, the artist has two strings to his bow; the author only one. The artist has both original and copyright; while the author has copyright itself

alone. And in the artist's case the original is far the more important of the two, while in the author's case the original manuscript is for all practical purposes mere waste paper.

And here again the difference is fundamental. Art always commands a high price in the market because the artist plays (unwittingly and unwillingly, but still perforce plays) upon one of the meanest and smallest of all human feelings. (I'm not blaming him for it: I merely note the fact as a fact of nature.) He appeals to the hateful monopolist instinct of humanity, especially of rich and ostentatious humanity. He indirectly and unconsciously pampers the vulgar tastes of such people as dukes, and brewers, and cotton-spinners. What these men mainly want when they buy a picture is a means of displaying their own wealth and their own munificence to the remainder of their species. If they could buy the monopoly of a play of Shakespeare's or a novel of Scott's, frame it and glaze it in handsome style, and hang it up as a decoration in their own drawing-rooms—with the right to say to all their acquaintances, in a pompous whisper, "This is the masterpiece of the great So-and-so; I picked it up, dirt cheap, for a hundred thousand pounds in Fleet Street"—then literature, too, would profit by their odious foible. But unfortunately the manuscript of a new novel by Besant is *not* decorative; and nobody would care to read the book (however neatly written) in the author's handwriting. A picture, on the other hand, has immediate interest; and when you buy it and hang it on your wall, you know you have got what nobody else on earth can duplicate. The stock of old masters being necessarily limited, new masters also have their chance of favor. But who will care to buy a new book by a rising author when he can get the pick of Thackeray, and Dickens, and Carlyle, and Macaulay any day for a shilling?

Hence the first great disadvantage under which the trade of writer lies is simply this, that the competition of the dead, here and here only, is overwhelming.

I might add if I liked that this natural tendency to feed the mind mainly upon the literary work of past ages is as bad



for the reader as it is fatal for the writer ; that the best literature for any generation to nourish itself upon is the living, breathing, actual literature of its own contemporaries ; that the cheapening of old books helps not only to stifle new ones, but to retard the intellectual development of the whole community ; that men read old and worn-out thought, thought that has had its day and done its work in the world, when they ought to be taking in the fresh, new ideas, the living leaven of future progress and future evolution. But I refrain from such folly. The wise man never utters one half of what he really thinks. Most of us who scribble have suffered severely enough already in all conscience for expressing a far more modest fraction of our true opinion. So I say no more. Let us not cast our pearls any longer before the faces of the gentlemen who review Reviews in the weekly papers.

#### IV.

The first great reason, then, why the author should be so badly paid for his toil is the competition of the dead, and the consequent comparatively small demand for living literature. The second, which operates even where a specific piece of work is wanted to order at a fixed price, depends upon the fact that literature is least of all trades a close profession.

The lawyer, be he barrister or solicitor, has to pass many years, and many examinations, in preparation for his future work in life. The physician, the surgeon, the parson, the engineer, all require a special training and special credentials for their particular functions. But any man (or woman) who can hold a pen and spell decently (I am credibly informed even the latter qualification is politely waived in the case of ladies) can become an author at his (or her) own sweet will. It must be so, of course ; a competitive examination for the post of novelist would be too grotesque ; but the inevitable result of this open career upon the wages of the trade, viewed as a trade, is simply that the price of literary labor goes down on the average to the minimum price of unskilled labor of the clerkly kind in the general market.

A trade so open to all the world as this is naturally exposed to the incur-

sions of the amateur ; and what is oddest, the amateur in this trade alone stands at no possible disadvantage. Quite the contrary : he carries into the trade his outside reputation. Nobody would entrust the management of his case in the Queen's Bench to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But if a great doctor, a well-known soldier, a popular painter, a familiar singer or actor or beauty writes a book, it sells, not only as well as the average book of the professional author, but a great deal better. The name of a lord, or a Cabinet Minister, or a fashionable preacher, or a momentary lion, the comet of a season, or the cover of this Review itself, draws far more, I venture to guess, than the name of the ablest essayist or the deepest thinker now working regularly on English letters. And apart even from these occasional intrusions of the outside public into the professional preserves, there is the further fact that a vast deal of journeyman literary work is turned out by unprofessional hands, or by people who eke out small incomes, fixed or otherwise, by writing for pleasure in their leisure moments. Such writers can naturally afford to take a smaller price for their occasional services than the professional author ; and their competition tends still further to depress the wages of a trade already more than sufficiently depressed by the unique and abnormal competition of the dead.

Under these circumstances it is easy to understand why no man outside the walls of Colney Hatch ever voluntarily and deliberately devotes himself to the trade of authorship. Of course there are people who write books for the love of it—that is quite another thing. Most authors, if they came into ten thousand a year, would doubtless go on writing books themselves—the books they want to write, not the books the public asks of them. But no man, probably, ever became by choice a professional writer, a "bookseiler's hack," as our ancestors bluntly but forcibly phrased it. A trade so ill-paid and so overworked would gain no recruits, except for dire necessity. Men are driven into literature, as they are driven into crime, by hunger alone. The most hateful of professions (as a profession, I mean), it becomes

tolerable only from a sense of duty to wife and family, or the primary instinct of self-preservation. The wages are low; the prizes are few and often fallacious; the work is so hard that it kills or disables most men who undertake it before they arrive at middle life; while above all, to the sensitive mind—and most authors are constitutionally sensitive—there is the annoying liability to censure and criticism which meets your most honest and careful work at every street corner with blunt obtrusiveness.

In most other walks of life men only hear what is said for good about them. People are polite, or at least are reticent. In literature, as in politics, the most modest and thinking of men must perpetually submit to hear his intelligence, his taste, and his personality discussed in public with charming frankness, in plain print, and in every journal. If men think him a fool, they don't disguise the fact; they tell him so plainly. If they think him a snob, they inform him to his face of that pleasing belief with brutal sincerity. Probably most professional men of letters, if they told the truth, would admit at once they would give their right hands never to be compelled any longer to submit themselves to this painful ordeal of public quizzing.

Why, then, do men write for pay at all? Well, because they must live somehow. The profession is recruited almost entirely, I believe, from the actual or potential failures of other callings. The man who has knocked in vain at all other doors, or the man who has not capital enough even to approach any other door with the silver key which alone admits to the outer vestibule, takes as a last resource to literature. Some of us are schoolmasters or college tutors; some of us are doctors who failed to draw patients; some of us are "stickit ministers" or discredited parsons; a vast proportion are briefless barristers. When a man who knows how to put an English sentence grammatically together has no other resource left in life, he sells himself, body and soul, in the last resort to the public press, and produces the fabric they call literature.

Novelists in particular are probably always made, not born; being in this respect the antipodes of the poet. Di-

vine bards sing because they must; but I suppose no man ever took by choice to the pursuit of fiction. Fellows drift into it under stress of circumstances, because that is the particular ware most specially required by the market of the moment. Women, it is true, often ardently desire to write a novel; but that is because they mainly read little else, and literary aspiration in their case, therefore, naturally betakes itself in that particular direction. To be an author and to be a novelist are to them identical. But the literary aspirations of an educated man generally lead quite elsewhere. It is only the stern laws of supply and demand that compel him in the end to turn aside from the Lord's work to serve tables for his daily sustenance.

#### V.

And this brings me to a further deplorable result of these economic conditions governing the unfortunate trade of authorship—the only trade pursued by educated men which requires neither capital, nor credentials, nor special training—the result, I mean, that the author himself, viewed as an economic unit, must aim, above all things, at suiting his market. This is a truth as clear, from the economic point of view, as the truth that the baker, the grocer, and the producer generally must produce what the public wants to buy, not what he himself thinks would be best for the public. There is no way out of it, work it how you will. He can't possibly force the market. You may not like the conclusion—the conclusions of political economy are usually distasteful; but, like it or lump it, it is true none the less. We have to deal here with a crowded trade, in which competition is exceptionally and fatally severe—a trade which kills off its workmen faster than any sweating system ever devised by human ingenuity—a trade compared with which (I speak seriously) match-making and silversmithing and house-painting and coal-mining are healthy and congenial light occupations. Paternoster Row (as every passer-by must surely have observed) is white underfoot with the blanched and mouldering skeletons of its victims. The hours are long, the strain is severe, the pace is killing, and the pay is inadequate. In this trade,

therefore, unless a man produces the precise object the public wants, for a public exceptionally fastidious and capricious, he goes to the wall as sure as fate, and the black earth yawns hollow below to receive him.

Of course most men, in spite of the public, have their own fancies and their own likings. The best of us are human. Your native taste may be all in the direction of baa-lambs and buttercups; you may love to babble of green fields and to purl melodiously in limpid prose of purling brooks; but all that is naught. If the public of the moment demands sensation you must throw the White-chapel murders into the shade with your paper atrocities, and revel in human gore with a cheerful face, as though you much preferred that unpleasant medium for your morning tub to any less clammy and sanguine liquid. Or your natural bent may be all for tragedy; you may pant to ennoble the buskined stage, and to purify the souls of Mr. Mudie's subscribers with Aristotelian correctness by fear and pity. But if the public has detected in you some faint undercurrent of amatory vein, you must exhibit Aphrodite, robed round with nothing but the world's desire, on every page of your glowing verse, or must unravel the tangles of Nesæa's hair through three long volumes, till you're sick and tired of it. The people want to be amused, and amused it will be in its own way, in spite of you. Just now that way is hacking dusky South African flesh into small pieces; and all the fiction and imagination of the age must needs warp itself from its predestined path to gratify this jejune recrudescence of barbarism, this morbid taste for blood and thunder in literature.

There's no help for it, no way out of it. As a plain matter of political economy the facts are these: Innumerable workers possess the field. Competition is keen, success is difficult. If *you* don't supply what the public wants, somebody else will step in and oust you; and the somebody else will survive in the struggle for life, while you go to the wall or into the workhouse. That is the gospel according to Darwin and Malthus applied to art. "*Saltauit et placuit*" is all the epitaph you can ever hope for; and not to please is simply fatal.

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"But high aims in art, the noble desire to elevate and train the taste of the people—have we not heard that great artists must create the faculty by which they are to be appreciated?" and so forth, and so forth, with variations innumerable. Now, let us be serious. I am speaking here, not about great artists, but about the common and respectable trade of author. There are authors who do not depend upon the trade; those lucky dogs can please themselves if they like in this matter, and I don't doubt that in the end they often succeed in pleasing the public also. Ruskin is a splendid case in point; others occur, but, mindful of the dignity of British prose once more, I refrain from naming them. In such instances the author's subsistence is secured meanwhile, and he can go on writing the way he chooses, and as long as he chooses, till he secures his public as well. But what is the use of waiting for your public, if you die of starvation yourself in the mean time? Moreover, it must be remembered that most authors can't print what they like at their own expense. They haven't the capital. They are dependent upon publishers, editors, booksellers, proprietors, and those sensible people—sound business heads—will only print the sort of stuff they expect to pay them. All this talk about its being the duty of the author to elevate public taste, etc., etc., belongs to a purely ideal world, where political economy and the struggle for life have not yet penetrated. In the actual practical world we all live in, the author must work for his daily wage like any other journeyman laborer. If he pleases his public, he earns his salt; if he doesn't please it—open the doors, and exit. You might as well tell the baker's man, as he goes his round, he should aim at elevating the taste of the back streets by supplying the people with Vienna bread and French rolls of the daintiest pattern. How is he to get the flour and machinery to turn them out? and supposing he does, of what use would it be if the back-street folks have no money to buy them with, or don't want them?

Of course there are always a few authors who insist upon "following the intuitions of their own genius," and who sometimes succeed (with iron constitu-

tions) in pulling through, in spite of everything; but far more often they faint by the way and perish in the attempt, to receive payment thereafter, at the public expense, sumptuous but unsatisfactory marble monuments. These are the martyrs, and martyrdom is always an edifying spectacle; but it isn't practical, and moreover, in most cases, it isn't even right. A man may be ready enough to starve, himself, but the better part of us have given hostages to fortune; and there is more real heroism in toiling on uncomplainingly at distasteful work for those hostages' sakes than in making your wife and children starve with you uncomplainingly because, forsooth, you are a heaven-born genius, and must give free play to the inspiration within you. The first plain duty of most plain men is to discharge their responsibilities to those who are dependent upon them. Martyrdom is a showy and effective business, it brings down the house at the close with a rush; but a modest sum put away in the Three per Cents commends itself rather as an aim in life to what is, after all, the highest morality.

Not that there are not heroic instances on the other side. One there is of a great thinker who resolutely devoted his small capital and the years of his life to the development of a philosophical system, on which at first he wasted himself in vain, with no return and little sympathy, till at last, after many days, the world of a sudden woke up with a start to find him acknowledged as its profoundest teacher. But, then, the great thinker *had* that little capital to start with; he had no family ties; he stood alone in the world, to sink or swim; and he resolutely determined to spend himself in the effort. That was heroism if you like, but heroism possible or praiseworthy only in a few exceptional instances. A trade can't be carried on upon such terms as those; it must keep alive its workmen, and the workmen can only be kept alive by pleasing their public.

It is one of the minor annoyances of an author's life, indeed, that the world at large can never be made to recognize this plain fact, but constantly insists on identifying the writer with his books or his articles. It takes it for granted that

he writes what he likes, and that he chooses his themes because he is personally interested in them. Sometimes it scolds him for his evil selection: "Oh, how can you write such horrid things?" or, "Why do you always make your plots so dreadfully blood-thirsty?"—while he, poor innocent soul, with his finger to his mouth, would probably far prefer to spin out a pretty idyllic story about the domestic loves of two nice young people, who after many vicissitudes were happily married, or to enlighten the world to the best of his ability on the precise relations of the double stars to the unresolved nebulae. They little know that at that very moment a note from an editor, supreme arbiter of fate, lies open upon his table, "Why don't you give us a little more incident? Couldn't you manage, now, to kill off Guy and let Ethel's throat be finally cut after a desperate struggle by the insurgent Zulus?" But oftener still—and this is far more annoying—the world makes little complimentary speeches: "That was a sweet story of yours"—good heavens, the Trial of the Riddigore Mystery! or "How I did laugh over that clever essay on the Ethics of Bores!" pumped up perforce with a nervous headache in response to an urgent demand from an employer for a humorous article. What is worst of all, the world even writes you earnest argumentative letters about the precious subject on which you have last written, as though you cared for it: "Have you seen my pamphlet on the South Australian corn question?" or "Do you know that there exists at Rome a more perfect copy of the Apollo of Lysippus than even the one you praise so highly in your interesting paper on the Development of the Plastic Art in Corinth?" Why, that tedious article was written to order, at so much per column, to accompany plates already engraved, for the editor of a leading art-magazine; and you take about as much personal interest in the plastic art of Corinth or of Corioli, as a shoemaker takes in the metatarsal bones of this, that, or the other particular customer. You mugged it all up as Mr. Potts's young man mugged up the subject of Chinese metaphysics, and as soon as you had delivered your soul, according to contract,



of the five thousand words, neither more nor less, sufficient to imbed those eight interesting engravings in a shallow stratum of insipid letterpress, you dismissed the plastic art of Corinth for good from your mind, with a fervent hope that no malign influence would ever compel you in an evil hour a second time to approach the dry details of Hellenic sculpture.

## VI.

Cynicism? Ah, no; despondent realization of economic law. These are the conditions under which alone the author by trade necessarily lives. But do you think he likes them? Incredible! Impossible!

For the author, too, has had his day of illusion, you may be sure. There was once a time, long, long ago, when he thought he might say what lay nearest his own heart; might speak out to the world, for good or for evil, the truth that was in him. Never mind whether the truth was worth speaking or not; to him at least it was all important. Hard experience alone has knocked all that out of him. And to the end, for the most part, he kicks against the pricks. He hates the sordid, squalid necessity for earning his bread by lowering himself to the tastes of the public he must needs serve with its daily literature. Slowly and painfully he learns to take his place beside the maker of hats and the importer of latest Paris fashions, as a unit in a trade that lives by pleasing. Perhaps pot-boiling is his true function in life, but he at any rate must have other ideals and other interests. For the author has usually aims and aspirations and theories of his own. The very ability which enables him to spin words into pretty phrases that take the editorial mind by their freshness, implies as a rule tastes, feelings, and sympathies above the common. If he could, he would gladly say what he has deepest and most earnest within him. He would give the people of his best. But when he tries it on, the people too often turn it over listlessly at the railway bookstalls, and say with a yawn, "We prefer his shilling shockers, thank you."

And most of us *have* tried it on, every now and again. We have listened, as advised, to the intuitions of our inspired

genius. The publishers, to be sure, looked askance at our work; they shook their capitalist heads ominously. Never mind; we have a few hundreds of our own laid by—the spoils of the Philistines from those shockers aforesaid: let us publish at our own risk and expense. 'Sdeath, we'll print it. Alas, alas, how flat that work fell, in which we tried to elevate the taste or improve the morals or intellect of the public! The public chose rather to keep its taste and morals at its own dull level. A loss or two of this sort soon taught us wisdom. We accepted our true place in the world. We boiled the pot, if not cheerfully, yet resignedly. We began to feel the pulse of the market. Most of us never quite succeed in catching it, to be sure; that pulse is so capricious—or we ourselves have such insensitive finger-ends—that we fail exactly to synchronize somehow with its erratic movements. But we get near enough to make both ends meet approximately. That modest result amply suffices for the average ruck of a hard-worked but eminently humble and contented profession.

The fact is, as the world is constituted, to say out in full what you actually think about anything is simply fatal. You must write always with one eye askew upon ten thousand foolish popular prejudices. Especially in England, to hold opinions about any really great and important subject—about the relations of man to the Cosmos, for example; to space and time and matter and energy; to earth and ocean and plant and animal; or again, about the relations of man to man, of man to woman, to the child and the family, to the past and the future; to the evolution and ultimate perfection of the race; any question, in short, of politics, or religion, or social science, or sexual morality, in the least degree above the opinions vulgarly held by the bourgeois mass of our Philistine fellow-countrymen, is nothing less than damning. To have ethical theories superior to the morality of the grocer, the baker, and the Baptist minister; to have views of life more comprehensive than the views of blushing sixteen in the rectory drawing-room, is to write yourself anathema. On all these subjects—all the subjects about which it is worth while giving an opinion at all—the world

doesn't want to hear anybody's opinion : it wants to go on uncriticised and unthinking, on its own commonplace banal level.

"But the great geniuses said their say boldly and made their mark, and pleased in spite of it." Of course. What can you not do if you are a great genius? That is small consolation to those hard-working souls who are not geniuses ; and the rank and file of every profession can never hope to be all field-officers. What is the use of telling the corporal who finds military cheer in barracks hard, that at the officers' mess they fare sumptuously every day off champagne and turtle? Yet even among the great geniuses of the world there have been no doubt four classes. The first is the class who could afford to wait and bide their time ; who were not of the trade ; who cared but little what the world thought of them ; who would go their own way and say their own say, and care for no man. The second is the class who perish in the attempt—the Chattertons and Keatses, the Brunos and Dolets—the noble army of martyrs whom few can follow. The third is the class of lucky hits—the men who early take the public fancy, like Dickens or Hugo, and can do thenceforth pretty much as they like. The fourth is the class of those who deliberately set themselves merely to please, and succeed at last by dint of their genius in pleasing royally.

To most journeyman authors, however, literature is simply a hard trade, governed like any other by the cruel laws of supply and demand. The one glorious possibility the craft encloses is the stray chance of a hit—one of those sudden jumps whereby a man's price goes up at a bound from hundreds to thousands, by some inexplicable whim of public fancy. Every workman in the literary trade lives in a perpetual deferred hope of accomplishing some day such a grand revolution. It is this

strange gambling element of the craft that keeps him at times from losing heart entirely when things look blackest. It is this that reconciles him to the homely, slighted shepherd's trade. Every now and then he sees one of his friends burst out in this wise into sudden blaze, often with a work no better than many of his previous good works which the public slighted, sometimes, indeed, by no means with his best one ; and why may not he too in his turn do likewise? To the journeyman author that chance, if ever it comes, means not only a competence, it means also, what is dearer by far to him, emancipation, freedom. For when once an author has attained success, he is free indeed. He may say what he likes. He may tell the truth at last, and no man will curb him. From its favorites the public will suffer anything. Carlyle gave it abuse, Ruskin gives it nonsense, but it smiles benignly. That long self-repression will be all at an end. That drudgery of applying his noblest faculties to work that he hates will all be over. He can bring out after all his great work on the celestial parallax, or can explain his heretical and unpalatable views on the population question. He can even publish his epic poem, or print the tragedy that the management of the Lyceum so unaccountably rejected. So at each fresh book his hopes rise high ; surely the hit is coming now ; he has fetched that thick-skinned ruminant the public, this time ! Alas, the new venture falls flat as all its predecessors at Mudie's, or has that modest bookselling *succès d'estime* that attends all through his best efforts to please the pachydermatous public. He has failed again to find the thin spot in that rhinoceros hide. To work once more, with foolscap in reams ! Surely at last, with all his striving, he must find out exactly what that capricious many-headed beast really wants from him !—*Fortnightly Review*.

## AMERICAN AND ENGLISH GIRLS.

BY J. ACTON LOMAX.

A LITTLE time ago, owing to a leading article in the *Standard*, a discussion arose on the comparative merits of the English and American girl from a matrimonial point of view. Unfortunately, it did not happen to arise in the "silly season," when the columns of our newspapers are indulgent to the wails of the "British Matron," the "mistress of six servants," and others of her class, and, furthermore, several of the letters ran perilously near the brink of mere abuse; for both these reasons, probably, the discussion was closed somewhat abruptly, before any fair or impartial conclusions were arrived at on either side. The fact remains, notwithstanding, that for some cause or another, American girls are much sought after as wives by Englishmen, and as the reasons seem to be involved in mystery, especially to the women themselves, a brief consideration of them may be deemed worthy of attention.

To begin with, it is necessary to bear in mind that there always exists what may be termed a family jealousy between the Americans and ourselves. We are not the most unprejudiced people in the world—in fact, insularity and a firm belief in the superiority of everything British are reproaches still hurled at our heads even by our own countrymen—and the Americans are in no way behind us in this respect. But neither of us can ever forget that we are the same race, and it is this consciousness of kinship, which it is to be hoped may never cease to exist, that lends acrimony to our bickerings. We never look upon Americans as foreigners; if we discuss some French or German custom, we shrug our shoulders, declare it is a foreign idea and have done with it; but in criticising American customs we behave very much after the fashion of a mother who is unable to comprehend the vagaries of a married daughter, and declares that "nobody thought of acting thus in *her* young days," but who has no right to interfere. We regard them from a kindred and not a foreign point of view, and therefore we think that we

ought to be able to understand them, just as the aforesaid mother would expect to be able to enter into the feelings of her daughter, and we are inclined to feel aggrieved if they do not see things through our, to them, perhaps, grandmotherly, spectacles.

The English and American girl, however, are so far apart in feeling and sympathy that it is almost impossible for either to judge the other with any show of fairness. The former can see nothing but "fastness," freedom, license and vulgarity in her American sister; the latter nothing but dulness, silliness, and qualities of the "tame cat" order in the English girl. Both are equally at fault in their judgment; but it is very seldom that either will take the trouble to trace the difference back to its source and examine it from that standpoint; they prefer to argue merely from the effects they see presented to them without considering the cause, and they forget sometimes that even these effects upon which they base their arguments are drawn from an experience far too limited to be valuable in formulating a general law. In tracing back to its source the difference between the two, it appears almost unquestionably to exist not in essence or constitution but to a large extent in the result of early training.

The ordinary English girl is not allowed very much liberty even in her childhood; to be characterized as a "Tom-boy" is more or less of a reproach to her, and at a very early age she is probably relegated to the care of a somewhat staid governess, who constantly impresses upon her the necessity of decorum, and holds up her hands in horror if Mary tears her frock in climbing trees with her small brothers, or if Ethel, in the same evil company, covers herself with mud on a surreptitious fishing expedition. If the governess system is not available, the child is sent to school, where she never sees anything of the male animal, except perchance in the person of some elderly Professor, whom, no doubt, in obedience to the prompt-

ings of original sin, she generally delights to tease. At any rate, whether the governess or the school is preferred, she is never left to herself, but is always surrounded by safeguards, and tied to feminine apron-strings. Soon, too soon alas! arrives the eventful time when she "comes out" and makes her entry into society, and here again the same system of constant supervision is observed. She is entirely dominated by the doctrine of "ask Mamma." It is "Mamma" who, if she be calculating, inculcates the idea that the principle of natural selection and freedom of choice is curtailed and does not extend to "detrimentals"; it is "Mamma" who accepts and refuses invitations; "Mamma" who plays chaperon at every ball; "Mamma" who, even if she be unworldly and uncalculating, tries her best to ward off the fascinating but impecunious Lothario, and affords opportunities to the suitor with a large rent-roll. This can hardly be called a highly-colored sketch of the first five-and-twenty years of an ordinary English girl's life.

In America the system is different. Governesses are almost unknown, except in a few of the Southern States, where they are still to be found occasionally, owing to the prevalence of the negro and the scarcity of good private schools. In the Northern States, colleges and seminaries corresponding to our private schools do exist, but their terms are excessively high and beyond the means of any but the wealthy classes. For the average girl the most prevalent means of education is the "public" school, which nearly corresponds to a combination of our "national" and "high" schools, and in many cases, not by any means only among the *bourgeoisie*, but in the higher ranks of society also, for some considerable time the American girl and boy attend the same classes indiscriminately. Another noteworthy point of difference between the American and the English school systems of female education is that the former is, as a rule, more thorough and complete; it tends to develop the thinking capacities more highly, and to individualize rather than to turn out so many replicas of a certain model. When her education is considered complete, the American girl "comes out," very often at an

earlier age than the English girl, but, instead of being constantly watched and treated *en petite fille*, the most entire confidence is placed in her. She is trusted to receive a man who happens to call in the absence of her father and mother; she is allowed to permit him to call if he meets her at a dance, and asks her permission, in which case he virtually calls upon her; she is trusted to go for a walk or a drive with him unchaperoned, though there is a growing disinclination among many American "mamas" to countenance this latter form of amusement. But the understanding which precedes and underlies this freedom is always that the girl is expected to behave herself as decorously as if she were hedged round with chaperons.

Taking, then, these two brief sketches as expressing in outline the difference of education in England and America, the question arises, What are the results consequent upon this difference of training which seem to depreciate the one class, and raise the other in the estimation of many Englishmen of the present day? The English girl, as a natural result of her education, is utterly devoid of independence and initiative, in fact, initiative in a girl is regarded with considerable suspicion, and is liable to be called hard names, such as wilfulness and self-assertion. She is romantic and simple, but indiscriminating; romantic and simple in that she dreams of a Prince Charming, indiscriminating in that almost any man with moderate attractions can by perseverance and opportunity persuade her that he is that visionary hero. She lacks independence and individuality because her actions and even her inclinations, or at any rate the indulgence of them, are to a great extent subject to the control of another. Habit is the most powerful schoolmaster in the world, and it is scarcely surprising that, if the thinking faculties of the cleverest and most original girl are allowed to fall into disuse, they will in time entirely disappear, or fail to take any interest in nine tenths of the questions of the day. And yet her mind, so we are often told, is of no different calibre from that of a man; the difference lies in the training of it. Occasionally she rebels against the control exercised over her, and pleases herself, but it is at the



cost of much discomfort and unhappiness, for she is constantly reminded of her undutifulness, and if, as is more than likely owing to her inexperience, her choice proves disastrous, she is consoled upon the "I told you so" principle, and affords a convenient moral upon which to hang a tale to all the mothers of her acquaintance whose own daughters show any inclination to kick over the traces. As a rule, however, she is too well trained to rebel; having been educated to subservience for some twenty years, her will is a plant of sickly growth. After a time, if she is "nice" (that all-expressive word), and if the course of true love is approved of by mamma, she transfers this subordination of will in a great degree to her husband, not entirely because tradition and custom permit her more freedom as a married woman, but in a degree greater or less according to her faith in her husband's capacity. Even as a wife, however, she retains that terror of Mrs. Grundy which has been inculcated in her from her childhood, and does many things that she sets no store by, simply because the society in which she has been accustomed to move requires them.

Next, let us turn to a consideration of the American girl, and note how her development proceeds from the time she makes her *début* into society. To begin with, "Mamma" is a *quantité négligeable*, that is, from a society point of view, for naturally to the girl herself, who is fond of her mother, a mere expression of a wish is sufficient. But as a chaperon, as a protectress, as a pioneer her duties are practically nil. The "young people" are allowed and trusted to amuse themselves in their own way, and the very fact that it is almost an unheard of thing for a girl to come to any harm under this system proves either that the system is good or else that the ordinary American is a man of higher principle than the Englishman, an admission we should most of us probably be loath to make, though Englishwomen will sometimes agree to it, when hard pressed, in arguing that such a reconstitution of society would be impossible in England. However this may be, in America the young people amuse themselves after their own fashion by themselves; they walk together, ride together,

boat together, skate together, and the man is on his honor to behave toward the girl as he would himself expect another man to behave toward his own sister. Furthermore, if there is the least suspicion that he is *not* behaving as he ought, he is utterly ruined socially; he is cut by his friends both male and female, and such a storm of indignation assails him that from that time forward he leads the life of a dog, for it is very much easier to repair any social *lâche* in England than in America. In England we recognize the merits of the system in many ways, but for some traditional reason we are loath to extend it to social matters. We release a man on parole and expect him not to break his word; we put a schoolboy on his honor, and we know that, as a rule, he will feel more bound thereby than by any threats of punishment, but we are afraid of extending the same confidence to older boys and girls, who, *pari passu*, ought to be more trustworthy instead of less. As a natural consequence of this freedom of intercourse an American girl becomes more discriminating. She sees a great number of men in situations which bring out their character, and is far more able to judge them than if she met them now and again for a few hours when they were on their best behavior, and so she is less likely to be misled when the time comes for her to make her choice. She also gains more insight into a man's nature and understands it better, and therefore the Prince Charming of her dreams is a much more human and practical individual, and she is rarely so bitterly disappointed in the reality as an English girl whose ideal is a modern reincarnation of King Arthur and Sir Launcelot combined. One other point worthy of remark in instituting a comparison remains, viz., that, as the American girl has always been accustomed to be more or less of a law unto herself she has for that reason far less terror of Mrs. Grundy than the English girl, and adapts herself more easily to any alteration in circumstances that her marriage may entail. It is often urged, and with some show of reason, that the average Englishman likes a certain timidity and hesitation in a girl, and therefore that his preference for an American is inexplicable. But if, instead of being

content with the bare fact, we go back a step farther and ask ourselves *why* he likes this modicum of hesitation and reserve, the mystery explains itself at once. He likes this timidity and hesitation and reserve in a girl merely because, in an English girl, it is indicative of a certain temperament, and is the result of a certain bringing-up; it is a criterion of her modesty and refinement. But if in an American girl he finds equal modesty and refinement without this timidity and hesitation, it is quite conceivable that he may prefer her, for he is not in love with these qualities for their own sakes. The same explanation holds good with regard to what is apparently a similar mystery, especially to the fair sex, that he admires in an American girl what he would characterize as fast and vulgar in his own sisters. If, in the present state of English society, his sisters were to assume the freedom of an American girl, their conduct would undoubtedly be considered fast, though if they were nice girls, and if they could do it *à l'Américaine*, it would probably do them no harm. But at present they would be unable to do it in the same way; the very knowledge that they were doing something unusual would rob their motives of that innocence which is the safeguard of the American. It must always be borne in mind, in this connection, that most of our social ideas of modesty, refinement, delicacy, "fastness," and so forth are merely relative. If fifty of our leaders of society were to band themselves together and vote that this system of perpetual chaperonage was ridiculous, and that they would countenance it no longer; or, again, if they were to decree (and act on their decree) that it was modest for a girl to go to a ball in a gown no longer than many fancy dress costumes one sees, or immodest for her to wear a low-necked dress, in five years our ideas on these subjects would be revolutionized and undergo a change which would pervade all grades of society. In such matters it is custom which dictates what is right or wrong, modest or immodest, and a curious proof of this is afforded by the Americans themselves, who, with all their much criticised freedom of manners, are very much more inclined to question the

propriety of a young girl appearing in a low dress than we are, and as a matter of fact actually discountenance it except in their great centres, such as New York, which are more cosmopolitan than distinctively American.

There is another phase of the American girl's character which may or may not be regarded as a result of her education, but which is calculated strongly to attract an educated and clever man, and that is her passion for self-improvement. Speaking generally, it may be said that American women are always educating themselves. They combine, according to age and condition, as married or single, to form innumerable clubs and societies, which are not the dilettante societies of Englishwomen, wherein every member pledges herself to get up at 8 o'clock each morning, or devote half an hour every day to the study of a "stiff" book, and honors the rule more in the breach than the observance; but they are real, honest attempts at self-culture and mutual improvement, inaugurated from no sense of duty, but from a *bonâ fide* love of learning. The results are very apparent in most of the American women who visit the Continent, though it may be remarked, *en passant*, that until we have been in America ourselves or know Americans well, we find it almost impossible to discriminate between the representative American and the comparatively illiterate "Westerner" who has "made his pile." They know beforehand, even before they leave home, in which street they will find a certain gallery, and they have a very good idea of the locality of the street; they know in which portion of the Louvre or the Vatican a certain picture or statue is placed, and they are "up" in the differences and peculiarities of the various schools of art. It is the possession of this previous knowledge, enabling them to see any place without waste of time which has, to a great extent, brought down on their heads the ridicule of English people who hardly know, when they visit a Continental city, what they are going to see. On the Continent, too, their method of spending their time is different from that of their English sisters. If they settle down for a few weeks in Paris, Rome, or Berlin, they at once seek for masters, and apply

themselves seriously for an hour or two a day to the study of French, Italian, or German, as the case may be. As a rule, they are early risers, and very probably before the Englishwoman is out of her bed in the morning, they have had their lesson, and are ready to sally forth and see the sights of the place. But this desire for self-improvement is by no means confined to the study of history, geography, and languages; it is far more catholic in its aims and embraces many branches of art, literature, and science which, on this side of the Atlantic, are confined principally to the other sex. The American girl is in reality a "blue-stocking," without showing it; she has learned the secret of drawing upon her knowledge without obtruding it. With us, it seems almost impossible for a girl to be really well informed without developing a contempt for her sisterhood, and making herself objectionable to her neighbors. She is voted "queer" and "crotchety" (which is the best way of making her so), and consequently she generally grows hard and unwomanly, snaps her fingers at society, and repays scorn with scorn. Not a little amusing is the, to English people, curious reversal of opinion with regard to the opposite sex, which exists in America. In England one is tired of hearing the masculine complaint that a fair partner at a ball, or neighbor at dinner, is "absolutely commonplace," has nothing in her beyond "Yes" and "No," and so forth, and one is inclined very often to lay the blame on an assumption of superiority or a want of sympathy in the man, but in American society it is by no means extraordinary to hear the same complaint from the other side. The girl, by the cultivation of the intellectual as opposed to the mere "business" faculties, occasionally finds herself out of touch with a man in exactly the same way that a clever man in England finds himself *hors de rapport* with the average girl he meets.

The reproach aimed by Americans at the English girl, viz., that she is of the "tame cat" order, and that her husband will trust her with his bills or the darning of his socks, but not with his ideas, is as great a misconception, in many respects, as the English estimate of American women; but, from the American

point of view, it has *some* foundation in fact. We need only look at the life of the ordinary Englishman to discover the foundation upon which this exaggerated inference is based. He always retains a tenderness for his club, where he can ventilate among his fellow-men his ideas political, moral, and social, to which, it is quite true, he does not, as a rule, treat his wife. If he has a male friend he can pass hours upon hours in his company without being bored, which, unfortunately, does not always happen in the case of his wife, and the very fact that women are the first to declare that no wife *wants* her husband *always* with her, is a proof, more or less, of a certain incompatibility of temperament and thought. Probably it is on these and kindred grounds that the American forms her opinion of the average English girl, and, until she gains more experience of English habits, imagines herself strictly correct. On the other hand, for a fair and impartial opinion of the American girl, one must apply rather to an Englishman than an Englishwoman, for he is more on a level with her in thought, and more in touch with her in idea. It is no secret that the unprejudiced, educated Englishman is a general favorite with American women. If he has a particle of discernment, he very soon discovers that American freedom is by no means a synonym for license, and when he has fully assimilated that idea he finds his relations with the "nice" American girl most charming and cordial and fascinating. But in the matter of propriety of behavior he discovers she is inexorable, and that, so far from being permitted more license of speech or action, he in reality enjoys less. This, of course, is comprehensible, for, if the freedom of intercourse between girls and young men is to be kept up, there are many things, perfectly innocent in themselves, which cannot be said or done, because the motives might possibly be questionable. Upon a consideration of the good influence this system might be expected to have on men, it is beyond the limits of the present inquiry to enter, but that it does tend to make them more refined, more considerate, and more polite, there can be little doubt. It is equally outside the question to consider the many points in

which the English girl may be judged to excel the American, though there is one which may be regarded as a result of her education, and therefore 'claims notice, viz., her domesticity. Herein, to an English mind, she undoubtedly excels the American; indeed, she never shows to greater advantage than in her own house, surrounded by her children, and in that charming aspect she has no equal in the world. In this respect American life is totally different from ours. A dislike for the worries and increased expense of housekeeping, and the consequent living in hotels and boarding-houses, makes even their domestic life more public than ours, and it can hardly be disputed that among American women the feeling of maternity is less strong than with us. It is not that they do not love their children as dearly if they have them, but there is a tendency, a growing tendency, among young married women to look upon children as a nuisance and a tie, and they are beginning to count themselves lucky if they are childless. Americans will probably deny this, but it is true notwithstanding, and has formed the subject of not a few discussions, lectures, and grave warnings from their serious thinkers.

In conclusion, it is necessary to anticipate misconception, and to lay an apologetic stress upon the aims of this paper. It pretends solely to examine the reasons for the appreciation of the American girl in England, and though one-sided, it endeavors to be impartial. It is not concerned with a comparison between the English and American girl, in which all the merits and demerits of either are put side by side, and a deduction drawn in favor of the one or the other. A comparison has been instituted, but only on the points in which the latter may be supposed to excel the former, because it is presumably those which account for her supremacy. Doubtless as large a catalogue might also be compiled to support the opposite view, but with this the present inquiry does not deal. It admits the charm of the American girl for many Englishmen who may be supposed to be competent judges of what is delicate, modest, and refined in a woman; it attempts to give a reason for that charm, and to show that the greater liberty of American manners is not incompatible with those qualities which every man, in making his choice, desires, and believes he is obtaining, in a wife.—*National Review*.

#### THE EFFECT OF MILITARY TRAINING ON CHARACTER.

LORD WOLSELEY, in his excellent speech of Friday week to the Volunteers of Birmingham, made an assertion in defence of military training as a means of education which it is now quite usual to make, and which is well worthy of a moment's discussion. He maintained, as all the great soldiers of the Continent maintain, that universal military training for two or three years is almost an un-mixed good, and improves the youth of the nation not only in physique, but even in moral character. As we agree with him that national dangers, or possibly national disasters, will one day force us to adopt, if not a true conscription, at least the Swiss system of universal military training, we have no pre-conceived desire to dispute that opinion, but we wish its accuracy were made a little more completely clear. Lord Wolseley, for instance, who has such

large experience, and who expresses himself so certain, might have occupied another quarter of an hour in telling Englishmen with some minuteness and care the evidence upon which his assertion rests. It will be denied point-blank by at least one half of the political Englishmen who read the speech, as well as by all that immense number of women with whom it is a tradition—a most injurious tradition, as Lord Wolseley well knows—that life in the barrack is, of all lives that their sons can lead, the most hopelessly demoralizing. It is, therefore, in the highest degree expedient to give us the exact facts, which as yet have neither been collected nor explained with anything like sufficient care. Lord Wolseley, for instance, praises the physical results of barrack-life, and holds not only that it benefits the health of insufficiently fed men taken out of the



slums, but that it benefits everybody, and this to such a degree that the conscripts of the Continent are becoming in every way "physically superior" to the English. Now, is that exactly true, as it ought to be if it is to be accepted as an argument for general training, or is it largely mixed with rhetorical exaggeration? *A priori*, it ought to be true, because regular diet, regular exercise, and healthy lodgings, all enjoyed just when the lad is growing into manhood, ought to benefit everybody, or at least to develop everybody's muscles. We have, for our own parts, no doubt that as regards the lowest classes of the male population of this country it is true, and that the "Queen's salt" does in a year or two develop weedy, rickety, pasty-faced, vicious-looking lads into powerful and well set-up men who can march without slouching, run without shuffling, and, above all, stand still without looking as if their spines would break under the exertion. But we must not forget that the mass of the nation does not belong to this class, that there are other gymnasia besides the drill-yard, and that some of the evidence tells the other way. Young officers are not healthier than young squires. The villager who ploughs or digs, or does steady work of any kind, is as strong as his brother who has been trained in barrack. The foreign navvies, who have all been drilled, even the German navvies, are hopelessly beaten by the English navvies, who have never been trained at all. Contractors, who are the best judges, will give the latter 50 per cent more wages solely for their superior and unequalled strength. That a hundred young soldiers acting together would beat a hundred young London costermongers in a quarrel, may be taken as true without discussion; but if they were separated and paired, the result would, we fancy, show a slight percentage in the costermongers' favor. It is possible to push that argument from health too far, and to forget that as yet the only thing proved is this, that regular food, healthy lodging, and severe work tend in the young to develop muscles and stamina, and this whether the advantages are enjoyed in a barrack or a home. We should say ourselves, having had to observe great masses of hospital statistics, that the average soldier,

while slightly heavier and more muscular than the average civilian not employed in severe labor, possessed something less of vital energy, succumbed to disease more readily, and had lost some spring of vivacious life remaining in the undrilled. We think this is true even of the English soldier, who is a volunteer, and can conceive no other reason for the enormous number of French, Russian, and, we believe, Italian soldiers who go annually into hospital.

Then as to character. Where is the evidence that the character of drilled men is so much finer than that of the undrilled? It may be true; we heartily hope, for the sake of civilized mankind, that it is true; but where is the concrete evidence by which the hope is to be justified? Is it in the character of the officers? Well, we will cordially admit that an officer with a fine character has often virtues in him which the civilian lacks, and is sometimes almost matchless among educated men; but does he not owe his superiority to service rather than to training? We take it that Colonel Newcome or Major Dobbin is made by war, not parade, and that it is the discipline of danger faced and surmounted which has given to him, as the same discipline gives to Arctic voyagers, his special nobility of mind. The average officer who lives at home is not so much the superior of his kinsmen in civil life, while the officer below average, the idle or dissolute or indifferent young subaltern, is a good deal inferior in all respects to his cousins who have preferred the civil professions. Yet the subaltern has had all the training which the barrister or doctor or engineer has lacked. What the officer has gained, we should say, is rather efficiency than moral character, and even in efficiency the civilian, if he has been trained to meet emergencies—as, for example, engineers are trained—is often at least his equal. Or take the soldiers. One would say that the habit of obedience, the cultivation of self-control, and the strong sense of the necessity of comradeship must necessarily improve the character; but still, there is a certain want of concrete evidence. The case for non-commissioned officers can, we believe, be made out almost past dispute, by quoting the aggregate of testimony

given by all employers of labor. They are nearly unanimous in saying that for minor offices of trust, no one approaches a retired sergeant; and that fact counts directly, and heavily, in favor of Lord Wolseley's argument. But then, do they say this as readily about the common soldiers, the men who have never commanded, though they have been thoroughly trained? Even if they do, there is another proposition to be proved, and on this there must certainly be some exaggeration. If Lord Wolseley is exactly right, the average Frenchman, or German, or Italian ought to be the moral superior of the average Englishman, whether workman or middle-class man; and we suppose Lord Wolseley would allow that this is not the case. Our people as a whole, test them in any way you like, or by any kind of indubitable evidence, are as good as any, and in some qualities, kindness being one, rank decidedly first. Certainly, if respect for law and order be a virtue, as Lord Wolseley justly and wisely maintains, the undrilled Englishman surpasses in that virtue the drilled Continental. The most furious mobs on earth are those in which nine men out of ten are discharged soldiers, raging at a hated Minister, an unpopular law, or, as just after Sedan and Tonquin, a national disaster. When the crowd breaks loose on the Continent, the last virtue to be expected of it is that self-control which military discipline should, on the hypothesis, have begotten. We suspect, as we read the civil history of the Continent day by day, that military training, if it does develop a capacity of obedience, develops also the barbarian feeling that all resistance is mutiny, and that a mutineer must by the necessity of his situation risk anarchy, and rely on force.

We see no use in exaggeration. We wish all Englishmen to be trained, because the country would then be safe, because discipline is the most rapid and effective education for the uncivilized—that is, for perhaps half our people—and because in almost all men it develops a valuable kind of efficiency; but we do not expect much effect from that training on national character. There will be some, and it will be for the most part good—though the barrack often acts like the cosmopolitan life in breaking that steady tradition of respectability which with the non-religious is the strongest buttress of character—but it will not be so great as it is usual, perhaps even praiseworthy, to assume. We all, and more especially officers, unconsciously underrate the disciplinary effect of ordinary life, the steady obedience exacted in the workshop, the training which is inherent in daily work, the promptitude which most of the trades instil—you had better be prompt, for instance, if you are a mason or a navvy—and, above all, that annealing pressure of poverty, of the hourly chance of losing your bread, which is for the time of training taken off the soldier. He has his own high merits, the highest arising, however, more from his readiness to die on duty than from anything special in his training; but his is not the only bringing-up which will develop men. The English will have to pass, as we believe, one day through the military mill; but they will come out of it, as the Continentals do, a very mixed lot, with only this one universal gain, which we admit to be a great one. They will all know, what they seem to be all forgetting, that there are "musts" in the divine arrangement of things,—orders, in fact, which one must obey or suffer.—*Spectator*.

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## THE FEMALE FRIENDS OF BALZAC.

BY J. W. SHERER.

### I.

#### FRIENDS IN HIS STRUGGLES.

IN the year that has passed, M. Gabriel Ferry published a small volume with Calmann Lévy, entitled "Balzac et ses Amies." It was compiled from articles

supplied to the journal *Gil Blas*, and presents a limited but interesting gallery of women who, by their social intercourse with the great writer, either contributed to the formation of his own character, or supplied him with types after which he created fictitious ones.

Previously, however, to giving some account of these ladies from the book just mentioned and other sources, it is necessary to touch lightly on a subject M. Ferry has thought it well to introduce. There is absolutely no evidence to show that the relations of the novelist to any one of his female companions exceeded the bounds of intimate friendship, till nearly the close of his life, when he married Madame Hanska. It is well known that Balzac was a man of apparently pure social conduct. Théophile Gautier has more than once noticed the fact with some wondering disappointment; and would fain have interpreted a smile on the lips of Madame Surville, the novelist's sister, when the subject was introduced, into an avowal of knowing better. Balzac himself, in a letter to the lady who was ultimately to become his wife, thus touches on the point: "*Les amitiés d'épiderme ne me vont pas; elles me fatiguent et me font sentir plus vivement quels trésors renferment les cœurs qui veulent bien m'abriter. Je ne suis pas Français dans l'acception légère de ce mot.*"

The malicious, and not entertaining, story against the novelist, written, professedly, on hearsay, by the angry publisher Edmond Werdet, and entitled "*Les Amours d'un Lion et d'un Rat*," has never gained credence. Notwithstanding all this, M. Ferry has undertaken, in his capacity of a student of the emotions, to distinguish between the platonic and the non-platonic features of these depicted intimacies; and if he has satisfied himself he has to that extent succeeded. But perhaps it may be permitted to leave this question aside, not, of course, as being of no importance—it is of the deepest—but as not legitimately arising, as being incapable of settlement if it had arisen, and as leading to conjectures unedifying in their nature and unprofitable in their result. If it be simplicity to read letters in the sense in which their author says they were written, and to judge of facts by the light the principal agent has thrown on them, it is a simplicity for which no apology is necessary.

It may be taken for granted that the main incidents of Balzac's life are familiar to the reader, and the briefest recapitulation of the earliest ones will suf-

fice by way of introduction. It will be remembered that Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours in 1799, and came, in later boyhood, to Paris with his family. He was intended for the law, and went through the preliminary instruction. But he conceived himself fitted only for literature. And when, in 1819, reduced circumstances drove his people away from Paris again, he was left behind. His father, with great good sense, consented to his taking a two years' trial of authorship. And Honoré—alone in the vast city—ascended into a garret, in the Rue Lesdiguières, and with extraordinary courage and perseverance set himself down to his chosen career.

The first place, both as regards time and influence, among his female friends, is due to the novelist's sister, Laure, who from his childhood was his adviser and confidante, who thoroughly believed in his genius and future success, and who was quite capable of appreciating good literature, and indeed of herself forming a sound critical opinion. Laure was married in 1821 to M. Surville, and went with him to live at Bayeux; but, though personal intercourse with her brother was thus broken off, her constant correspondence formed one of his chief moral supports; and the mutual affection inspired by companionship, and then kept alive by letters, was to both a source of sustaining joy—and to Balzac a priceless encouragement through years of severe labor. With this "*alma soror*," as he loved to call her, he discussed his projects; and to her he disclosed his ambition, his disappointments, his occasional failures of faith in himself, and again his reviving hope of immortality.

Worn out with fatigue, and harassed by want of money, Balzac would fly to his sister's side, and, while pouring out his despair, would take, perhaps, a bundle of proofs from his pocket. Madame Surville's eye passed over them.

"The struggle is too hard. I shall founder, dear sister."

"A man need never founder who can write what these proofs disclose."

"Say you so? I *will* succeed then. And, were blind hazard alone at work, the chances would be as good for a Balzac as for an imbecile!"

The young aspirant needed every en-

couragement. His first literary effort—his tragedy of *Cromwell*—was a complete failure. And for years he wrote romances under various pseudonyms,\* which, when collected as *Œuvres de Jeunesse*, are now neither uninteresting nor devoid of psychological value, but which scarcely predicted the social painter of his age, the author of the *Comédie Humaine*.

The little village of Villeparisis, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, to which the elder Balzacs had withdrawn from Paris, contained some residents who proved very friendly. Among these, Madame de Berny and Madame Carraud were especially conspicuous. The first of these two was a remarkably gentle and sympathetic person. She was some years older than Balzac, and without decided good looks; but possessed one of those interesting faces whose beautiful eyes told, in her case, their story of great sensibility, of a lively imagination, but of sorrow too, having its cause in an uncongenial and morose husband. M. de Berny was a landholder, with farms in more than one department,—bucolic both in tastes and temperament. Advanced in life, half-blind, cross and impatient, he was qualified, fully enough, to make any interior unhappy. But peace was preserved by the matchless tact of the wife. With a great gift of forgiving silence, she lavished on her children and friends the affections which were chilled and stunted in the direction of her husband. When the Balzac family sold their property at Villeparisis the de Bernys also left the place, and took up their residence alternately at Paris and St. Rémy. Circumstances thus threw Balzac and Madame de Berny together, and for twelve years this tender woman displayed the deepest interest in all that concerned the novelist. He especially remembered her solicitude when, through the failure of some commercial schemes, he was in great pecuniary difficulties in the year 1828. "I was foundering," he wrote some years afterward, "when I was but nine-and-twenty, but I had an angel at my side then."

Madame de Berny had always weak

health, and, after a long decline, she succumbed at last in August, 1836. The novelist felt her loss acutely; and, indeed, the mere mention of her name was, in his later life, scarcely possible without tears. He has affectionately embalmed her memory in *Le Lys dans la Vallée*; but, as he himself declares, in faint colors only, fearing to profane the sanctity of their friendship by too close description. There can, however, be little question that his elaborate portrait of Madame de Morsauf is founded in all essential particulars on his beloved friend.

The other Villeparisis lady—Zulma Carraud—was of a different character. Her maiden name was Tourangin. She had been brought up at the same convent with Laure de Balzac, and was her earliest friend. She married an artillery officer, a man of distinguished scientific acquirements, but without ambition, and quite content with appointments which left him in a settled home, and with a margin of leisure. He was successively director of studies at St. Cyr and inspector of the powder factories at Angoulême. M. Ferry considers that Zulma Carraud supplied the type of the *femme incomprise*, which Balzac introduced with such success to the lovers of romance. Indeed, his great hold on female hearts was due to this conception, in combination with his complimentary belief that forty left a woman much of her beauty and most of her charm. Balzac described with a peculiar zest the feminine nature, full of intelligence, of wit, and, above all, of capacities for passionate affection—and yet placed by circumstance where all these attributes had no opportunity of blossoming, condemned to a restricted routine which stifled aspirations, and relegated to an obscurity which in time weakened the capabilities it overshadowed.

Madame Carraud differed from Madame de Berny in this, that her daily life was not unhappy. Her husband was a man of talent, but devoid of enthusiasm; his tranquil nature failed to discern anything of importance in life, and, though exemplary in conduct, his natural tendency was to pass into the condition of a cultivated vegetable. His absence of aim created around him an

\* One of them was English, *Lord R'hoone*, which can scarcely be allowed the merit of verisimilitude.



atmosphere of indifference, fatal to spiritual growth. Madame Carraud's friendship with Balzac extended from 1819 to the close of his life; and the whole drama of his rise and progress was enacted before her very eyes. Her position to the novelist was one between that of his sister and that of Madame de Berny. His confidence could not be given quite so freely as to Laure, and, on the other hand, the tenderness inspired by Madame de Berny was wanting. Balzac, however, had the highest opinion of her critical sagacity; thought her opinion of more value at times than that even of Georges Sand; and, in estimating her intellectual worth, exclaimed, "Jamais esprit plus extraordinaire n'a été plus étouffé; elle mourra dans son coin inconnue!" It appears to have been in a measure due to the advice and support of Madame Carraud that Balzac thought of standing for the Chamber. It was a sudden impulse toward public life, similar to that which overtook our own Thackeray. Neither was elected. The lovers of fiction cannot pretend to be sorry.

Two more female friends remain to be mentioned, who seem to belong to the years of only partially successful effort—Madame Junot and Georges Sand. Balzac met the celebrated Duchesse d'Abrantès at the house of Sophie Gay in the time of Louis XVIII. Her high spirits, her knowledge of the world, the strange career she had passed through, rendered her a very interesting object to the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. She had a good figure, a pleasant face, chestnut hair, and the prestige of the Imperial world, of which she had been one of the queens. It is not unlikely that she suggested the glorification of the forties, of which mention has been made; and certainly the vicissitude of her fortune must have supplied to an imaginative mind many sad reflections on the instability of human happiness. When she published her *Mémoires*, Balzac was of great service to her, for he was not a bad hand at driving a literary bargain. But no reinforcement of her finances proved more than temporary. In the golden days of Napoleon she had contracted an extravagance she never could master. Her circumstances went from bad to worse, and at last, in 1838,

the splendid mistress of the most fashionable *salon* of the Empire, after hearing, from her sick-bed, her effects submitted to the hammer, had to be removed to lodgings still more humble, where, in absolute squalor, attended only by her faithful maid, she passed unnoticed from life.

Georges Sand was not introduced to Balzac till 1831. She had then written *Indiana*, and he the *Peau de Chagrin*, so that both were in a sense established literary people. Balzac, however, had still severe struggles before him; for he was slow in establishing supremacy. He had a sincere admiration for Georges Sand's talents, and it is well known that the character of Camille Maupin, in *Beatrix*, was founded on a careful study of the authoress of *Lélia* and the rest. But no friendship existed between the two, beyond frank, literary comradeship. It seems strange to hear that Georges Sand found Balzac undertaking to read Rabelais aloud, altogether too coarse; indeed, she denounced him, "Vous êtes un gros effronté!" Stranger, perhaps, that on one occasion she remonstrated with him on the immorality of an incident in *La Cousine Bette*.

But Georges Sand was doubtless right. The compliance of the Baronne Hulot, on a memorable occasion, is a moral blot. A good motive should not dictate, and cannot excuse, dishonor. It is also an artistic blot, because our respect for Madame la Baronne is lessened, and our sympathies checked.

## II.

### FRIENDS OF HIS FAME.

In the autumn of 1831 Balzac was paying a visit in Touraine, when he received a letter from Paris, whose general appearance, and the handwriting of the address, were considered to be aristocratic. It announced that the writer had been deeply moved by his romances, but that with some portions of them she was ill-content. Her criticisms were expressed with candor, and without bitterness, and the correspondent concluded by signing herself "A woman who does not wish to disclose her identity." Balzac was pleased with the tone of the letter; answered it; encouraged a continuance of the correspondence,

and ended in finding out that the spiritual Unknown was no less a person than Madame la Duchesse de Castries, by birth a De Maillé, and by marriage a sister-in-law of the Duc de Fitzjames. Balzac had seen the Duchess before at the house of the Princess Bagration, but had never spoken to her. He accepted with pride an invitation to the receptions at the Hôtel de Castries, in the Rue Varenne. The Duchesse was at that time about five-and-thirty, and compelled for the most part to retain a recumbent posture in consequence of an accident to her spine in the hunting-field. The face was not free from a look of pain, which gave an additional interest to its delicate beauty. Her head was still crowned with a splendid mass of blonde hair, which Titian would have delighted to portray. She was clever, a good talker, full of bright wit, a subtle flatterer; but she was nothing more than all this.

Vain, heartless—the deeper-rooted sentiments would not grow in a soil so shallow. She was a most interesting study to the novelist, who had never known one of her class so intimately. We might have thought he would have been the first to clearly discern the artificiality, and to gauge her real value, but it was not so. He was not satisfied with her acquaintance, or able to take the notice of a woman of the world for what it was worth. He sought to confide in her; kept up intercourse with great assiduity for two or three years; travelled with herself and her family, and very slowly convinced himself at last that she did not care for him; indeed, that she had no sincere affections to bestow.

In the year 1833 the intimacy was on the decline. Balzac wrote the *Duchesse de Langeais* (in the *Histoire des Treize*), which portrait was a direct transference of his friend to the canvas: and, to ease his conscience of a sense of treachery, he called at the Rue Varenne, and read the unprinted manuscript to Madame de Castries. She preserved perfect calmness, affected to see no application to herself, and praised, without reserve, the artistic creation. But disillusion was stealing on apace. It required, however, as Balzac told the unknown Louise in 1837, five years to wean his

tender regard from a woman who misunderstood him throughout. He described the whole affair as one of the bitterest chagrins of his life. M. Ferry thinks that the acquaintance with Madame de Castries suggested that outbreak of extravagance so familiar to those who have studied the novelist's life. And it seems likely enough that he picked up in the Rue Varenne the sudden change in tastes which led to the jewelled cane, the gold buttons, the horses and carriage, and his apparition among the 'dandies' at the Opéra. From this epoch too dates, if not the taste, the indulgence of the taste, for pictures, old furniture, articles of *vertu*, and *bric-à-brac* in general. But the influence of the Duchess is especially seen in the characters Balzac afterward finished, so minutely, of the intellectual, heartless Parisienne of rank: no longer young (this he insisted upon), but seductive, and at once irresistible and not to be relied upon; indeed, to the end, though spiritual and refined, to the end also a traitress and an illusion. The reputation of the great romancist, as it slowly but firmly established itself, naturally brought him into intimate relations with some of the leading female writers. Especially friendly was his intercourse with Delphine Gay, who, brought up, as may be said almost, in a *salon*, that of her mother, Sophie Gay, became, after her marriage in 1831 with Emile de Girardin, the centre of an extremely attractive *salon* of her own. The Girardins occupied at first a small house in the Rue Saint-Georges, where Delphine received her friends in a room hung with pale green satin,—a tint suitable enough to her own blonde beauty, but peculiarly trying to those of darker complexions. The practical Girardin had weaned his wife from poetry, and sought to employ her talents in the more marketable staple of prose. Of all the writers who delighted in her acquaintance she selected Balzac to look over her early compositions; and it was an especial pride to her to consider herself as his pupil. The style of the letters in the *Presse* (founded in 1836), signed *Le Vicomte de Launay*, but known to be from the pen of Delphine, show how apt a scholar she had become. At first the manifold occupations of Balzac made him an un-

frequent visitor at Madame Girardin's; but as time advanced she became an actively sincere friend. In many emergencies, and notably in the quarrels Balzac had with her husband, Delphine did good service. The editor of the *Presse* reasonably enough at times doubted whether the projector of the *Comédie Humaine* was so well suited for serial writings as other less analytical but more startling novelists—Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié, etc. Madame de Girardin used every exertion to reconcile the haughty independence of the writer with the commercial self-interest of Girardin. She stood courageously by Balzac also in his unsuccessful candidature for the Academy, and in the theatrical failure of *Vautrin*; while she added to his notoriety by entitling a short romance *La Canne de M. de Balzac*, though the story had little to do with the celebrated equipment. In return, Balzac introduced Delphine to the Duchesse de Castries, that the letters of *De Launay* might be enriched with some real incidents taken at first hand from high life. And, above all, he asked Delphine's confidence on a very important point, and detailed to her fully his opening passion for Madame Hanska. Of this, however, more immediately. The number of female friends attracted by the fame of the novelist would not, however, be complete if the name of *Louise* were omitted. In the first volume of the *Correspondance de H. de Balzac*, published in 1877, will be found a collection of twenty-three letters addressed to an unknown lady, who had first addressed him in 1836 under the name of *Louise*. They form quite a romance in themselves, and are written with great sincerity and earnestness, while at the same time they are quite free from mock sentiment and artificiality. They seem to present a reflex of the varying moods of the artist's mind—of his yearning affections and unsatisfied sympathies. In conversation with Théophile Gautier, Balzac had once said with humorous exaggeration, "In our relations with women we should confine ourselves to writing letters." But in his acquaintance with *Louise* he certainly appeared determined to carry out his maxim. An opportunity occurred of learning the real name

of the lady and her social position, but he did not avail himself of it. And, though he showed his *incognita* very particular attention—such as submitting a manuscript to her, dedicating to her the strange tale of *Facino Cane*, and confiding to her particulars of his private life—he made no attempt to raise her mask. The correspondence died out after two years' existence, and the woman who showed such an interest in the novelist, and drew from him such unmistakable tokens of reciprocal attachment, is consigned to oblivion. *Stat nominis umbra*. The romance remains one of the trifling mysteries of literary history.

### III.

#### MADAME HANSKA.

In September 1833 Balzac visited Switzerland. The pretty town of Neuchâtel overflowed with travellers, tourists, strangers of distinction. One clear morning the novelist was looking down, from his apartment at the hotel, on the lively movements in the court below. Just opposite was a pile of buildings fitted up for guests, and in this a window was opened, and from it thrust out the head of a young lady, aristocratic in appearance, and possessed of a very delicate and sympathetic beauty. The literary journal *Le Livre*, in its number for September 1882, presented its readers with a portrait of this same face. It was that of Madame Hanska, a member of the high Polish family of Rzewuski, and wife of a Russian count, the proprietor of large landed estates at Vierzschovnia, in the province of Kiev. The likeness seems to have been taken when its subject was about forty, and presents well-defined features, a nose large, but of good shape, eyes full of feeling and sentiment, a firm, rather thin-lipped mouth, delicate complexion, and plenty of brown hair, compressed, perhaps after a passing fashion, into divergent rolls. This was the woman to whom the great novelist was attracted at first sight; admired and cherished for ten years; whom he loved ardently, when she was left a widow, for seven more years; and finally married in 1850, a few months before his death.

From the time of his first introduction to Madame Hanska, at Neuchâtel, till

the demise of her husband in 1843, Balzac paid her several visits at different places; but, what was more almost to him than the pleasure of interviews, he was allowed to keep up a constant correspondence. Count Hanska liked the novelist—his genial habits and entertaining conversation—and the first proposal to visit Russia emanated from him, and till his death he was continuously friendly. The Hanskas had one daughter—naturally, as the only child of rich people, the object of every affectionate attention. The Countess was very well educated, took a great interest in art, and was posted in the latest ideas. Before she met the novelist she was acquainted with all his writings, and a great admirer of them. The processes of his mind were, in a measure, familiar to her. Balzac was able, therefore, in his letters, to allude minutely to what he was working at, which it was always a delight to him to be allowed to do. The more lonely the exigencies of his task compelled him to be, the more he valued the privilege of pouring out his hopes and fears, the accessions of his genius, and the failure of spirits, always attending at intervals great intellectual exertions. It is only possible to judge of what Madame Hanska wrote to him by the influence of her letters, shown in his answers. Balzac, as has been mentioned, had confided to Madame de Girardin the story of his new acquaintance—the state of his own feelings, and doubtless what he conceived were those of the Countess. Delphine, a good judge (if no disappointment at the sudden influence of a stranger clouded her keen view), was not disposed to think Madame Hanska much affected by Balzac's devotion, or very reciprocal in expression of sentiment. Conjecture must necessarily enter into any opinion expressed now as to the real state of affairs. But it is safe to say that, to whatever extent tenderness existed, there were other feelings besides at work on both sides. The Countess was flattered that she should be thought sufficiently within reach of intellectual equality to be informed of the novelist's plans and plots, and to be consulted as to the conduct of some of his romances; and, moreover, to be obeyed in various minor suggestions. The bibliophile Jacob

(Lacroix) does not hesitate to call Madame Hanska "La collaboratrice intime de l'illustre romancier, et qui pouvait revendiquer une bonne part d'auteur dans *Seraphitis*, *Modeste Mignon*, et *Les Paysans*."

This is, however, going a little further than the evidence quite warrants.

But there is no question that Balzac had a high opinion of the taste possessed by the Countess, and of her judgment; and she was, at any rate, completely entitled to consider herself his literary confidante. Added to the pride she felt in this distinction was, of course, the pleasure of being admired, and having the admiration expressed in eloquent terms. But there seems perceptible, during the ten years' friendship from 1833 to 1843, some aristocratic distance of tone on the lady's part; just a tinge of the patroness—not, of course, exhibited with the least offensiveness, but implied rather by the reception of homage as natural and appropriate. The feelings were more engaged with Balzac himself. For the gentle sympathetic female character that could understand, appreciate, excuse, and solace had always been an ideal round which his very heartstrings clung; he thought he had found it here, and whatever artificial alloy may have mingled with his admiration arose perhaps from the fact that the pageantry of high life pleased his imagination, and the cordiality of people of good birth tickled his self-love. After the death of the Count in 1843, the correspondence undoubtedly shows an affection which is rapidly absorbing the novelist, while its tone also shows that that affection was returned. It may be thought strange that, if both parties were agreed, and if, as was evident, Balzac's presence was as welcome to Anna Hanska and the gentleman who soon became her husband—the Count de Mnischew—as it was to the mother, there was any necessity for postponement of marriage. A wait of seven years carries us back to patriarchal times, and those symmetrical periods which, with such easy disregard of the shortness of life, were allotted to patient Jacob. The explanation must be sought, apparently, in pecuniary affairs on both sides. That mysterious burden of debt in which Balzac took a whimsical and morbid delight was still



supposed to be ready at any moment to overwhelm him. On the other hand, by the laws of Russia, the Countess could not marry a stranger without the authorization of the Czar, and that consent was withheld; while an abandonment of the Kiev property involved a separation from Anna and Count Mnischev, which Madame Hanska looked upon with dread. Troubled political events also came on ultimately in 1848 in all continental countries; and so the years crept silently on, and the union so earnestly desired by the novelist seemed no nearer. But Balzac worked on without intermission; never had he been so prolific, never so successful. His money affairs took a decided turn for the better, though even the improvement was shrouded in some of the mystery so pleasant to him.

It was in 1847 he bought the picturesque little house in the Rue Fortunée, to which he gradually transferred furniture, pictures, and *bric-à-brac* articles, purchased at different times, but never before collected in one place. But it was not till the spring of 1850 that the Countess, having given up her property to her daughter and son-in-law, on the sole condition of an allowance, made up her mind to unite herself with her friend. They were married on the 14th of March at Berditchef by the Abbé Czarouski—a Polish clergyman of distinction—according to the rites of that Church of which Balzac had always been a warm supporter, and which he had illustrated by delightful characters in his novels.

The married couple arrived in Paris

at the end of May. Still in the prime of his years, and in full possession of his intellectual powers, the novelist—now apparently in easy circumstances, and united to the woman of his heart—seemed to have touched the zenith of happiness. But his labor had been too excessive and too constant; he had sown the seeds of disease, which rapidly bore disastrous fruit. He had found the key of life, so to speak; and it only—to use Young's sad expression—opened for him the gates of death! On August 20, in that same year, 1850, in such a dwelling as he had long dreamed of, and surrounded by the artistic objects of his taste—tended, above all, by his beloved—the great romance writer expired. There had been written over the lintel in the Rue Fortunée the strange word *Linquenda*; but human eyes had not deciphered it.

Looking back on the career of this gifted man, one must pronounce that he was very fortunate in the women with whom he associated. Some illusions, of course, there were: but still the sisterly affection of Laure; the tender solicitude of Madame de Berny; the intellectual attachment of Madame Carraud; the firm, unchanging friendship of Delphine de Girardin; the sweet flatteries of the shrouded Louise; lastly, the appreciation—warming into love, and ending in devotion—of Madame Hanska, were precious possessions. And the man was worthy of them: the student of his work knows what a head he had; the student of his life, what a heart.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

PORTFOLIO PAPERS. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the *Portfolio*, author of "Etching and Etchers," "The Graphic Arts," "Landscape," etc. With a portrait of the author sketched from life by Henri Manesse. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Hamerton's name is widely associated with both art work and art criticism. As an artist he is specially known as one of the great masters of modern etching; in literature he has stamped himself on the time as a trenchant, brilliant, and suggestive writer, not only on art and art work, but on those deep-lying so-

cial and intellectual characteristics of different peoples, which mould or modify the peculiar manifestation of the art temperament. In the latter direction he has done much the same for France that Symonds has done for Italy, though, perhaps, less elaborately and satisfactorily. Mr. Hamerton has impressed himself indelibly on the art culture of his times; and, perhaps, he owes this as much to the vigor and charm of his style as a writer, as to his clear, strong convictions and his mastery of his subject. Mr. Hamerton has something of the same sort of cock-sureness in his opinions on

art that characterized Macaulay as an historian and essayist. It is certainly an attraction in discussions of art subjects, where the conditions are so vague and unsettled, to find a guide who seems to know his own ground, and is so absolutely certain of it. That Hamerton does this without sliding over the mere surface or contenting himself with ignoring the more deep and subtle matters involved indicates how thoroughly he has mastered what he discusses.

The collection of essays before us consists of critical sketches of several distinguished painters, English, French, and Spanish, an essay on the principles of æsthetics, which the author modestly calls "notes," and five essays on various matters connected with both the principles and practice of art. Of the biographical sketches, that on Constable, the father of the modern school of French art, though himself an Englishman, will be read with the keenest interest, though the studies of Etty and Goya are only less attractive because their names will have less significance to the general reader. Constable, born in 1776, began to be famous about 1830, though many of his best pictures were painted prior to this period. He only lived seven years after this. Mr. Hamerton does not regard Constable as the greatest of landscape painters, as many critics have done, nor does he rank him nearly as high as Turner. He points out that Constable led the way in the revolt against the conventionalism of the eighteenth century, and took the interpreter of nature directly to nature for his inspiration and teaching, instead of looking at her through spectacles. It is yet singular that this artist should have created a school in French art before his English brethren, much as they may have admired his technical work, should have shown any marked disposition to follow in his footsteps. We cannot do better than to quote Mr. Hamerton's own words in his estimate of Constable and his influence: "Though Turner has been a great deal more engraved than Constable, and much more talked about, and although Turner's life-work contains a thousand times the quantity of suggestive ideas that Constable's does, still it may be found ultimately that Constable has a greater effect on practical landscape-painting. No influence could be healthier than his. He saw the kind of landscape which nature had formed him to appreciate with the originality of conception which belongs to true feeling alone, and he brought the art of painting much more into harmony with certain aspects of landscape art

—common aspects, but not the less worth painting on that account—than it had ever been before his novel and rather perilous experiments. No one who has reflected on the nature of artistic discovery will suspect me of any desire to detract from the honor which is due to Constable, if I venture to express the opinion that the best effects of his innovation have not been displayed so much in his own works as in those of some subsequent artists, who have profited by his originality and courage, and worked out in tranquillity the problems which he suggested. His greatest merit is to have so clearly perceived that landscape was not simple in its texture, like surfaces of ebony or marble, but had a spotted complexity quite peculiar to itself, in which there was an endless variety of color and a moving play of light."

The sketch of William Etty, one of the foremost of English figure painters, is also of much interest to students of art. That of the Spanish painter, Goya, relates the tale of a strange career—a ruffian and scoundrel of genius; a man of boundless perversities and passions, who covered his life with mendacity, dishonor, and almost unmentionable vices, who revelled in the ugly and monstrous as other painters delight in beauty, and yet an artist who by sheer force of genius and audacity stamped himself on the rolls of fame, though he either lacked or disdained the use of technical skill. Mr. Hamerton, however, regards Goya's reputation as very much exaggerated, and stands on the principle that no man so violent, perverse, and foul in his character could possibly be a great colorist.

The various essays which make up the remainder of the book are full of acute and stimulating reflections, and thoroughly readable in their style of treatment. Those interested in the study of the various problems suggested by the fine arts and their relations with life will find in them ample food for thought. The conversations on book illustration are exceptionally interesting and suggestive. The interlocutors are the poet, artist, scientist, and critic, and the ball of keen and lively debate is kept in the air with a vigor, vivacity, and pungency of statement and answer, which does the highest credit to the writer's skill. The question is one of great current interest. The excess of illustration of books where these will admit them, and of magazines, is regarded by not a few as one of the intellectual evils involved in the present theory of publishing. The ingenuity and freshness with which this problem is

discussed make it one of the most important sections of the book.

GOOD MANNERS. METROPOLITAN SERIES.  
New York: Butterick Publishing Company,  
Limited.

Of books on decorum there seems to be no end. The demand is certainly a very large one, and properly, as in this age of the world the importance both of a good manner and of good manners is impressing itself more and more on young people. In a country so mixed and changeable as to the lines of social rank, so lacking in the old and recognized standards which exist among peoples where society is built on the foundations of caste and aristocracy, it is natural that an easy and graceful command of good manners should be the heritage of the few. That so many are conscious of their own defects, and are eagerly seeking the means to remedy such faults, is an excellent and hopeful sign. The book before us appears from a casual examination to be neither better nor worse than the shoal of works which are constantly being issued. That the social tyro can find in it most of what he should know, to conform to the usages of polite society, must be admitted. Yet the lessons taught are given in a hard and perfunctory manner, and one is forced to the conviction that the author is rather instructed by gathering his precepts from other books than the medium of knowledge drawn from mixing with those circles where good manners are worn in the graceful and unconscious ease of those "to the manner born." This, however, need not destroy the value of such a manual, if used in the proper fashion. But attempting to learn good manners from any such work alone is like attempting to master a foreign language by simply studying its vocabulary. It is only by mingling with well-mannered people in the various social functions that one can attain the mastery of good manners. Such a book as this has a value as a book of casual reference, as one would refer to a dictionary, but beyond this it is worthless. Within its limits, however, it may serve a good purpose.

#### RECENT NOVELS.

THE APOSTATE (Appleton's Town and Country Library). A Novel. By Ernest Daudet. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Phipps Train. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

RALEIGH WESTGATE; OR EPIMENIDES IN MAINE. A Romance. By Helen Kendrick

Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

M. Ernest Daudet's curious and intense psychological study has the *cachet* of the best French school of fiction. This general characterization is equivalent to saying that "The Apostate" is a novel executed with the skill of an accomplished artist, and with a finish which neglects no detail to work out the author's purpose. One need not go far to find a moral as inexorable as the plan of a Greek play—that is, the wages of sin are inevitable, no matter how the victim may strive to avoid or avert the end. That the author had this purpose in view is improbable, for good art never seeks to construct its work with such a thought consciously ahead. But all strong art in fiction, inasmuch as it pictures the secret things of the human heart, and composes their images according to the logic of events, writes its lesson with a brightness of blazon that requires no caption. The story of the Apostate is that of a monk, whose eloquence and piety promise every preferment that the Church could give, but whose unquenched passions and yearnings finally break loose and rend the vows of the celibate and *dévoté*. Wealth left him by his father lights the hidden fuel into a blaze, and Père Aurégan leaves the cloister to become a worldling. The result of such a metamorphosis is analyzed with great power. It goes without saying that the very desire to cast off the sacred vows of religion, unless impelled solely by that intellectual unbelief which sometimes turns out Luther and Père Hyacinthes, is sufficient attestation of the stormy reign of the natural Adam under the frock of the recluse. The Rubicon once crossed, we are prepared to expect the wildest excess in the one extreme of which the cloister is the other. Yet M. Daudet is too much of an artist to paint his apostate priest as a mere sensualist. The passion for intellectual liberty mingles curiously with the cravings of the animal and emotional man, who has snapped his chains. All these complex instincts are suggested with that skilful touch which we find nowhere so well exemplified as among the French. We feel that had society been so constituted to accept Père Aurégan's return to the world with equanimity, and offered avenues where his self-respect could have walked with upright front, he would not have deliberately sought the companionship of the demi-monde as his only social consolation. But the contempt of his kind was almost inevitable, and against it he has no strong support in the consciousness

of noble motive. The sentiment which has strength after a time to reclaim him from the mire of sin and debauchery into which he had plunged furnishes the conditions which work out the final tragedy of the narrative.

While yet a priest a noble lady of the court had sought him in the confessional, and confided to him that in a moment of righteous passion, without intent to take life, she had killed her husband, whom she had detected in unfaithfulness. With this knowledge Père Aurégan appears in court and saves the life of the prisoner charged with the crime, a well-known Parisian lorette, who had been the mistress of the Comte de Vallauris. No revelation of name is taken, as the court receives his declaration and accepts his plea of the sacredness of the confessional. One of the earliest companions of the ex-priest's dissolute hours is the *demi-mondaine* whom he had saved; and the love which springs up in his breast on again meeting the woman he had shrived is the means of reclaiming him from the toils of Circe. He thus becomes the link of binding together Countess Vallauris and the woman Chéraine, who had been tried for her act. We cannot stop to narrate the successive steps by which Jacques Aurégan, who is at first repelled by the countess, passionately in love with the man about to become her husband, finally wins her to terms of cordial and honorable friendship; how his desperate passion at last breaks loose, and in his despair of the moment he threatens her with his knowledge of her sorely repented crime; how the woman Chéraine, impelled by a bitter hate against the person for whom she had so nearly suffered, at last identifies her, and lodges the information with the police; how the countess on her arrest writes to Aurégan, denouncing him as the traitor who had wrought her ruin, and then commits suicide. The denouement is wrought out with a quiet but cumulative intensity which takes most powerful hold on the reader's mind. The ex-priest, paralyzed by the result of the tragedy, finds but one alternative for his wasted life—a living burial in a Trappist monastery.

The character of the Countess Vallauris is almost as strongly drawn as that of the man whom fate uses for her destruction. A womanly and noble nature, though somewhat vitiated by the surroundings of court life under the Second Empire, has power to redeem itself from the hasty and unmeant crime of killing her unworthy husband; but destiny, in the person of the lorette Chéraine, working through the unconscious instrumentality of Aurégan,

who would really have died to save her, tracks her to her doom. M. Daudet, powerfully as he grasps the deep and vibrant chords of human motive and emotion, sweeps them with no violent touch. There is something of reserve and delicacy in his method of handling the painful elements of his story; and we see again how the master can command the most passionate and highly-wrought effects without for a moment falling into sensationalism. This little book is a study for the novel-writer as well as the novel-reader.

Mrs. Johnson's story of New England life does what it sets out to do admirably. It sketches the every-day characters and incidents which one meets in the more remote New England with a lively and truthful portraiture, and yet achieves what is so difficult in such material, avoids all the appearance of crudity and vulgarity. The characters in Raleigh Westgate are life-like in the extreme, though they may be only casually touched. One feels that they could only have been made so graphic by close and intelligent study of real life. The hero, a dreamy youth of an old aristocratic New England family (for the Yankee sea-captain of a hundred years since, who sailed the stormy seas and transmitted his profession generation after generation in the same family, was an aristocrat on land as well as on his quarter-deck), is compelled by poverty to become a book agent. It is with his adventures in selling the "History of New England" among the rustic folk of Southwestern Maine that the interest of Mrs. Johnson's book mostly concerns itself. We know of few cleverer humorous touches than young Westgate's attempts to wrestle with the printed instructions of the subscription book-house for which he travels, wherein he is instructed how to approach his victims in the most insidious manner. This and similar strokes of humorous writing combine, with a real, loving insight into what is genuine and delightful in New England country life, to make the author's descriptions not only interesting but suggestive. When we get off this ground and recur to Mrs. Johnson's use of the mysterious and romantic element which is indicated in the first chapter and fully developed at the end of the book, there is less to say. The machinery of surprise is pretty old, and has been used in all its possible combinations ever since stories were first invented. But for those who care for such elements in a novel, who enjoy the dearly-beloved old clap-trap, as we are compelled to call it, the author's



nice and skilful way of treating it will be an additional source of attraction. Mrs. Johnson's novel, or, as she prefers to call it, romance, is a good piece of work; but as we have already indicated, those chapters which concern themselves specially with pictures of New England country life will most recommend themselves to critical approval. It is not every writer of fiction who could make the experiences of even a romantic young man in so prosaic and bald a field as that of book-canvassing fascinating to the reader. The second title, "Epimenides in New England," seems to us pretty far-fetched, the significance being that Raleigh Westgate, who is by nature and training a fanciful and inconsequent personage, shy, dreamy, and unworldly, is transformed by love and marriage into a new creature; the parallel being that of Epimenides, the Greek philosopher, who wakes from his long sleep to find that the world had changed, and that he had changed with it. Whether or not the analogy applies to Raleigh Westgate's case, it sheds no light on, nor in the least adds to the significance or interest of the narrative.

#### A VOLUME OF VERSE.

POEMS. By Richard Edwin Day. New York: Cassell & Company.

The verses of amateurs may be generally classed as worth doing only for the amusement and titillation of their own variety, or perhaps the gratification of admiring friends. Yet there are cases where those who may be called amateurs, inasmuch as they indulge in verse-making not professionally, but in obedience to a passionate desire of expression in this form, have a genuine rill of Castal's murmuring in their souls. Many an exquisite poem has been born of such verse-writers, and the world could hardly afford to be without them. It is to such a class that we are constrained to assign Mr. Day. The poems in this little volume are unequal. Some of them do not show smooth and artistic craftsmanship, and some of them are utterly unworthy of a rhythmical setting. Yet one can select poems in the collection which show unmistakably the true poetic imagination, and a fine ear for the inner music of words. Mr. Day attempts no lofty or extended sweep of wing. His poems are modestly conceived, and suggested by matters of every-day life. But they are none the less dainty and charming—at least, such of them as rise to the poet's best. At times he even approaches to something like strong mastership. What, for instance, could be more vivid and picturesque

in thought or more musical in phrase than these verses, worn out as the subject is—that of "Shells:"

"These castaways some billows rolled  
Along its sands, when up the rocks  
The young sun clambered, flushed and bold,  
Or when the moon led down her flocks—  
Loose shepherdess with yellow locks.

"O fairy citadels of stone,  
Upon whose darkly winding stair  
Like an uneasy ghost, a moan  
Goes up and down and everywhere,  
Have ye no legends dim and rare?

"When in the greenish dark, with cold  
And stony faces, drowned men pass  
Amid a shipwreck's silk and gold,  
And women made for beauty's glass  
Float in their shrouds of tangled grass.

"They lay with spoils of swirl and spell,  
Until a heart that rocks a fleet  
And turns the spiral of a shell,  
Cloven by some melodious beat,  
Squandered their beauty at my feet."

Such poems as the above, "Vanagot's Bride," "Hymn to the Mountain," "Night," "The Coral Tree," "Lines on the Emperor Moth," and several of the sonnets are well-cut gems worth the authorship of any poet. If they do not possess the true magic, we know not where to find it.

#### INTERESTING TO ATHLETES.

JANSSEN'S AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND AQUATIC HISTORY, 1829-88. Illustrated. New York: *Outing Company*.

The great development in athletic sports in the United States is one of the interesting and significant features of the period. It is not only in our schools and colleges, but in the life of work which follows that of preparation, that we find this ardor for physical development, and passion for all those exercises which take men out-doors and make them delight in fresh air. The importance of this tendency in our life can hardly be overestimated, especially in our country, where the nervous strain which results from climate, the terrible competitions of industrial and professional life, and the national temperament need such a corrective. Athletic clubs now abound everywhere; athletic competitions constitute one of the most popular forms of summer pastime and recreation for myriads of people; and there is hardly a moderate-sized country town without its gymnasium. The exercises of the Palæstra and the passion for physical development constituted a factor of great importance in developing the genius of Greece, and making the Hel-

lenes the premier race in the world's civilization.

While, of course, excess of competition belittles the true value of athleticism, yet this is a danger which must be risked in consideration of the fact that athletic organizations could hardly keep the interest of their members alive without active competition. This being the case, the history of athletic culture is found in the records of competition. Mr. Janssen has compiled in a large square twelvemo the record of American athletic sports since their inauguration in the United States. This includes all the forms of physical culture, and gives a large space to the history of rowing. It gives a compendium of records in England and America, and will altogether be found a careful and trustworthy book of reference for that large class specially interested.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

Now that an English translation of the "Kalevala" has been published in America (Putnam's), and another is promised in this country by Mr. Kirby, some people may be interested to know that the Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seuran, or Society of Finnish Literature, at Helsingfors have begun the publication of an elaborate work intended to contain all the available variants of the national epic. The first part of this work, compiled by Professor J. Krohn—who has, unfortunately, died while it was passing through the press—gives the variants found in Finland proper and Esthonia of the episode of Sampo, which forms the centre of the poem, and of the hymns associated therewith. Two subsequent parts will deal with other episodes found in the same region. Another series of variants will hereafter be edited by Dr. Axel Borenius, who has taken as his domain the Karelian hymns of Viena (Archangel and Obenez), where the oldest forms of the epic are preserved in their fullest and most connected shape. The present part, which consists of one hundred and seventy-two closely printed pages, costs five shillings.

It is reported that a large number of cuneiform tablets have reached Berlin, which are in the Hittite language, some of them being bilingual, and that the problem of the Hittite inscriptions has at last been solved.

It is stated that a copy of Thackeray's little pamphlet, "The Second Funeral of Napo-

leon," has lately changed hands at the following prices: 11s., 8s., 22s., and 30s.; finally finding its resting-place in the library of an enthusiastic collector!

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce the publication of a new series of biographies under the title of "English Men of Action." It will be confined to those who have in any capacity, at home or abroad, by land or sea, been conspicuous in the service of their country. The series will begin in February and will be continued monthly. The first volume will be "General Gordon," by Colonel Sir William Butler; and the following are in course of preparation: "Sir John Hawkwood," by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; "Henry the Fifth," by the Rev. A. J. Church; "Warwick, the King-Maker," by Mr. C. W. Oman; "Drake," by Mr. J. A. Froude; "Raleigh," by Mr. W. Stebbing; "Strafford," by Mr. H. D. Traill; "Montrose," by Mr. Mowbray Morris; "Monk," by Mr. Julian Corbett; "Dampier," by Mr. W. Clark Russell; "Captain Cook," by Mr. Walter Besant; "Clive," by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson; "Warren Hastings," by Sir Alfred Lyall; "Sir John Moore," by Colonel Maurice; "Wellington," by Mr. George Hooper; "Livingstone," by Mr. Thomas Hughes; and "Lord Lawrence," by Sir Richard Temple.

DR. MARY NOYES COLVIN, who is editing Caxton's "Godfrey of Boulogne" for the Early English Text Society, has (with Professor Paul Meyer's help) found the Latin original of the French version which Caxton Englished. This is the first ten books or so of Guillaume de Tyr's "History of the Siege and Conquest of Jerusalem." In the introduction to her edition, Dr. Mary Colvin will give an account of Guillaume de Tyr, his life, literary merits, and death; of Godfrey of Boulogne and the fictions attached to his name contrasted with historic facts, of his crusade, and of the government of Jerusalem by the French. The editor is much struck with Caxton's frequent blunders in Englishing his French, his bold transfer of French words and constructions into his text, and his ingenuity in making readable English of his almost word-for-word translation.

SPEAKING of the publication of recent literary and scientific work done in the Dominion of Canada, the *Athenaeum* of a late date says: "The first section of the *Transactions*—dealing with French literature, history, and archaeology—is printed in French. Here we find an eloquent *éloge* of one of the prominent mem-

bers of the section—the late M. Oscar Dunn, a brilliant Canadian journalist, who died at the early age of forty, and whose memory is likely to survive in connection with his 'Glossaire Franco-Canadien.' In the second section—which is devoted to English literature, history, and archæology—Professor Daniel Wilson discourses in a very learned manner on the curious subject of 'Right and Left-Handedness.' He arrives at the conclusion that left-handedness is due to an exceptional development of the right hemisphere of the brain, and being himself naturally left-handed—though by education he uses the right hand with equal facility—he is anxious that after death his theory should be tested by the scientific examination of his own cerebral hemispheres. The third section of the *Transactions* is given up to papers on mathematical, physical, and chemical science—among which we note an elaborate essay by Dr. Sterry Hunt on 'The Genetic History of Crystalline Rocks,' in which he supports the 'crenitic hypothesis' brought forward in a previous volume. Among the communications in the fourth section—a section dedicated to the geological and biological sciences—mention may be made of the presidential address by Sir William Dawson, wherein he discusses certain points in which American geological science is indebted to Canada. On the whole, the new volume impresses the reader with the conviction that the Dominion is doing its best to keep pace with the intellectual activity of the age."

THE death is announced of Dr. Parkinson, F.R.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, after a long illness that terminated rather suddenly. He was the author of a well-known manual of elementary mechanics and a "Treatise on Optics" which had also gone through several editions.

FROM a rough map of Count Teleki's expedition just published we learn that the Baso Nerok or Rudolf Lake, recently discovered by him, extends from north to south for about one hundred and eighty miles, its northern extremity being in latitude  $4^{\circ} 45' N$ . It is a salt lake, into which several important rivers discharge themselves. The Turkan, who inhabit the western shore of the lake, are one of the tribes with whom Emin Pasha has long since opened friendly intercourse. The distance from the lake to Wadelai, Emin's recent headquarters, does not probably exceed three hundred miles, the route for the most part leading through a pastoral country.

THE *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) gives the usual analytic table of books published in England during 1888. The output of the year shows a very large increase, the total number of new books and new editions amounting to 6591, as compared with 5686 in the twelve months previous. Indeed, we believe this total to be a "record," for, on looking back through the last half-dozen years, we find that the highest figure hitherto reached was 6373 in 1884, after which date there was a heavy fall, the number in 1886 being only 5210. Considering the difficulties of classification, it is hardly worth while to examine the several divisions; but it is probably not altogether accidental that the total for fiction has risen from 432 in 1882 to 1314 in 1888, or more than threefold in six years. It is interesting to learn that about forty per cent of all publications appear in the last quarter of the year, while January and February are far the least prolific months.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton—well known for their enterprise in the publication of novels in serial form through newspapers—have opened an office at New York, with Mr. Phil. Robinson as manager. At Berlin, they are represented by Herr Paul Jüngling.

DR. ROBERT BROWN has undertaken to edit for the Hakluyt Society the travels of Al Hasan ibn Mohammed Abwazzan Al Fasi, the Moorish geographer, better known as Leo Africanus, Leo Johannes, or Leo Eliberitanus. He was a Granadian of rank, who, after visiting many parts of Morocco and Eastern Barbary, still only vaguely known, was captured by Venetian corsairs when returning from Egypt, and presented as a slave to Leo X., who converted him to Christianity. It was during his residence in Italy that he wrote his famous work, though it would appear that he afterward returned to Morocco, abjured Christianity, and died at Tetuan in the third decade of the sixteenth century. The new edition will contain a comprehensive introduction on the subject of the author and his travels. The notes, which will comprise the result of the editor's many visits to the Barbary States, and of an exhaustive study of the literature relating to them, are intended to elucidate the old traveller's narrative, and to describe the changes which have taken place since he witnessed the opulence of Al Islam in Northern Africa.

THE *Schwäbische Merkur* says that the Goethe and Schiller correspondence has been hand-

ed over to the Goethe-Archiv at Weimar by the heirs of the lately deceased Baron von Cotta. It appears that the letters were bought by Friedrich von Cotta, before the death of Goethe's last surviving descendant, in order to save the treasure from being split up into fragments and sold to foreigners. He paid 12,000 marks for the correspondence, and "thereby rescued the honor of the German nation," the Stuttgart journal observes; for it seems that none of the learned corporations or libraries to which the letters had been offered through dealers would buy them. When the Grand Duchess of Saxony founded the Goethe-Archiv, she said it was indispensable to obtain the correspondence, and at once opened negotiations with Baron von Cotta for its purchase. He had been offered at one time 30,000 marks for his unique treasure, and later as much as 60 000 marks; but as soon as he knew that the Grand Duchess wanted them for the Goethe-Archiv, he sold them to her for 12,000 marks, the sum which he originally gave for them, merely making the condition that he should retain them during his own lifetime. The agent for the Grand Duchess was the late Professor Erich Schmidt, the former director of the Goethe-Archiv.

THE *Athenaeum* prints extracts with comments *apropos* of international copyright: "The American Authors' Copyright League has issued an appeal in favor of the bill for International Copyright now before Congress. It will be seen from the following extracts from that appeal that the wish to do justice to alien authors is not conspicuous, even if it be entertained at all: 'The authors who will be most benefited by this bill are those of our own country. The great majority of American writers are forced to accept a beggarly pittance for their labors because of competition with works written abroad, which are appropriated by publishers in this country, without remuneration to the writers. We are speaking within bounds in asserting that the average American book brings less than two hundred dollars to its author. No other calling followed by an American has ever been required to endure the hardships of competition with stolen wares. The result is that most American authors are forced to depend upon some other kinds of labor for their subsistence.' American publishers protest against being stigmatized as pirates.

"American authors protest as strongly against having to compete with 'stolen wares' in the form of English books reprinted in America.

Unauthorized reprinting may not be piracy, but, on the showing of American authors, it is quite as injurious to them, while it is the great grievance of English authors."

THE long-promised Grolier Club edition of the "Philobiblon" of Richard de Bury, for which Professor West, of Princeton, has collated many manuscripts in various public libraries of Europe, will be issued about April 1st. The book will be in two volumes and the edition limited to the number of copies subscribed for by the members of the club.

It may be worth noting that the title of the book which made the late Mr. Oliphant famous, "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," was due to the sagacity of his publishers. The author himself had named it "Down the Volga."

"WE greatly regret to hear of the death of Sir Frederick Pollock after a long illness," says the *Athenaeum*. "As he so recently told the story of his life in his pleasant 'Reminiscences,' there is no need for us to write a memoir of him; but it would be wrong to leave unnoticed the decease of one so well known in literary society and in the theatrical world, and who also deserves commemoration for his translation of Dante's 'Commedia.' The edition of the 'Divine Comedy,' which, along with Sir James Lacaita, he projected, unfortunately was never realized, although he was eminently fitted for the duties of annotator, as the brief notes to his translation showed. He was a most amiable and kindly man, and his loss will be deplored by all who knew him."

IN Professor Carl Johan Schlyter, who passed away at his residence in Lund on December 26th, Scandinavia lost her most aged man of letters, and Sweden the most eminent of her jurists. Schlyter, who was born at Carlskrona on January 29th, 1795, had nearly completed his ninety-third year. He became a student at the University of Lund in 1807, and with one or two brief intervals of absence his connection with that ancient seat of learning has been unbroken during more than eighty years. In 1822 he began to form his celebrated collection of the old laws of Sweden, in which work he had the assistance of H. S. Collin until the death of the latter in 1833. The first volume of this noble edition appeared in 1827, the twelfth and last in 1869 (index, 1877). After holding certain law lectureships at Lund, Schlyter became Professor of Jurisprudence in 1835, and of Commop



Law in 1838. He finally was appointed Regius Professor of Legal History in 1842; he resigned this chair in 1852 that he might concentrate his entire attention upon his literary work. Among the most important of the ancient law books edited and published by Professor Schlyter are "Vestgötalagen," of the beginning of the twelfth century; "Uplandslagen," of about 1296; "Södermannalagen," of 1327; and the "Björkåarätten," of 1345. To all these editions he appended glossaries which are of infinite value to philological science. For many years past Professor Schlyter in his green old age has been the centre and principal glory of the University of Lund, where the loss of this dignified and illustrious figure will be deeply felt.

A VOLUME commemorative of the King of Sweden's completion of his sixtieth year has appeared at Stockholm. It is edited by Reinhold Hörmell, and contains contributions by leading Swedish authors and artists. One item is announced which is rarely met with in royal memorials of this kind: facsimiles of three of the best known of Oscar II.'s poems are to be given from the original manuscripts. It is, perhaps, not universally known here that if the king were the most humbly born of his own subjects he would be distinguished as a lyrical poet of considerable merit.

AT the last Congress of Orientalists, which was held at Vienna in 1886, it was resolved that the next Congress in 1889 should meet in Scandinavia. In recognition of the political equality of Sweden and Norway there will be sessions both at Stockholm and Christiania. The Congress will also last for a longer time than the earlier congresses, from September 2d to 13th. Among the Swedish members of the committee are Dr. Esaias Tegner, Professor of the Semitic Languages at the University of Lund, and Dr. Almqvist, Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Upsala; among the Norwegian members—Dr. E. Blix, formerly Minister of Education, and the following professors at the University of Christiania: J. Lieblein (Egyptology), S. Bugge (Indo-European Philology), A. Seippel (Semitic Languages), and C. P. Caspari (Theology). The Congress will meet first at Stockholm, in the Radirhuset Palace, on September 2d, when an address will be given by King Oscar.

THE following is an extract from an American letter printed in one of the English literary weeklies: "We are all engaged in searching out every new scrap concerning George Wash-

ington, the centenary of whose inauguration as first President of the United States will occur April 30th. I have several articles and an oration to prepare. The whole thing is a notable illustration of the process of evolving a god. You have only to ascribe to your selected individual all the prosperities and glories of a hundred years, to lay every unpleasantness in his career on a subordinate officer or minister, to paint with stars and auroral stripes every good act or word (however common among good men), and suppress every record of misbehavior—and *ecce*! I have before me a passionate love-letter written by Washington to a married lady just after his own engagement to the widow Custis. But Siegfried is apt to have a vulnerable spot."

UNDER the quaint title of *Gott will es*, which was the war-cry of the Crusaders, a new journal has been established in Germany as the special organ of the Roman Catholic portion of the crusade against African slavery.

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#### MISCELLANY.

SENATOR STANFORD, a California millionaire, has allocated 2,000,000*l.* for the institution of a university which is to bear his name, and which is to provide education from the kindergarten stage up to the highest point to which it can be carried. Seven thousand acres in the valley of San José are now being laid out with the view of forming a forest and a garden around the university buildings. The plans for the whole structure, which have been drawn up, comprise, first, the means of research and instruction of large numbers of students in the central buildings; second, arrangement for out-of-doors instruction and recreation; and third, the formation, in association with the university, "of a community instructively representative of attractive and wholesome conditions of social and domestic life."

INTERESTING LODGERS.—A gentleman in South America has sent to England the following account of the fearlessness of a pair of humming-birds: "Early in August a pair of Emerald humming-birds were nesting in an orange tree in front of my rancho. Just as the nest was finished a severe thunder-storm completely destroyed it. To my surprise, the next day the pair kept on darting in and out of my bedroom, and before night I found they had begun a new nest in a loop of wire hanging nearly over my dressing-table. The weather

being cold, I shut both door and window when I went to bed, and the first thing I heard in the morning was the indefatigable little pair, humming first at door, then at window, anxious to continue their work. They labored so hard that in rather less than a week they had finished their task, and no doubt congratulated themselves that this time at any rate it would not be blown away. The nest is most beautifully made, inside entirely of gossamer and spider's web, outside of small pieces of dead banana leaf, shingled one over the other so as to make it impervious to water. After the nest was concluded I never saw the cock bird again. For three days I saw neither of them, and thought they had deserted the nest, when on the third day, when I was taking my siesta, the hen bird came in and laid her first egg, an operation she repeated at the same hour on the third day after. Immediately after laying the second egg she began to sit. The first evening of her sitting, when I went to bed, on lighting the lamp she showed signs of uneasiness, even rising a little off the nest and humming with her wings; but I was careful to move about as little as possible, and she finally regained confidence and settled down, though she kept a very watchful eye on me all the time I was undressing. In a day or two she knew me well, never disturbing herself for me at all; but if any one else came in, she would immediately fly out with an angry hum, returning at intervals of a minute or so to see if they had gone. On the fifteenth day she hatched out the tiniest pair of young I ever saw; they seemed to be all beak. The mother continued to sit on them for a week—night and day—at the end of which time she left them alone at night, reappearing generally just as I was turning out in the morning, with their breakfast. It was a sight to see her feed them, as she plunged her long beak right out of sight down their throats; and, watching her closely, I noticed that after feeding one she always had to throw her head back, as though to gargle up the drop of honey or whatever it was, for the other. To-day, being three weeks old, my tiny visitors are busy humming about my room, delightedly trying their wings; and the last few nights, having quite given up the nest, they roost huddled together on the looking-glass, the prettiest little pair of lodgers a man ever had. An amusing incident occurred a few days ago. The mother for the first time discovered the looking-glass, and I watched her humming in front of it for some minutes. I suspect she thought one of her youngsters was making fun

of her; at any rate, she often returned to look. I may add in conclusion that my neighbors say that some extraordinary piece of good luck must be in store for me, or the birds would not have built in my room. They also say that the humming-bird never comes near a house where bad language is used. As a certificate of the correctness of mine this ought to be conclusive, unless it be that she does not understand English."—*Life-Lore*.

MEN SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE STONE AGE NOW LIVING IN CENTRAL BRAZIL.—Dr. Karl von den Steinen, the explorer of Brazil, in a recent lecture before the German Scientific Association on the state of culture of the people of the Stone Age in Brazil at the present day, described the Indian tribes on the Xingu, a Brazilian tributary of the Amazon. These people, he said, still belong to the Stone Age; they know nothing of metals, and use only stone, teeth, bones, and shells for their weapons, implements, and ornaments, which they know how to carve with great artistic skill. They are now as they were in the time of Columbus, and have not changed in any degree since they were discovered. They are, however, by no means savages; their customs are decent, they are monogamists, although there are no marriage ceremonies, and have the most affectionate relations with their children. Their mode of life is simple, but not barbarous, and there is not the least immodesty in their lack of clothing. The different tribes live in villages containing at the most two hundred and fifty persons, near to the rivers, and usually some days' journey from each other. There is little communication between them. They are acquainted with the notion of private property, but it plays no great part among them, as the difference between the capacity for production of individuals is of the smallest. Thefts are sometimes committed from other tribes, but not in the same village. A great hindrance to development is the absence of all domestic animals, even dogs. The people hunt and fish, and, in a certain degree, carry on agriculture, but this latter is most primitive. They regard themselves as in close consanguinity with animals; the Bakari trace their descent to the jaguar, and the Trumai people, whom they hate, and who are expert swimmers, are believed to be a species of alligator, and to sleep at night at the bottom of the stream. The sun is to them a ball of the feathers of the red *ara* enclosed in a pot, the cover of which is raised in the morning and

closed in the evening, and the other celestial phenomena are all connected in a similar way with the animal world. The sorcerer among them is a physician rather than a priest, he has no divine position, and indeed they have no notion of a Supreme Being. Soul and body are regarded as separate, for during sleep the latter is at rest, while the former wanders about at will. Hence a sleeper must not be awakened suddenly lest the soul should not have time to return. The language is not poor in expressions, and is scarcely narrower, says Dr. von den Steinen, than the speech of a German peasant in a remote place, but structure or system does not exist.—*Ladies' Treasury*.

SHOOTING STARS.—Could an ordinary shooting star tell us its actual history, the narrative would run somewhat as follows :

"I was a small bit of material, chiefly, if not entirely, composed of substances which are formed from the same chemical elements as those you find on the earth. Not improbably I may have had some iron in my constitution, and also sodium and carbon, to mention only a few of the most familiar elements. I only weighed an ounce or two, perhaps more, perhaps less—but you could probably have held me in your closed hand, or put me into your waistcoat pocket. You would have described me a sort of small stone, yet I think you would have added that I was very unlike the ordinary stones with which you were familiar. I have led a life of the most extraordinary activity ; I have never known what it was to stay still ; I have been ever on the move. Through the solitudes of space I have dashed along with a speed which you can hardly conceive. Compare my ordinary motion with your most rapid railway trains, place me in London beside the Scotch express to race to Edinburgh ; my journey will be done ere the best locomotive ever built could have drawn the train out of the station. Pit me against your rifle bullets, against the shots from your one-hundred-ton guns ; before the missile from the mightiest piece of ordnance ever fired shall have gone ten yards I have gone one thousand yards. I do not assert that my speed has been invariable—sometimes it has been faster, sometimes it has been slower ; but I have generally done my million miles a day at the very least. Such has been my career, not for hours or days, but for years and for centuries, probably for untold ages. And the grand catastrophe in which I vanished has been befitting to a life of such transcendent excitement and activity ; I have

perished instantly, and in a streak of splendor. In the course of my everlasting wanderings I have occasionally passed near some of the great bodies in the heavens ; I have also not improbably in former years hurried by that globe on which you live. On those occasions you never saw me, you never could have seen me, not even if you had used the mightiest telescope which has ever been directed to the heavens. But too close an approach to your globe was at last the occasion of my great transformation. You must remember that you live on the earth buried beneath a great ocean of air. This air extends above your head to a height of some two hundred miles, or even more, though it gradually becomes lighter and less dense with every increase of altitude. Viewed from outside space your earth would be seen to be a great ball, everywhere swathed with this thick coating of air. Beyond the appreciable limits of the air stretches the open space, and there it is that my prodigious journeys have been performed. Out there we have a freedom to move of which you who live in a dense atmosphere have no conception. Whenever you attempt to produce rapid motion on the earth, the resistance of your air largely detracts from the velocity that would be otherwise attainable. Your quick trains are impeded by air, your artillery ranges are shortened by it. Movements like mine would be impossible in air like yours.

"And this air it is which has ultimately compassed my destruction. So long as I merely passed near your earth, but kept clear of that deadly net which you have spread, in the shape of your atmosphere, to entrap the shooting stars, all went well with me. I felt the ponderous mass of the earth, and I answered a little in compliance with its attraction ; but my supreme velocity preserved me, and I hurried past unscathed. Probably I had many narrow escapes from capture during the lapse of those countless ages in which I have been wandering through space. But at last I approached once too often to the earth. On this fatal occasion my course led me to graze your globe so closely that I could not get by without traversing the higher parts of the atmosphere. Accordingly, a frightful catastrophe immediately occurred. Not to you ; it did you no harm ; indeed, quite the contrary. My dissolution gave you a pleasing and instructive exhibition. It was then, for the first time, that you were permitted to see me, and you called me a shooting star or a meteor.

"You are quite familiar with the disasters

associated with the word collision. Some of the most awful accidents you have ever heard of arose from the collision of two railway trains on land or of two ships in the ocean. You are thus able to realize the frightful consequences of a collision between two heavy bodies. But in the collision which annihilated me I did not impinge against any other heavy body. I only struck the upper and extremely rare layers of your atmosphere. I was, however, moving with a speed so terrific that the impulse to which I was exposed when I passed from empty space even into thin air was sufficient for my total disruption.

"Had the speed with which I entered your atmosphere been more moderate—had it been, for instance, not greater than that of a rifle bullet, or even only four or five times as fast, this plunge would not have been fatal to me. I could have pierced through with comparative safety, and then have tumbled down in my original form on the ground. Indeed, on rare occasions something of this kind does actually happen. Perhaps it is fortunate for you dwellers on the earth that we shooting stars do generally become dissipated in the upper air. Were it not so, the many thousands of us which would be daily pelting down on your earth would introduce a new source of anxiety into your lives. Fortunately for you, we dart in at a speed of some twenty miles or more a second. Unfortunately for us, we learn that it is the 'pace which kills.'"—*Sir R. S. Ball, in Good Words.*

LAUGHTER.—Laughter, when aroused by legitimate provocation, is such a wholesome and refreshing thing, that it is melancholy to watch the gradual atrophy of the risible faculties which seems to be the inevitable result of advancing civilization. Not many years ago, there was an undergraduate at one of our Universities who was blessed with so natural and infectious a laugh, that he was regarded by the whole college with a certain degree of pride; and the dons, when entertaining a stranger at the high table, never failed to explain, when the familiar sound was heard—"Oh! that's —, the man with the laugh." We are not aware that the Man with the Laugh has had a successor; and if this be so, it is a matter of unmingled regret. For one seldom hears a genuine laugh nowadays, and much of the phraseology of laughter is a mere fashion of speech. There are many people whose sides have never ached from overindulgence in the outward expression of mirth. Indeed, we believe that

just as there are cats who cannot purr, so there are unfortunate human beings who cannot laugh out loud. With some persons a wheeze or a chuckle is the utmost they can compass. Some men laugh habitually in falsetto, which, we need hardly say, is far less pleasant than a laugh in the natural voice. And then there is what may be called the "society" laugh, an artificial abomination almost as execrable as the latest fashionable monstrosity, the bent-elbow over-hand-shake. We remember once to have heard a feminine laugh so painfully and regularly tuneful that it could literally have been reduced to musical notation. There is also a coarse laugh to which we have heard the admirably expressive epithet of "square-mouthed" applied—a Gargantuan laugh evoked by highly flavored anecdotes of the gun or smoking-room category. Love is a liberal education, as a Greek proverb, unconsciously imitated by Steele, has it, and, according to Shakespeare, one of its refining influences is shown in the matter of laughter. When a man falls in love, says Speed, he no longer laughs like a cock crowing—and Speed was by profession a great authority on love and laughter. The abatement of open laughter among us is possibly due in part to the tendency of the humorous literature of a race to whom, according to Mr. Bryce, we are chiefly beholden for our food for mirth—the Americans. The essence of the modern American humor is what Uncle Remus calls the "dry grins." It was hardly so with Artemus Ward, whose lecture, delivered with the most melancholy composure, was so agonizingly funny as to enable many of his auditors to realize what had been previously only a figure of speech. They laughed till they were perfectly ill. Of the inhabitants of Great Britain, the Anglo-Irish have probably the greatest appreciation of humor, and possess the most infectious laughs. Our cousins the Germans enjoy a joke—especially a hoax—as their phrase, *Es ist zum Tode lachen*, indicates, though the greatest German joker of recent times, Saphir, was a Jew. The French are too logical to appreciate nonsense. Wit rather than humor appeals to their temperament, though the instance of Rabelais proves the danger of generalization. The Turk has a great fund of dry humor latent in him and enjoys a sedate laugh; but he has a poor opinion of *mascaralik*, or habitual fooling. At the same time, he more than tolerates the humorous and generally scandalous buffooneries of *Karagueniz* (= Blackface), the Turkish *Pulcinella*. In Persia,



laughter is annually evoked by the following rather cheap means. As a part of the Bairam festivities given by Persians of high standing, a number of Jews, who have been caught for the occasion, are suddenly hustled into the deep *haons* or tank which is to be found in every courtyard, and left to struggle out half-drowned and bedraggled, amid the shrieks of the spectators. The negro all the world over is reputed a laughter-loving creature, except when the outward manifestation of mirth is checked by the new-found sense of dignity which accompanies conversion to Islam. Whatever they feel, the Chinese are certainly chary of expressing amusement in Occidental fashion. The Japanese, on the other hand, are an eminently cheerful and merry people. —*Spectator*.

THE CENTENARIAN SEASON.—The weather of the past few weeks has been especially fatal to persons of advanced age, and, as is usual under such circumstances, we have heard much of the deaths of reputed centenarians. It is improbable that more than a tenth of these cases would stand the test of careful investigation, such as the late Mr. Thoms so industriously undertook concerning the very considerable number of cases that came under his notice. The result of Mr. Thoms's investigations was to divide these reputed cases of centenarianism into three classes: those that were clearly disproved, those that could not be substantiated, and those that were established. It is obvious that investigations having for their object the identification of the date of birth of persons born fifty years before the commencement of civil registration involve much labor, and are attended with doubtful success. Baptismal registers very far from invariably record the date of birth, and, unless the name of the reputed centenarian be somewhat unusual, it is often impossible to identify the baptismal entry with any degree of certainty. The time is now, however, approaching when the civil registers will begin to afford the means for corroborating the claims to centenarianism. In the mean time, however, until another Mr. Thoms be found to undertake the labor of investigation, it will be impossible to speak authoritatively as to the proportion of real centenarians among the number of those whose claims are placed before the public whenever the weather is more than usually fatal to persons of advanced age. The Registrar-General, in his recently issued fiftieth annual report, records the fact that among the

deaths registered in England and Wales in 1887 were 60 of reputed centenarians, 13 of whom were men and 47 women; this number showed a decline from those in the two preceding years, which were 63 and 71. The age of 32 of the 62 reputed centenarians in 1887 was stated to be 100 years; in 10 cases the age was reported to be 101 years, in 2 to be 106, while one woman was stated to have reached the age of 107, and another of 109 years. It is worthy of comment that 8 of these reputed centenarians died in London and 8 in the Welsh registration division. It should also be stated that nearly all the claimants to the honor of centenarianism belonged to the humblest ranks of life, in which the difficulty of obtaining precise documentary evidence of age is greatest. It is interesting, however, to find among the recorded centenarians of 1887 the widow of a banker, a retired authoress, the widow of a house proprietor, a proprietor of stocks, the daughter of a solicitor, and the widow of a shipbroker. It may fairly be concluded that, at any rate, one or two of these last-mentioned cases would bear the test of rigid investigation, under which the claims to centenarianism almost invariably break down. —*Lancet*.

SILENT MEN.—Chaucer, as he himself informs us, was not a fluent talker. He shone much more in his tales than in speech. The Countess of Pembroke used to tell him that his silence pleased her infinitely better than his conversation.

It was Sir Joshua Reynolds who said that if a painter wanted to succeed he must cut out his tongue. To illustrate this we may give the following anecdote told by Charpentier of two of the Caracci, the famous Italian painters. Augustino Caracci once made a long discourse in praise of the Laocoon, and it was remarked to his brother Annibal that it was strange he did not add his eulogium on this wonderful production of antiquity. Annibal said nothing, but took a crayon in his hand, and drew the marble group with as much correctness as if he had had it before him. This action was praise more impressive than if he had employed the most energetic expressions and the most brilliant figures of speech. Turning to his brother he then observed, "Poets paint with words, but painters speak with their pencils."

Gainsborough once took part in a lawsuit, and, when in the witness-box, he happened to speak of the "painter's eye" in a professional

sense. The counsel for the other side, wanting to confuse him, said, "And pray what do you mean by the painter's eye?" "Why," answered Gainsborough, "it is to an artist what a lawyer's tongue is to him."

When at his work the late Gustave Doré was a good example of the silent artist. He could so abstract himself from what was going on around him that in the evening he would be unable to recollect who had called upon him in the afternoon. Strangers who visited his studio in the Rue Bayard for the first time were often astonished at his unceremonious and silent ways. "He would give them a nod—perhaps a frowning nod—and go on with his painting, running up and down the steps of a ladder or along a platform, and pausing now and then, with a long low whistle, to look at what he had done. 'Don't wake him; he's dreaming,' the familiars used to say; and it might happen that a visitor would have to go away, after a couple of hours' waiting, without seeing Doré awake!"

The silent and observing ways of artists perhaps qualify them for criticising other people's speech. There is a story told of a lady who one day went to call on Fuseli, a painter who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edgewise. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say, "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day." "What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli!" exclaimed the lady. "Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

Great men of action have been often marked by their silent ways. In this there is no doubt something of good policy. "The superior man," says Confucius, "blushes for fear lest his words should exceed his deeds." Another consideration is that safety always accompanies silence, whereas by injudicious speech the best-laid plans have been frequently upset.

For a remarkable instance in history take the famous Prince of Orange, the founder of the independence of the Netherlands. He was known by his contemporaries as William the Silent. "Perhaps the epithet," says Mr. Prescott, "was intended to indicate not so much his taciturnity as that impenetrable reserve which locked up his secrets closely within his own bosom. No man knew better how to keep his counsel even from those who acted with him. Though on ordinary occasions, however frugal of words, when he did speak it was with

effect. His eloquence was of the most persuasive kind."

But no one ever cultivated silence with more dramatic effect than Wallenstein, the commander of the Emperor's armies in the Thirty Years' War. During the course of his campaigns, we learn from Michiel's "History of the Austrian Government," while his army devoted itself to pleasure the deepest silence reigned around Wallenstein. He could not endure the rumbling of carts, loud conversations, or even simple sounds. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking him without orders, and an officer secretly put to death because his spurs had clanked when he came to the general. His servants glided about the rooms like phantoms, and a dozen patrols incessantly moved around his tent or palace to maintain perpetual tranquillity. Chains were also stretched across the streets in order to guard him against any sound.

His profound reserve made a powerful impression on the imagination of all by whom he was surrounded. He was never seen to smile, and took counsel of no one but himself. When he gave orders or explanations he could not bear to be looked at curiously; when he crossed the camp the soldiers had to pretend they did not see him.

Washington was inclined to silence and reserve. He is described incidentally by Mr. Josiah Quincy as "a little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manner, and not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers." He was not at all easy in conversation. When he entertained his prisoner, Lord Cornwallis, it was noticed that he spoke little, and never smiled.

Silence played an important part in the double-cunning tactics of Talleyrand, but he more often than not employed speech and not silence to conceal his thoughts, following his own maxim that "a Minister of Foreign Affairs must possess the faculty of appearing open at the same time that he remains impenetrable; of being, in reality, reserved, although perfectly frank in his manner." We give him a place, however, among silent men that we may recall a ludicrous anecdote of his appearance as a dumb orator at a public dinner. Talleyrand's health was drunk. Before the applause had subsided he got up, made a mumbling as if speaking, but spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down; at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never uttered a word.—*Leisure Hour.*

Oh the snow! the beautiful snow  
It whitens the world like Sapolio



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### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WEST MILLBROOK, Jan. 2, 1889.

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Gentlemen—After more than a year's doctoring, and an expense of more than \$100 and indescribable suffering, my wife, Mrs. Hattie Fitzgerald, has used only three bottles of your valuable medicine for Rheumatism, and is now able to walk quite well, and we wish you as happy a New Year as we expect to enjoy through the invaluable visitation of your **Ath-lo-pho-ros**.

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Traveler for McCormick's Harvester Mfg. Co.

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Very truly yours,

397 State Street, Chicago.

GEORGE ATZ.

I began using **Athlophoros** for an attack of Rheumatism on Thursday morning. At 9 p.m. I went to sleep, and slept on till 6 a.m., when I got up and said to my wife, "Dear, look here, I am well."

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Debility, Wasting Diseases, and Scrofulous Humors.  
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food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the  
nervous system, restores energy to mind and body,  
creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates  
the whole system.

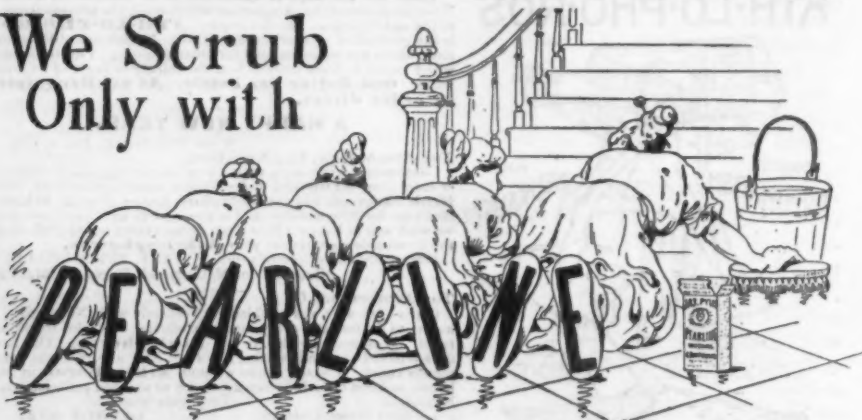
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equals. The results following its use are its best rec-  
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send a pair of our Solid Gold Spectacles or Eye-Glasses.  
Send us your old glasses by mail, we'll take your exact size from  
them and return them with the new ones. Upon request we will  
send you a mailing-box so you can safely mail us your old glasses.  
If your old glasses don't suit, or if you have never worn glasses,  
we will furnish free a measure for fitting your eyesight exactly.  
This method of fitting eyes never fails. Satisfaction guaranteed  
or money refunded. This offer for a limited time only. It is  
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perfectly clean with so little labor in so short a time; besides, it is economical and  
makes the work easy.

Do you suppose—that anything could attain such popularity as PEARLINE  
enjoys, and hold it, without wonderful merit—that people would use it year after  
year were it harmful to fabric or hands—that the hundreds of imitations are attracted  
by anything but its wonderful success?

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they do not use the imitations which they are often induced to try because of the  
worthless prize accompanying it, or by the glib and false argument of some peddler.

Remember, PEARLINE is never peddled.



## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

**DISCOVERIES BY ACCIDENT.**—Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watch-maker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aquafortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist by the name of Lundyfoot was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

**THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF OLD BOOTS AND SHOES.**—The *Journal* of the Constantinople Chamber of Commerce describes the industrial uses of old boots and shoes which are thrown out into the streets or into ash-pits. After being collected, they are ripped open, and the leather is subjected to a treatment which renders it a pliable mass, from which a kind of artistic leather is derived. This in appearance resembles the best Cordovan leather. In the United States patterns are stamped on this, while in France it is used to cover trunks and boxes. The old boots and shoes are also treated in another way, by which they are converted into new ones. The prisoners in Central France are employed in this way, the old shoes coming chiefly from Spain. They are taken to pieces as before, the nails being all removed, and the leather is soaked in water to soften it. The uppers for children's shoes are then cut from it. The soles are also used, for from the smaller pieces of the leather of the old soles the so-called Louis XV. heels for ladies' shoes are made, while the soles of children's shoes are made from the larger and thinner pieces. The old nails are also put to use, for by means of magnets the iron nails and the tacks and brads are separated and sold. The contractors of the military prison at Montpellier say that these nails alone pay for the old shoes. Nothing now remains but the scraps, and these have also their value, for they are much sought after by certain specialists for agricultural purposes.—*English Mechanic*.

**A GREAT SAVING IN THE MANUFACTURE OF STEEL.**—A new method of treating steel has been patented, and is expected to effect a revolution in the iron and steel trades. It is affirmed that by this process steel of greatly increased ductility and tensile strength can be produced more cheaply than by the processes now in use; that the new steel is hardly, if at all, subject to rust; and that bronze, bell metal, and other compounds can be made at a

fabulously lower price than they cost now. It is said that a famous North of England firm has already offered a large lump sum for permission to use the process at a reduced royalty, and that from the reduced royalty alone there would be a revenue of £50,000 a year. The process, it is curious to know, is the invention of the French chemist who "discovered" margarine.

**THE LICK TELESCOPE.**—Most of our readers are aware that the chief difficulty in constructing telescopes of such magnitude as that of the Lick Observatory lies in the production of the mere pieces of glass out of which the huge lenses have to be made, the main cause of this being the liability to the production of strains and inequality of refracting power, through unequal strains during cooling. The vast difficulty of avoiding such strains is indicated by the contents of an interesting paper lately read by Professor S. P. Thompson at a meeting of the Physical Society. He has devised a method of ascertaining the presence of unequal internal strains in small pieces of glass, such as thermometer tubes, etc., by immersing them in a liquid of equal refracting power and observing by polarised light. Of all the thermometers shown none were free from strains, and a member present wished to know if any such existed. Another member expressed a doubt whether it was possible to perfectly anneal anything. Mr. Hilger had found that plates of glass with parallel sides gave the best results when cut up for various optical purposes. —*British Journal of Photography.*

**PHONOGRAPHS FOR PHYSICIANS.**—Colonel Gouraud gave last week an exceedingly interesting lecture on Edison's new phonograph at the Society of Arts. This marvellous instrument, in its perfected form, will have a multitude of uses in every-day life, and will be available for physicians and lecturers in a variety of ways. Thus a lecturer who was preparing his notes or a practitioner who was writing a book cannot always have a clerk or a shorthand writer at his heels night and day to take down the paragraphs as he composes them, and thus is compelled, both in this respect and in conducting a heavy correspondence, to go through the drudgery of an immense amount of writing, mechanical labor which is very exhausting, and might well be spared. It will, in the future, be not only possible, but easy for him to speak into the

phonograph as he composes his sentences from the notes before him, or as they occur to his mind, and they can be written off by an amanuensis. In the same way verbatim reports can be received by him from patients. The uses of the new phonograph will, indeed, probably be indefinitely multiplied by individual ingenuity, and by the unfailing fertility of resources of the great inventor. They are now being made in the United States in great quantities, and it will probably not be very long before they are introduced for practical use. —*British Medical Journal.*

**A PHONOGRAPH AMANUENSIS** business has been started in London, and threatens to play havoc with the profession of the shorthand writer. Suppose you want to dictate something which you wish reduced to writing. You send to the office, and a phonograph is brought to you. Into this you speak your speech, or lecture, or article, or letters, and then it is taken away, and handed over to a lady expert in the art of type-writing. To her the instrument repeats its words, and in an incredibly short time the composition is delivered in a neat and correct transcript. The great advantage of the phonograph amanuensis is that it cannot err. All that is required is a clear enunciation of what it has to record. On the other hand, the unerring accuracy of the phonograph extends to mistakes of grammar and inelegance of diction. A good amanuensis will always put these right, but not so the phonograph; and the type-written transcription is only too apt to follow its mechanical delivery. —*Court Journal.*

**FIRES IN LONDON.**—There is a general impression in the public mind that fires in London increased during 1888, and it is satisfactory to find that it is inaccurate. According to the official report of the Fire Brigade, though fires in 1888 were of a severe kind, they sank in number from 2,363 in 1887 to 1,884 in the past year. Six a day is, however, quite enough, and we are not sure that the true explanation of the decrease, if it could be given, would content anybody. The year 1888 was comparatively a prosperous year, and insurance offices know well that it is in unprosperous years that fires grow frequent. It is such a relief to the struggling tradesman to get rid of his unsalable stock, and be compensated for it, as if purchasers were competing to take it away. —*Spectator.*

# STATEMENT OF The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York,

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

For the year ending December 31st, 1888.

Total Assets,	\$126,082,153 56
Increase in Assets,	\$7,275,301 69
Surplus at four per cent.,	\$7,940,063 63
Increase in Surplus,	\$1,646,622 11
Policies in force,	158,369
Increase during year,	17,426
Policies written,	32,606
Increase during year,	10,301
Risks assumed,	\$103,214,261 32
Increase during year,	\$33,756,792 95
Risks in force,	\$482,125,184 36
Increase during year,	\$54,496,251 85
Receipts from all sources,	\$26,215,932 52
Increase during year,	\$3,096,010 06
Paid Policy-Holders,	\$14,727,550 22

## THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Bonds and Mortgages,	\$49,617,874 02
United States and other securities,	\$48,616,704 14
Real Estate and Loans on collateral,	\$21,786,125 34
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	\$2,813,277 60
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, Etc.,	\$3,248,172 46
	\$126,082,153 56

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884.....	\$34,681,420.....	\$351,789,285.....	\$4,743,771
1885.....	46,507,139.....	308,981,441.....	5,012,634
1886.....	56,832,719.....	303,809,203.....	5,643,568
1887.....	69,457,463.....	427,628,933.....	6,294,442
1888.....	103,214,261.....	482,125,184.....	7,940,063

NEW YORK, January 23, 1889.

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"Don't give up, my poor, sick friend,  
While there's life there's hope, 'tis said;  
Sicker persons often mend;  
Time to give up when you're dead."

"Purer, richer blood you need;  
Strength and tone your system give;  
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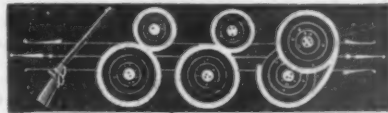
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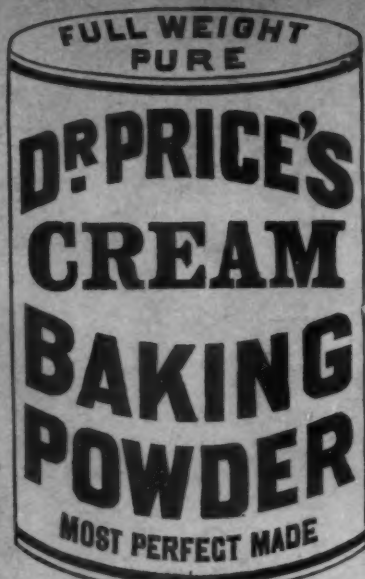
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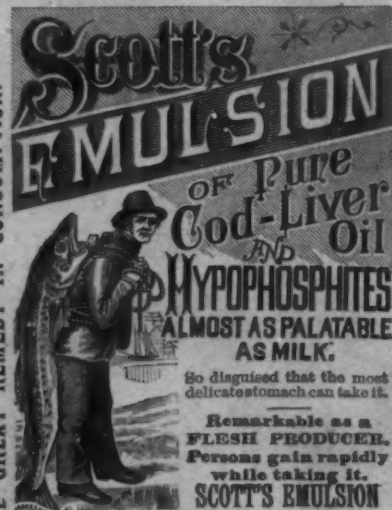


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